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LUTHER'S OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.
AT EISENACH.

W.J.A. del

J. COOPER Sc.

GERMAN LIFE AND MANNERS

AS SEEN IN

SAXONY AT THE PRESENT DAY:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

VILLAGE LIFE—TOWN LIFE—FASHIONABLE LIFE—DOMESTIC LIFE—
MARRIED LIFE—SCHOOL AND UNIVERSITY LIFE, &c.,
OF GERMANY AT THE PRESENT TIME:

W.a.24

Illustrated

WITH SONGS AND PICTURES OF THE STUDENT CUSTOMS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF JENA.

BY

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GERMAN LIFE AND MANNERS.

AS SEEN IN SAXONY AT THE PRESENT DAY.

SECTION VII.—SCHOOL AND UNIVERSITY LIFE.

GERMAN LIFE AND MANNERS.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE OLD CURREND SCHOOL IN EISENACH AT THE TIME OF MARTIN LUTHER.

We have before said that the Currend institution, at present, forms part of the "Second Citizens' School" (*Zweite Bürger-schule*) of Eisenach. At the time, however, when Martin Luther came to be educated in the town, it was connected with the then existing St. George's School. At that period, according to the Chronicles, there were three seminaries in the City. (1.) The Nicolai School, attached to the church and cloister of that name, and to which the Landgraf Herrmann had, at the end of the twelfth century, given the exclusive right of teaching the young folk of the district. (2.) The Marien School, appertaining to the cloister and church of the Blessed Virgin. Both of which have long since disappeared from the city. (3.) The St. George's School, in association with the principal church of the capital, and

conducted by the Franciscan Friars whose cloister immediately adjoined it.

The St. George's School at this date was carried on in the Franciscan chapel, which then stood at the end of the Landgraf's residence, or in other words at the western end of the large "toll-house," which, up to the time of Landgraf Balthasar (A.D. 1406)—who was the last of the Landgraves residing at the Wartburg—had served the Thuringian lords-paramount for a palace whenever they passed a night in the city. Paulinus, a local historian of the time, tells us that this Franciscan chapel was built in the 13th century, and that the monastery adjoining it stretched along the town walls from the spot known as the "Parsonage Hill" (*Pfarr-berg*) to the height that was afterwards christened the *Charlotten-berg*—after Charlotte, the wife of Wilhelm IV., who (A.D. 1701) beautified the pleasure-garden into which the old Franciscan cemetery, that once occupied the spot, had some few years before been converted.

The tradition among the people of Eisenach is, that Martin Luther's school-house was situate where the palace brewery now stands; and we ourselves, when but strangers in the town, were conducted to one of the malting floors in that establishment, and assured that this was the precise spot where Martin had been taught Latin by the learned rector John Trebonius—that same worthy schoolmaster who never entered the schoolroom without raising his cap to salute his pupils, and who, when upbraided for such an act of condescension to children, made the fol-

lowing memorable answer in the presence of little Martin Luther himself—an answer which he seems never to have forgotten, and the prophetic character of which probably sank deep into his soul:—"There are among these boys men of whom God will make burgomasters, chancellors, doctors, and magistrates: and, although we do not see them with the badges of their dignity yet about their neck, it is right we should treat them with the same respect."

Notwithstanding the Eisenach tradition as to the site of the old Currend School in Martin Luther's time, prolonged examination soon convinced us that the prevailing belief as to its having been situate on the spot now occupied by the palace brewery, was utterly unfounded; and a cursory search of the town chronicles soon taught us that, though Martin was in Eisenach at the close of the 15th century, this same building was not erected until the end of the "16th year hundred." For when the Landgrafenhof, as the Duke's residence-house was called, was enlarged by Duke Johann Ernst the Elder, the Currend School which had formerly been held in the chapel of the Barefeet, or Franciscan Friars, was for the first time removed, and established on the spot which the palace brewery now occupies." *

Nor can there be any doubt as to the exact locality

* The words of the Eisenach historian are:—"*Im* 16ten *Jahrhundert wurde der Landgrafen-hof erweitert und die Schule wurde mit dazu gezogen, worauf sie ihren Platz da, wo jetzt das Schlossbrauhaus steht, erhalten hat.*"—(*Storch's Hist. Eisenach*, p. 44.)

of the old Franciscan church as well as the school appertaining to it; for the same authority who helped us to detect the fallacy of the city tradition, describes, moreover, the precise situation of the old seminary itself.

"The school," says the Chronicle, "had its situation next to the *Herren* or *Landgrafen-höfe*, where the palace-tower of the 'Residence-house' exists to the present day." *

To give the reader a notion of the character of this old and interesting Luther memorial, we have been at the trouble of having a photograph† taken of the pile as it now appears; for though the school itself has long been pulled down, and the place now does duty for a soup kitchen, the sole remaining chapel-tower, nevertheless, will enable English folk to understand what was the character of the structure in the days when Martin Luther was a poor Currend scholar under that roof.

Unfortunately, the old Franciscan school, as we have said, was demolished in the year 1597, when Duke Johann Ernst extended the *Landgrafen-hof*, and built himself a new wing, at the western end of the old ducal residence-house, out of the stones of the ancient church and cloister; while he converted the old Franciscan burial-ground at the same time into the first pleasure-garden in connection with the

* *Die Schule hatte, damals, ihren Standort bei dem Herren oder Landgrafen-höfe, wo jetzt der Schlossthurm des Residenz-hauses ist.*—(*Storch's Hist. Eisenach*, p. 44.)

† See Frontispiece to Vol. ii.

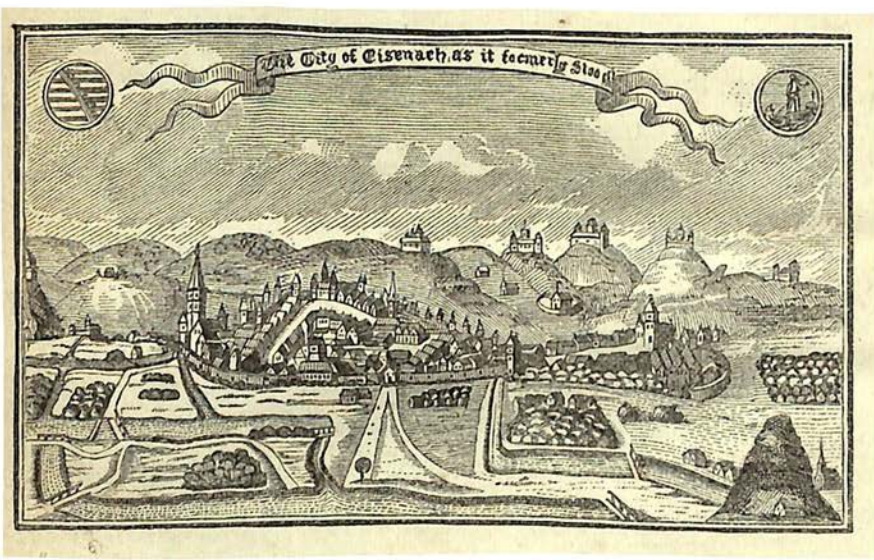
palace. The St. George's School was then, and not until then, removed to the adjoining site, which is now occupied by the brewery.

After the Reformation, however, the scholars at the St. George's School increased so rapidly that it was found necessary once more to shift the locality of the seminary. Accordingly, at the beginning of the last century, the academy was changed into a "gymnasium," and removed from the site of the palace brew-house to that of the old Dominican or preacher's cloister, in the open square now known as the "preacher's-place," and where the school exists to this day.

On the removal of the St. George's School to its present quarters, the currend or choral part of the institution was transferred also, and it continued to be connected with that establishment until the year 1836, when the superintendence of the choir was handed over to the directors of the "Bürger's School," under whose charge it continues to the present time.

It may be as well, while dealing with these historical matters, to present the reader with a view of the old town of Eisenach as it stood only a few years after the date at which Martin Luther begged for bread in its streets. The copper-plate from which this is taken is a very ancient one, and was but a few years ago broken up as old metal. The engraving is copied from a picture which still forms part of the property of the Corporation, and hangs usually in one of the chambers of the Rath-haus. The curious old

original was kindly lent us, and sent to our lodgings for the purpose of completing our studies in connection with the town, by Herr Roese, the burgomaster of the city. It should be added, moreover, that though the town-walls no longer gird the Stadt, the following illustration * will enable the reader to form a good notion of the city as it at present exists—so



* The title of the above picture, in English, is "EISENACH AS IT FORMERLY (*vor-alters*) STOOD," and the word *formerly* obviously implies that the painting, even at the time when it was executed, was a copy of some *already ancient one.* In the original, from which the old engraving here given was made, there are Cupids in the air, holding the scroll upon which the above title is painted, and escutcheons in either corner emblazoned with the arms of the city and the then-existing landgraves; while, stretching along the foreground of the picture, is a cavalcade of knights and town-councillors, attended by halberdmen, on their way to meet three skeletons on horseback. Above the head of each of the latter is a scroll indicating that the triad of mounted corpses is intended respectively to represent the defunct land-

little has it altered since the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

A few words now as to the "Cotta house," and the

graves Balthasar, Herrmann, and Ludwig, accompanied with a quaint inscription in old German, saying:—

"I Als ye are, so were we:
Als we are, ye shall be."

At the bottom of the painting, moreover, is a series of chronological verses, extending as far back as the year 1000.

It cost us some little trouble to make out the date of this picture; for the people of the town assured us that it was known to have been executed long before Luther's time. This, however, was easily disproved by the fact that it was painted upon panel; and a friend of ours, who was a dealer in ancient works of art, assured us that panel pictures were not known until the end of the sixteenth century. However, after long searching, we discovered in one corner the sign-manual of the artist himself, with an inscription to the following effect:—

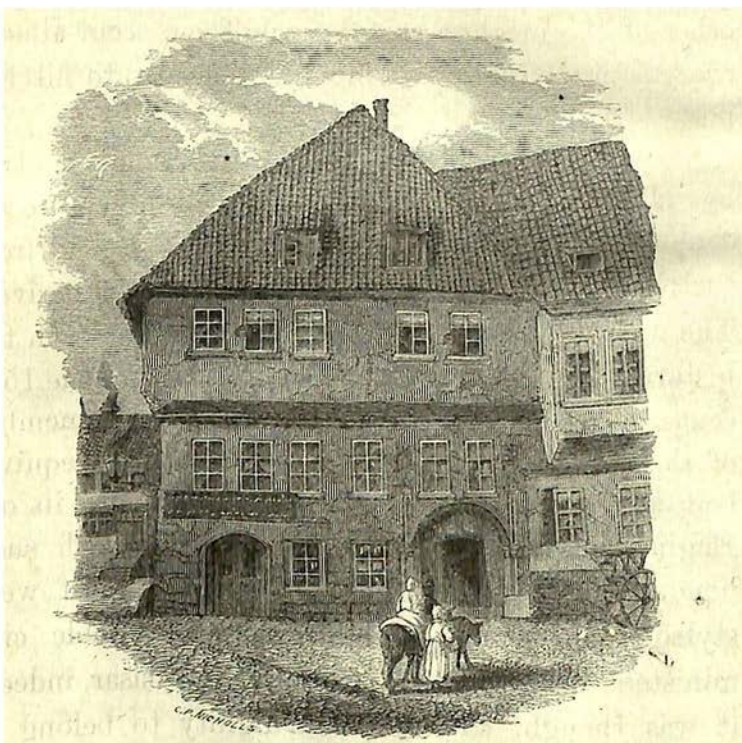
Diese Stadt Eisenach hab ich Johann Köhler im 53 jahr meines alters gemahlt. Geschehen dem 16th Marz, a.d. 1663.

"*This City of Eisenach have I, Johann Kohler, in the* 53*rd year of my age, painted. Finished, the* 16*th March*, A.D. 1663."

This old picture is highly prized by the town authorities of Eisenach; for though but an indifferent work of art, it is a valuable memento of the ancient aspect of the city. It is upwards of twelve feet long and four feet high, and represents the town girt with its old walls and the many gates, which were erected in the eleventh century, and which made it, at the time, a place of special security. Every neighbouring hill-top, too, is capped by some ancient castle, all of which, with the exception of the Wartburg, have long since disappeared from the mountain summits, even as the city-gates and town-walls have tumbled into the city-ditch; so that now only the old Roman structure of the Nicolai gate, with its tall conical tower (as shown in the engraving), remains at the lower end of the town, to mark the ancient character of the place.

fine old merchant family of the Cottas themselves, and the present chapter is ended.

This house as it now stands, in a bye-corner at the back of the principal market-place, is very much in the same condition as it was in the days when Luther sang his currend songs outside of it. We subjoin an engraving copied from a photograph of the old building, which will give the reader a far better notion of the structure than any verbal description can convey to his mind.



In this domicile at the end of the 15th century, dwelt three merchant brothers of the names of Friedrich, Conrad, and Johann Cotta, who were

amongst the wealthiest and most learned, as well as the most esteemed, of the Eisenach burgesses at the time. Johann, or Hans Cotta, the youngest of the three brothers, had filled the office of city Consul, or mayor, at three distinct periods, and had, moreover, been twice elected to serve as one of the city *Scabeni* or sheriffs. Indeed, so highly does the Cotta family appear to have been respected by the citizens of Eisenach, that, from the middle of the 15th down to that of the 16th century, the names of some one or other of the brothers, or their children, occur almost every other year as having been chosen to fill the posts of chief dignity in the town.

The old registries of Eisenach were kindly lent us by Herr Roese, the burgomaster, for reference in connection with this part of our subject, and from such records the above information has been derived. The name of Conrad Cotta alone is absent from the historical lists of the Consuls and *Scabeni* of the 15th century; still, he is known to have been a member of the "*Raths Collegium*," a body which was equivalent to the corporation of town councillors in old English municipalities, and looked upon with such honour that the twenty-four members of it were styled the "*nobiles ministeriales*"—the noble city ministers. In the time of Landgraf Balthasar, indeed, it was thought so enviable a dignity to belong to this *Raths Collegium* of Eisenach that many of the burghers promised their brother-citizens, if they were elected to the office to contribute "300 *schock gro-*

schen," or 90*l.*, yearly towards the payment of the town debts.—*See "Storch's History of Eisenach."*

The gravestone of Conrad Cotta is still to be seen standing against the southern wall in the Eisenach cemetery, close to that of his brother Johann—the full-length figure of the latter, in his long fur-lined gown of office, being sculptured upon the tablet. The epitaph of Conrad tells us that he died in the 77th year of his age, but the precise date of his death has been unfortunately effaced by the mouldering of the corner of the stone. The central inscription on the gravestone is quaint enough, and to the following effect:—

"I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER
LIVETH, AND THAT HE WILL HEREAFTER WAKE ME
OUT OF THE EARTH;
AND THAT HE WILL THEREUPON
ENCOMPASS ME WITH THIS MY SKIN, SO THAT
I SHALL SEE GOD IN THE FLESH,
AND I SHALL SEE HIM
IN THE SPIRIT TOO,
AND MY EYES SHALL BEHOLD HIM
AS NO STRANGER."

Above and on either side of the central inscription the following lines are engraven:—

CONRAD COTTA IN GOD THE LORD
SLEEPS IN THE 77TH YEAR OF HIS AGE . . . .
. . . . . JÖRGENS PLAN.

The words that originally stood at the end of the second and beginning of the third line are now utterly lost. Immediately above the writing at the

top of the gravestone are two escutcheons, one on either side; that on the left-hand contains the arms of the Cotta family, while the shield of the Luther family (three roses and half a crossbow) is to be seen on the right. In the centre, sculptured in relief, is the head of a cherub, bearing a curiously-strong resemblance to Martin Luther himself, the neck above the wings being, oddly enough, swathed in a clerical cravat, such as Martin is represented as wearing in the portrait of him by Lucas Cranach.

The year of the death of Conrad Cotta it is important to determine, on account of the statements to be found in the works of the different Lutheran biographers concerning the position of Dame Ursula herself, when she took pity on the little Currend boy, and received him into her household. The tradition in Eisenach is that Ursula was a widow at the time; and, indeed, this is taught in all the German Protestant schools. In "Storch's History of Eisenach," the following statement occurs at p. 47 of that work:—

"The Reformer, Dr. Martin Luther, came to our Currend School at the end of the fifteenth century, and was a poor scholar here, as is well known; and a pious *widow*, named Cotta, had a mantle made for him on account of his agreeable voice." This story of the widowhood of Ursula Cotta at the time of her befriendment of Martin Luther is iterated by every recent writer on the subject. Audin speaks of Ursula as "*veuve d'un riche bourgeois.*" (*Hist. de la Vie, &c., de Martin Luther*, p. 6.) Michelet, on the other hand, changes Conrad Cotta into a gentleman of

the name of Hans Schweikard, of whom, he tells us, Ursula was the widow ("Life of Luther," p. 5), though by what peculiar marital arrangement Frau Cotta could have been transformed into the Wittwe Schweikard it is difficult to understand.

Under these circumstances, a letter was sent to a descendant of the Cotta family at present living at Tarant, near Leipzig; and he politely forwarded to us a copy of the genealogical tree of the family, with the dates of the birth and death of each member affixed; and thus we learnt that good master Conrad was born in the year 1434, and died in the year 1511; so that, as Martin came to the Currend School of Eisenach in 1498, the merchant Conrad must have been some sixty-four years of age at the time, and have lived for thirteen years after—almost up to the period when his young *protégé* was created Doctor of Theology in Wittenberg.

Nor, on the other hand, are the accounts given by the *oldest* of the local writers on the subject, an iota more trustworthy; for Christianus Paulinus, who was one of the first to prepare an "Historical Dissertation upon the Ancient and Noble Family of the Cottas" has the following passage concerning Conrad and Ursula his wife:—"*Illi fasces detulit patriæ ut officii memor consuleret, et cuique suum daret. Iste sapiens dictus ad idem consulatûs fastigium surrexit, anno* MDXXV., *uti Fridericus.* CONRADUS *ex* URSULA *Schalbia suscepit Bonaventurum II., consulem et mercatorem urbis primarium, ac* HENRICUM II., *etiam consulem, sed in cælibatu extinctum.*"

Upon searching the old town registers, however, we found that no member of the Cotta family was either mayor or sheriff of the city in the year 1525; but that in 1524 Johann filled that office instead of Conrad his brother; so that it is beyond doubt that the two local traditions that Conrad had filled the office of burgomaster of Eisenach, and that he was dead, and Ursula a widow, at the time of Martin Luther's residence in the Cotta house, are thus proved to be utterly unfounded.

Concerning the age of the goodwife Ursula herself, no records exist. Of her family it is known, from the "Historical Dissertation" of Paulinus, that they bore the name of SCHALBE, and in Lingk's "Travels connected with the History of Luther," we are told she was the daughter of the mayor of Ilefeld. In the old town registries of Eisenach, however, we found the name of Hans or Johann Schalbe recorded as having been several times consul of the city between the years 1454 and 1475, while that of Heinrich Schalbe appears associated with the same office in 1495 and 1503; so that as citizens in former times seldom travelled far from their own homes in quest of wives, and the people of Eisenach to this day have continued to intermarry so uniformly with their own townsfolk that almost every person whom a true Eisenacher meets in his walks through the streets is either a first, second, or third cousin, and the cries of "*Guten Tag, Vetter*" (Good-day, cousin) resound at every moment on every side—it would appear far more likely that Conrad Cotta should have been

wedded to the daughter of this same Johann Schalbe who had filled the office of consul in Eisenach, than have gone all the way to Ilefeld to seek a burgomaster's daughter of the same name. The only portrait of the good lady Ursula existing until within the last century, we are assured by the principal living descendant of the family, was destroyed in the great fire at Ilmenau in the year 1752, so that now no trace of the lineaments of the pious "Shunamite" remains in the world.

Of the Cotta children dwelling in the house on the "Jörgen's Plan," (as Conrad's grave-stone tells us, the site which is now known as the "Luther Platz" was called in former times,) the genealogical tree, as well as Paulinus' historical account of the family, affirms that there were two young boys living at the time when Martin was made a foster-child in that illustrious household.

These were Heinrich and Bonaventura, both of whose names appear in the old town records, as having been raised to the highest dignities of the city; while affixed to that of Heinrich there is an entry in Latin at the time of his death, in the year 1565, saying that "he was a well-to-do man, a great patron of learning, and that he studied at Wittenberg, where he was for five years the table companion of Martin Luther." So that thus we have historical evidence of the truth of the touching story told in most of the Lutheran biographies, that Martin Luther, when he had become the renowned Doctor of Theology in the University of Wittenberg, no sooner heard that the

son of his old friends the Cottas had come to study at the College than he sent for the former playmate of his childhood, and out of gratitude for the family's goodness to him during his school-days in Eisenach, made him share his board and his lodging with him.*

It is impossible to inspect the Cotta-house as it exists intact at the present day, and to see the little room at one corner of the landing on the first floor, which, according to the tradition, served Martin for a bed-chamber, without considerable emotion. This room itself is hardly bigger than a pantry or larder; and though bearing no traces of the time when Martin occupied it (for the walls had been newly plastered and whitewashed when we saw it), it serves, nevertheless, to realize the kindness of the Cottas to the poor half-starving little fellow, and to suggest to the mind the many happy days Martin must have passed in those queer old-fashioned halls. A single glance at the spot is sufficient to set us fancying how often young Luther must have played with little Heinrich Cotta—the boy who was destined to come

"Luther," says D'Aubigné, "could never think of the happy times he had passed beneath the Cotta roof in Eisenach without emotion. One of Conrad's sons, coming many years after to study at Wittenburg, when the poor Currend boy had become the first doctor of the age, was received with joy at his table and under his roof. He wished to make some return to the son for the kindness he had received from the parents. It was in remembrance of this Christian woman, who had fed him when all the world repulsed him, that he gave utterance to this beautiful thought:—'There is nothing sweeter on earth than the heart of a woman in which pity dwells.'"—*D'Aubigné's Hist. Reformation*, p. 53.

and hear him lecture as doctor of theology, in after-years—at the game of "strike-ball" out in the court-yard below. How many a time he and young Cotta must have gone prancing through that wilderness of chambers in their mimic sport of coachmen (*Fuhr-leute*). How frequently must he who was to be the great German Reformer have sat by the hour making whistles or pop-guns for his little playmate out of the branches of soft green wood, which they had gathered in their walks beside the Hörsel stream; and how, too, when he had managed to manufacture a cross-bow for little Heinrich, and they had set up some rudely-fashioned wooden bird in the *Hof*, the couple of little great men played together there at the popular *Vogel-schiessen-spiel*, (bird-shooting game) for the petty prizes of sugar-sticks, or marbles—after the custom of German boys down to the present time, and even as Martin Luther himself, when he had grown a grave old man, delighted still to play with his own children.

Nor can we help thinking, moreover, of the miraculous stories the pious Ursula must have recounted in those very rooms, looking out into the market-place, to the religious-minded youth, as to the wondrous charities and miracles wrought by the Holy Elizabeth, about whose virtues the whole Thuringian country was ringing at the time; for the young saint of a princess had lived not very many years before, and had passed the greater part of her life at the castle on the mountain that overlooks the town. Indeed, it needs but the weakest imagi-

nation, when stimulated by the sight of this memorable old place, to fancy how Ursula, as she sat working some bit of tapestry, may be, with little Martin seated on the stool at her feet, in the large antiquated hall on the principal floor, must have delighted to have told the little fellow tales about the "stolen Princes of Thuringia," or of "Frederick with the Bitten Cheek;" for such matters were in those days events, comparatively speaking, of yesterday, and were sure to have been deeply impressed upon her tender, motherly mind.

It was while under this same Cotta roof, too, that the love of music, which formed so salient a point in Luther's after-character received its first training; for although from childhood he had been gifted with a sweet and touching voice, and it was to this pretty faculty that he mainly owed his introduction to the Cotta family, Martin was, up to the time of his entering the merchant's household, unskilled in the use of any instrument. It was Conrad, we know, who observing the musical bent of the lad's nature, and being strongly attached to all the national customs of Thuringia, ordered a "zither"* to be made for him in the toy-maker's village of Sonneberg, the head of which was probably carved with the image of the Holy Elizabeth, distributing the roses

* The word *zither* is obviously a corruption of the Latin *cithera*, whence comes the English word guitar. The Thuringian instrument, however, is smaller than modern guitars, and more like a diminutive banjo in shape, whilst its strings are all made of wire of different thicknesses. It has a pleasant, though somewhat brassy and twangy tone.

and lilies from her lap, as the heads of these same "zithers" are carved to the present day; and thus the quick-eared little fellow learnt within these old walls to accompany himself on the ancient Thuringian lute upon which Tannhäuser himself is said to have played.

Stored with such facts as these, how easy is it for the mind to conceive the time when the dame, left alone with little Martin in the halls of the big Cotta house on the "Wednesday market-place," —after Conrad had gone to the beer-house called the Raths Keller (according to the custom of his countrymen from time immemorial), to talk with his brother burghesses, upon the feudal and political grievances of the time—the boy would seat himself beside the kind-hearted Ursula, and wile away the time in the long winter evenings by singing to her some such old Thuringian ditty as the following:—

"While seated on this bank of clover, my love hath tuned my zither strings.
How can I then forget my lover, whose voice with softest music rings?

"While seated on this bank of clover, my love with cherries me hath fed.
How can I then forget my lover, whose lips than cherries are more red?

"While seated on this bank of clover, we've heard the hum of honey-bee.
How can I then forget my lover, than honey sweeter far to me?" *

Now let us change the picture and shift the time from the period when Martin Luther was a poor beggar-boy singing his carols in the streets, and crying "Bread! for the love of God" at the doors of the stingy Eisenach citizens, till he must have died

* The above words are, as nearly as possible, a literal translation of one of the old *Volksleid* of Thuringia, the date of which is said to be unknown.

for the very want of what he begged for so solemnly, had it not been for the wondrous pity and goodness of the one fine noble-natured family whose history and loving-kindness we have just recorded—and from this period let us pass to another important phase in the Reformer's life, when for the second time he found shelter within the town.

It is well known, to all who have paid the least attention to the history of the Reformation, that Martin Luther, on his return from the Diet at Worms, after his memorable speech, concluding with the words,—"On this book I take my stand; I can do no other. God help me! Amen,"—when the Papists were seeking to compass the life of the so-called heretic monk, the undaunted Reformer, while sleeping under a beech-tree in the woods by Liebenstein, in the course of his journey homewards, was seized by a band of armed knights, and carried off he knew not whither, nor, indeed, for what purpose.

This beech-tree still exists, or rather half of the trunk cleft by lightning grows to this day, with merely a few branches sprouting from the top, beside the monument which has been set up within the last few years to commemorate the event. We ourselves have eaten our mid-day meal under the shade of its leaves, and as we write these words a small memento made out of a bit of the shattered trunk of the tree itself, and presented to us by the pastor of Steinbach, stands upon our table.

We have before said that Eisenach was destined to be a place of shelter to the Reformer twice in his

life, and each at the most important epochs of his existence.

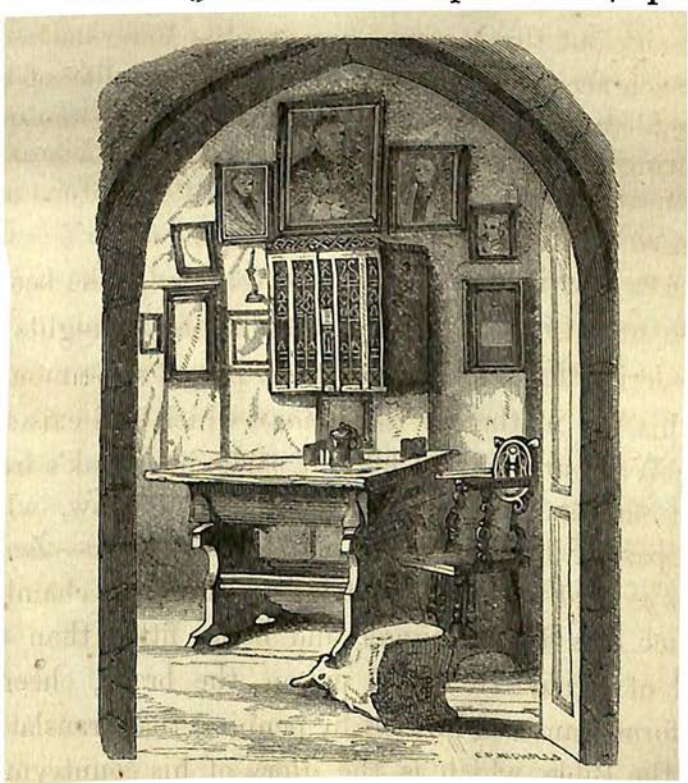
Had Ursula Cotta not have taken him into her house at the time when he, as a boy, was famishing for the commonest necessaries of life, he assuredly must have died of hunger in the streets of the flinty-hearted town. Had Frederick the Wise, again, not have protected him against the fury of the Papists, he as assuredly must have perished at the stake; and who, if either fate had befallen him, would have been left to work out the Magna Charta of the Reformation?

Such accidents, indeed, as these in the life of one humble individual seem to our faith like the luminous writing of God's finger upon the wall, and such as no philosophy, dating all things from a "fortuitous concourse of atoms" can possibly account for.

After having been carried off from under the beech-tree near Liebenstein, by the disguised knights of Frederick the Wise, the Reformer passed some months of his life in the old *Ritter-haus*, which still exists at the Wartburg. Here he laid aside his monk's frock and shaven crown, and let his beard grow, while he passed by the name of Squire George—*Junker Georg;* and here, while sitting in the little chamber, which was hardly bigger and better fitted than the cell of a modern model prison, the brave, cheerful Reformer amused himself by penning that translation of the Bible, which is the glory of his countrymen, and the foundation of the German language of the present day—and yet at the same time, in the childish superstition of his nature, holding imaginary conver-

sations, in the solitude of that lone chamber, with the Devil himself; (conversations which he himself has recorded in his own "Table Talk;") and at length growing so exasperated with the sophistry of his Satanic Majesty, as to fling the leaden inkstand he had used for his Biblical translation at the head of the fiend—the marks of the blow being still shown, and newly blackened every year, upon the wall for the edification of the sight-seers.

The following illustration is copied from a photo-



graph, taken by our son, of the interior of the Luther chamber at the Wartburg, as it now exists.

Immediately above the table are to be seen hanging

the miner's lamp, which is said to have belonged to Luther's father, as well as the portraits of Hans and Gretha Luther, the Reformer's parents; while on the table itself, the swan is said to have served Martin for a paper-weight, and the little tin money-box to have been the original *Currend-büchse* with which the quondam choir-boy was wont to beg for alms in the Eisenach streets. The huge mammoth bone on the floor, too, is stated to have been that which served him for a footstool.

In these days of shows and sights, however, when even Grand Dukes love to turn a penny—honest or dishonest, no matter which—by the fabrication of Protestant relics, it is impossible to say which among the collection are shams, and which the real memorials of Luther's residence there. The "identical" table at which the Reformer is said to have penned his translation of the Bible, we have before shown to have been an article that Martin's legs were never under; while the bedstead, again, which is now pointed out by the guides, as being the very same in which Martin slept during his concealment at the Wartburg, is known to the Eisenach citizens to have replaced another "real identical" bedstead within the last twenty years.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE FOREST-SCHOOL, THE FOREST-MEN, AND THE EXPENSE OF FUEL IN SAXONY.

THE Eisenach Forest-school bears a high reputation throughout Germany: so high, indeed, that young men come from all parts to study at it. The sons of noblemen and the heirs of *Ritter-gut-besitzers* (*Anglicé*, yeomen) are sent to it to learn agriculture, so as to be able to farm their own estates; and those even who are intended for forest-men in some distant Duchy, prefer to be taught the science of arboriculture at the Eisenach College rather than at any of the forest-schools nearer their own country.

The cost of attending the lectures here is 51 thalers, or 7*l.* 13*s.*, per annum; so that, with 250 thalers (37*l.* 10*s.*) for board and lodging in the town, the average yearly expense of each student is about 45*l.* of our money. Previous to entering the forest-school, the student (who must have passed his examination at some one of the public seminaries) has to go as *Forst élève*, or *Lehrling*, for a year into the woods to make himself *practically* acquainted with the character of the work to be performed, under the guidance of

some *Revier-förster*, or forest-man of the district; and for half-a-year more to study forest book-keeping under some *Ober-förster*, for which he has to pay at the rate of 100 thalers (15*l.*) a-year, as a recompense for his board and lodging. After this, he comes to study, for another year and a half, the science and theory of the business at the University specially instituted for the purpose—the course of instruction consisting of arboriculture, agriculture, botany, geology, chemistry, mathematics, mechanics, and, indeed, of the better part of the physical sciences; and in this stage he goes by the name of the *Forst-practikant*, or forest practitioner.

These forest-practitioners affect the airs, and partly the costume, of the German university-students. Instead of the college black-velvet paletôt, however, got up in the old Deutsch style, and all befrogged and belaced, the forest "boys" delight to sport a very short bright pea-green surtout, ornamented with green cord and shoulder-knots, for high days and holidays; and a grey "*Juppe*," as it is called, turned up with green, on ordinary occasions. When in full dress, they carry also a small short sword, called a *Hirsch-fanger* (literally a "stag-catcher," or hunting-knife), stuck through one of the skirts of their coat; and this, with a deer-stalker's hat, with the wing of some forest-bird arranged on one side of it, and their legs encased in a pair of high hunting-boots, called *Kannon Stiefel* (from their being almost as long and big as a thirty-six pounder), constitutes their full hunting costume.

When the said *Forst-practikant* has finished his studies, and passed his examination at the college, he is fitted to become a "forest-helper" (*Först-gehülfe*), or assistant to some *Revier-förster*, under whom he receives a salary of 150 thalers (22*l.* 10*s.*) for the first five years, and 15 thalers extra every other five years that he continues in this capacity. Out of this munificent income he is expected to feed and clothe himself—his lodging as well as his fuel being found him gratuitously. As *Först-gehülfe*, or *Inspections-gehülfe*, the novice has to remain five years at least; the latter post, however, is more that of a clerk than assistant-forester, for in such a situation the principal duties are keeping the forest accounts—work, nevertheless, that brings the *Gehülfe* double as much money yearly as ordinary forest work. True, that at the end of that time, if he is able to make either a first or second class examination, he is considered fit to be raised to the dignity of a *Revier-förster* (literally, a forester proper, with a certain district to attend to); but he has, at the same time, to wait till a vacancy occurs, and this so seldom happens until ten years after making such an examination, that fifteen years is regarded as the usual time of service for a *Först-Gehülfe*. If the *Gehülfe*, on the other hand, makes a bad examination, then he becomes *Unter-förster*, as soon as there is such a post vacant, and above this rank there is but little chance of his rising ever after.

As *Unter-förster*, or under-forester, the principal

duties are to see that the orders of the *Revier-förster* are duly executed by the work-people, and to attend to the *Jagd* (literally, the hunt or chase, but in forest language restricted rather to shooting-excursions, such sports as hunting being almost unknown throughout Germany), and to take care that the *Kreisers* and *Forst-laufers* (forest-runners), beat up the game towards the spot where the *Jagd*, or *Battue*, is to take place. In this capacity the salary received is 250 thalers, or 37*l.* 10*s.* yearly, besides the use of a house and fuel gratis; so that after remaining for fifteen years as *Gehülfe*, with an income of from 22*l.* 10*s.* to 27*l.* 10*s.*, the assistant at last obtains the magnificent addition of 10*l.* a-year to his means, and upon this pittance he is expected to live as a gentleman, content, for the rest of his days.

Those, however, who have been lucky enough to pass, as we have said, a first or second class examination are promoted to the higher dignity of *Revier-förster* with the more liberal allowance of from 400 to 500 thalers (60*l.* to 75*l.*) per annum, besides fodder for a horse (even though no horse is kept, which is frequently the case, the said fodder being worth about 120 thalers, or 18*l.* more) as well as a house and fuel free of expense; so that the income in this case may be estimated at very nearly 100*l.* a-year, with gratuitous lodging and firing.

In the capacity of *Revier-förster*, or, literally, of forester proper, with a certain *Revier*, or district, of some 6000 or 7000 acres of forest-land to superintend,

the official has to attend to the planting, thinning, pruning, and felling of the several trees in his district—to act as overseer to the under-foresters and the forest-runners, whose duty it is more particularly to look after the game, as well as to arrest all persons found collecting the broken twigs and branches at other than the appointed days, and all others caught *cutting* wood, or destroying the game at any time whatever—to see, too, that the citizens are duly supplied with the logs and faggots they require at the proper season of the year; and, indeed, with the aid of the one or two assistants (*Gehülfen*), to take care that the wood-cutters and the labourers, whom he is allowed to employ, keep that portion of the forest, under his especial charge, in proper order—having such trees felled as the over-forester thinks it proper to come down, and planting others in the parts previously cleared, as well as pruning and attending to the healthy growth of such as are not yet fit for cutting.

As *Revier-förster*, another five years or more have generally to be passed before the official can expect to be promoted to the superior rank of *Forst-inspector*, or over-forester, in which capacity he has as many as four *Reviers*, or districts, and consequently the same number of *Revier-försters* and under-foresters, to superintend. It is his duty, more particularly, to keep all the forest-accounts, as to the money either accruing from the sale of timber, or required for the payment of the wages of the wood-cutters and labourers in the

employ of the district-forester. For this purpose he has generally one or two *Inspections-gehülfe* under him to act as clerks, besides a *Lehrling*, or *Forst-élève*, who has come to learn this part of the forest-business in his office. These over-foresters are generally obliged to keep two horses (such is the extent of ground they have to go over), for which the fodder is found them; they have also a house and fuel free of expense, and a salary of 800 thalers (120*l.*) each per annum.

Now, the reader must not imagine that these foresters are in any way regarded as gardeners in the country; on the contrary, they are considered to rank as thorough gentlemen; and, therefore, their salaries may be regarded as a type of the incomes of the first-class people in the land.

Ober-förster, or *Forst-inspector*, is the highest post to which a forester can, in the ordinary course, expect to rise; for, though there is the office of *Ober-forst Rath*, or head of the forest university, in connection with the institution, but one of the body can be elevated to such a rank, and this is always reserved for the most learned and distinguished member of the entire staff, on whom the education of the future corps of officials has to depend. There is, likewise, one other such *Ober-forst Rath* resident in Weimar. The salary attached to this office is as much as 3000 thalers per annum, or 450*l.* of our money, a sum which, in a country where the principal judges receive but 150*l.* a-year, must be regarded as almost a munificent allowance.

Moreover, attached to the same forest institution there is the post of *Ober-landjägermeister* (*i. e.* head master of the hunt throughout the country); but this, on the other hand, is always reserved for some special court favourite—some landless Baron, or groschenless Graf, who has worked his way into the good graces of the petty "powers that be" by all manner of servile toadyism and dirty intrigues. The income of this *Jägermeister* in chief is about 1500 thalers the year, or 225*l.* English; so that, as this is one of the highest offices in the Grand-duchy, the reader will perceive how even the luckiest and proudest of the barons of Saxony has not even the same salary as a reporter upon a first-class English daily newspaper.

The necessity for such an elaborate institution as that above described proceeds from the continual increase in the price of wood for fuel which occurs, year after year, throughout Germany; so that the authorities are afraid that, unless the greatest care and knowledge be devoted to the culture of the forest lands, the people will, ere long, be left without a log to burn. While such a state of things is being brought about, the cost of the article keeps growing higher and higher every winter; so that the day is not very far distant when even the citizens and the richer classes will be unable to afford the luxury of a few sticks to warm them in the bitter cold of the winter-time. The cost of wood per "*Klafter*" (which is a measure 6 ft. long, 6 ft. high, and 4 ft. broad, and therefore

containing 144 cubic feet) is 15*s.* in the forests. To this the expense of carriage has to be added, and also that of cutting the logs into pieces small enough to be burnt in the stoves; consequently, when the entire expense is summed up, the cost is generally about 7½ thalers, or 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, for the 144 cubic feet of fuel.

At the prison the inmates are employed in cutting the logs into pieces fit for burning, and the authorities are in the habit of supplying a *Klafter* of such ready-cut fuel for 8 thalers, or 1*l.* 4*s.* The German stoves we found to consume, upon an average, about the eighth of a *Klafter* the week, so that the cost of heating one stove may be taken at a thaler, or 3*s.*, weekly; whereas a coal fire in London certainly does not come to one-third of the amount.*

* The expense of fuel is, of course, somewhat less than 3*s.* each stove per week to the Germans themselves; perhaps, from 2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* may be taken as the average amount, according to the fire kept, as well as the heating quality of the "oven" and size of the room. We are, however, here speaking merely of what *we ourselves* found to be the difference between the cost of firing in England and Germany; and assuredly our experience was that to burn the same number of fires, and to keep the rooms as warm as we were accustomed to, cost us *rather more* than three times the amount of money it did in our own country; and that, even though the German fuel was economized to the greatest possible extent by being burnt in a stove rather than in an open fire. We do not know what may be the expense of a stove heated with coal in England, never having used one; but it is manifest that it must be considerably less than a fire in an ordinary English grate, where a large proportion of the heat is lost up the chimney.

Indeed, fuel is the principal expense of living on the Continent. In Paris we have burnt 5 francs' worth of wood (that is, five basketsful), at an hotel, in the course of one day; and still had our windows like panes of ground glass with the frost that was thick upon them. When our family first came to live in Eisenach, we laid in a stock of 5 *Klafters* of beech-logs, and 120 large bundles of faggots (for without the latter it is impossible to make the fires burn); and these cost us altogether (including carting, cutting, carrying, and stacking) within a fraction of 40 thalers, or 6*l.* sterling. The stock was stored in our wood-house in the beginning of April, and by the month of October there was not a stick of it left; so that for the maintenance merely of the kitchen fire, and the heating of the house only at the end of the spring and the beginning of autumn, it cost us at the rate of 5*s.* a-week for twenty-four weeks, at the warmest period of the year. Say, therefore, that the expenses for fuel were double this amount during the other portion of the year (and English people who think the cold very severe if the snow remains a fortnight on the ground at Christmas time, have no notion of the length and severity of the German winters, where the earth is often as white as a twelfth cake for four months at a stretch), and we thus have the sum of 18*l.* per annum for the cost of warming one family.

What may be the cost of fuel in German households it is difficult of course to tell, but so far as we could learn each stove of an ordinary size was generally

considered to consume between two or three *Klafters* of wood in the year; and this at the rate of 7½ thalers the *Klafter* (including the expenses of cutting and stacking), and three thalers odd for 60 bundles of faggots, brings the gross amount to about 20 thalers, or 3*l.* per annum. That this is even less than the average consumption we know from our own observations, as to the quantity of fuel delivered to the milliners and to the Appellations-Gericht-Rath (for one must never forget to give a German his full yard of small titles), who happened to live above and below us in the house we occupied, during the latter part of our residence in the Thuringian capital; and the amount, moreover, nearly agrees with our own estimate of 18*l.* per annum, for five fires daily in our own family.

Germans, however, who eat, cook, and live in one "*Koch-stube*" in the winter, seldom or never lay out more than 3*l.* a-year, or 20 thalers, for fuel; nevertheless, add this, small sum as it is, to the rest of their expenses—and remember that the cost of firing when even but *one* stove is heated, takes at least a fifteenth part of an average income of the middle classes—and the English reader will be still better able to see how little money these wretched people must have left, after defraying the heavy cost of amusements and other unnecessary expenses, for those necessities of life, which are the only means of giving activity and energy to the great bulk of every nation.

But this large expense for fuel is, after all, by no means necessary. Coal, even in the heart of Germany,

is but little dearer than it is in England: the hundredweight in Eisenach costs but 12 groschens, or about 1*s.* 2½*d.* of our money, and the ton between 7 and 8 thalers, or 21*s.* to 24*s.* English. Nevertheless, the people (as with us in the days of Charles II.—when Acts were passed to prohibit the burning of the "filthy smoky material" which was supposed to evolve some specially poisonous gases during its combustion), object, to this day, to use what they call "stone charcoal" in their stoves, urging that it makes the rooms smell of sulphur; and the consequence is that an expensive legion of useless philosophic cultivators of forests has to be maintained—Universities kept up for their instruction—pensions paid to the Grand Toady who happens to be made the Hunting-Master-in-chief (whose place at best is but a mere political sinecure)—and, what is worse than all, immense tracts of land that might serve, if not for the raising of corn, at least for the grazing of sheep, to give something like muscle and stamina to the lethargic, half-starved race, are now left for square mile after square mile covered with forests; and that mainly because the Grand Duke of the principality, and the swarm of half-barbarian barons, who are ever dancing like lacqueys at his heels, may have the enjoyment of destroying and selling the game (for your Grand Duke is always the chief poulterer in every petty German State), which such a wilderness naturally engenders. Indeed, one of the principal duties of the above-mentioned forest-men is not only to attend to the forest-lands, but, as

we have said, to make themselves acquainted with the haunts of the wild fowl, hares, deer, and roebucks in their district; as well as to have the forest-runners in readiness at a moment's call to attend upon his infinitesimal Serenity, whenever it may please his minute Magnificence to invite his two-penny-half-penny court to a day's shooting in the woods. Whereupon the University students, who have been compelled to go through no end of courses of science for the purpose, have to see that the *Forst-laufers* and *Kreisers* under their direction beat all the game within a certain circle towards the central point, where the clever and lively sportsmen happen to be stationed; and where each of the "crack shots" stands with a gun at his shoulder and an eye-glass to his eye, ready to destroy the birds or beasts as they chance to come near—the result being that the several animals thus slaughtered are sold to those taking part in the sport for the due augmentation of his Grand Dukeship's paltry revenues.

Nor is this the only evil of this same Forest Institution. Were the learned professors at the head of these Forest Colleges to be engaged in combating, rather than upholding the prejudices of their countrymen, and in teaching them, what they know as well as we do, that a pound of coal during its combustion gives off far more heat than a pound of wood, the rearing of trees to be used simply for fuel by the community, could not fail to disappear in a very few years from the land. On the contrary, however, the

Forest Institution is maintained simply because it opens up places of patronage for a large number of the sons of the "beggar barons," who still are proud enough to look upon any work or handicraft as a disgrace, and barbarous enough to believe that a life in the woods is the only fit occupation for nobility.

Let us, however, endeavour to estimate what is the cost of this same Forest Institution to Saxe-Weimar alone. A large proportion of the woods belonging to the Grand Duchy are situate in the Thuringian forest. To the English reader, however, the term Thuringia will convey hardly any definite idea of the locality, seeing that in our maps of Germany no such territory is to be found delineated. Thuringia, then, let us say, is that portion of central Germany which lies between Nordhausen and Coburg to the north and south, and between Gerstungen (by Eisenach) and Halle to the east and west. The whole area comprised within these limits is very nearly 20,000 English square miles, and of this about 1500 square miles, or one-thirteenth of the whole, is forest-land to this day. Formerly the lords of the Wartburg had sovereign sway over the entire extent of this territory, and they therefore bore the title of the Landgraves of Thuringia. It now, however, constitutes the dominions of many a petty duchy, being parcelled out principally among Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Saxe-Meiningen, and Saxe-Altenburg; while even the kings of Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria have also a finger in the

pretty little "dirt-pie." Indeed, it will be seen by the table below given as to the extent and "belongings" of the Thuringian forest, that though it is, as nearly as possible, equal in size only to our own county of Suffolk, it is divided among as many as ten petty princes; and yet the population of the whole is hardly so large as that of an English manufacturing town, like Birmingham, with merely a mayor and a city-corporation to keep the people in order.

TABLE SHOWING THE EXTENT OF THE THURINGIAN FOREST, AS WELL AS THE SEVERAL STATES TO WHICH IT BELONGS, THE NUMBER OF INHABITANTS IT CONTAINS, AND THE TOWNS, VILLAGES, AND FARMS DISTRIBUTED THROUGHOUT IT.

STATES APPERTAINING TO THE THURINGIAN FOREST.	English Square Miles.	Number of Inhabitants.	Number of Inhabitants to the Square Mile.	Towns.	Market Villages.	Villages.	Farms, Factories, and other isolated Buildings or Estates.
1. KINGDOM OF WESTPHALIA.							
a. The whole of the former Lordship of *Schmalkalden* (now six cantons), which belong to the department of the Werra .	82·65	21,282	257	1	1	35	9
b. A small portion of the same department by *Vach* and *Phillippsthal*, on the right bank of the Werra	11·28	2,000 (about)	177	...	...	9	...
2. SAXE-WEIMAR.							
a. A portion of the principality of *Eisenach* . .	75·14	18,245	242	3	...	29	18
b. The whole district of *Ilmenau* (4⅔ Germ.) . .	22·53	4,028	178	1	...	9	8
3. SAXE-GOTHA.							
A portion of the principality of *Gotha* . . .	191·58	27,954	145	4	1	43	9
Carried forward . .	383·18	73,509		9	2	125	44

States appertaining to the Thuringian Forest.	English Square Miles.	Number of Inhabitants.	Number of Inhabitants to the Square Mile.	Towns.	Market Villages.	Villages.	Farms, Factories, and other isolated Buildings or Estates.
Brought forward . .	383·18	73,509		9	2	125	44
4. Saxe-Meiningen.							
a. A portion of the so-called *Underland*, on the right bank of the Werra . .	52·58	14,480	275	3	2	22	25
b. The whole of the *Overland*	108·93	15,717	144	3	3	67	15
5. Saxe-Hildburghausen.							
The portion of the districts of *Hildburghausen* and *Eisfeld* that lie on the right Werra bank . .	82·65	12,441	150	2	..	39	3
6. Coburg-Saalfeld.							
a. The portion of the district *Themar* that lies on the right bank of the Werra	7·51	2,833	377	1	...	9	1
b. That portion of the principality of *Saalfeld* which lies on the left bank of the Saale	123·98	11,120	89	3	1	50	11
7. Kingdom of Saxony.							
a. The whole portion of *Henneberg* belonging to the Kingdom of Saxony.	157·77	23,089	146	2	3	45	10
b. A portion of the new towns circle on the left bank of the Saale . .	18·78	978	52	...	1	6	...
8. Principality of Schwarzburg Land.							
a. A portion of *Londershausen*	78·88	9,163	163	...	3	19	6
b. A portion of *Rudolstadt* .	169·05	21,779	128	3	...	77	13
9. Principality of Reussishe Land.							
a. *Lobenstein*	172·79	4,966	43	1	...	18	15
b. *Ebersdorf*		2,473		...	1	10	6
c. *Graiz*		100		...	...	1	1
10. Royal Possessions of Bavaria.							
The lands which were formerly Bamberish and Bavarian conjointly . .	157·77	12,200 (about)	77	2	3	58	27
Total	1513·89	204,848		29	19	546	177

Thus it will be seen that the extent of the woods possessed by Saxe-Weimar in the Thuringian forest is not quite 100 English square miles. But this is not the only forest-land appertaining to the Grand Duchy; some other forests are situate in the isolated *Alstädter* circle, lying to the north of Weimar, and between Nordhausen and Halle; besides, there are the woods in the district of Weida, near Neustadt, and also those at Blankenhain and Ettersberg, more immediately in the neighbourhood of Weimar itself; all of which together may be taken at nearly double the extent of the woodlands belonging to the same duchy in the Thuringian forest. Hence, the entire area of the forest-land possessed by the Grand Duchy may be stated in round numbers at between 200 and 250 English square miles; and this estimate agrees very nearly with the amount given, by multiplying the average size of the districts which the *Revier-forsters* have to superintend, by the gross number of such *Reviers* distributed throughout the country. There are, then, 28 such *Reviers* or forest districts in Saxe-Weimar, the ordinary extent of which may be stated at between 5000 and 6000 acres; so that multiplying these amounts together we have a total of 140,000 to 168,000 acres; and then, dividing these by 640 (the number of acres to a square mile), we get a quotient of 218¾ to 250 English square miles, for the gross area comprised within the forest districts of the Grand Duchy.* Con-

* The gross area of the forest-land belonging to Saxe-Weimar, we have just learnt from one of the foresters of the district, is officially

sequently, in stating that the forest land of Saxe-Weimar is between 200 and 250 square miles in extent we cannot err very widely from the fact. Hence, as the entire Saxe-Weimarish territory consists only of 1419 square miles, and near upon 240 of these are woodland, it follows that almost one-sixth of the whole domain is forest.*

Let us, now that we have settled what is the extent of such forest-lands belonging to the State of Saxe-Weimar, proceed to show what is the cost of maintaining them in such order that the stock of timber shall be kept up, notwithstanding the heavy yearly drain upon it for the matter of fuel alone. The expenses of the different classes of officials (we have it from the best authorities) may be stated as follows:—

computed at 152,800 acres, or very nearly 239 English square miles.

* The following are the official returns, as to the proportion of forest, and other land, throughout the kingdom of Prussia:—

TERRITORIAL DIVISION OF PRUSSIA.

	Extent in English acres.	Proportion per cent. to the entire territory.
Arable land	29,782,444	42·73
Pasture land	10,551,906	15·14
Meadow land	8,984,373	12·90
Vineyards	636,427	0·91
Forests	14,996,627	21·52
Waste land	2,264,629	3·25
Water	2,473,902	3·55
Total area	69,690,308	100·00

Hence it would appear that whilst *one-sixth*, or 16·84 per cent., of the entire territory of Saxe-Weimar, is forest-land, in Prussia

First, there is the *Ober-landjägermeister*, having a salary of 1500 thalers, or 225*l.*, per annum, and the two *Ober-forstraths*, who receive each 3000 thalers, or 900*l.*, yearly between them.

Then there are ten forest-inspectors, each getting 120*l.* a-year, with fodder for two horses, which may be taken at the least at 30*l.* a-year more, or 150*l.* altogether; so that we have 150*l.* × 10 = 1500*l.* for

as much as one fifth, or 21·52 per cent. of the whole, is covered with woods.

The official returns as to the extent of the forest-lands of our own country, on the other hand, are as follows:—

Name of forests.	Acres in each forest.	Acres inclosed for production of timber.
New Forest	66,942	6,000
Dean Forest	23,015	11,000
Alice Holt Forest	1,892	1,892
Woolmer Forest	5,945	1,700
Bere Forest	1,417	1,417
Whittlewood Forest	5,424	3,895
Salcy Forest	1,847	1,121
Whichwood Forest	3,709	1,841
Waltham Forest	3,278	——
Windsor Forest	4,402	4,402
Delamere Forest	3,847	3,847
Parkhurst Forest	900	900
Total	122,622	38,015

Thus it would appear, that as the entire area of England and Wales is 32,247,000 acres, and there are only 122,622 acres of forest-land throughout the country, barely $\frac{1}{263}$rd part of our territory is of such a character; whereas the proportion in Saxe-Weimar is nearly $\frac{1}{6}$th, and that of Prussia more than $\frac{1}{8}$th, of the whole land. But if, on the other hand, we take only the number of "acres inclosed for the production of timber" in the English forests, we shall find the ratio with us, to be merely $\frac{1}{848}$th part of the entire country.

the gross sum paid annually to the heads of the staff. Moreover, there are 42 foresters proper (*Revier-forster*), everyone of whom gets between 60*l.* and 75*l.*, besides the fodder for one horse, so that the average expense of these may be taken at 85*l.* respectively; and 85*l.* × 42 gives us a total of 3570*l.* for the annual cost of the *Revier-forsters*. Next come 17 under-foresters, having a salary of 37*l.* 10*s.* each, and 37*l.* 10*s.* × 17 = 637*l.* 10*s.*, which is the gross sum paid to this class. After this we must set down 24 forest-helpers, to each of whom the sum of 22*l.* 10*s.* is paid, at the least, every year; some ten or twelve of these, however, act as *Inspections-gehülfen*, in which capacity they receive double the salary of the others; so that, in estimating the average income of each at 30*l.*, we cannot be over-rating the expense, and thus 30*l.* × 24 = 720*l.*, for the gross sum paid to this branch of the staff. Besides these there are 6 forest-assistants, each with an income of 300 thalers (45*l.*), so that 45*l.* × 6 gives us 270*l.*, as the sum total in this case.

But, in addition to the above, who may be regarded as the commissioned officers, in connection with the forest corps, there are underlings, such as the forest-runners, game-keepers, or *Kreisers*, overseers (*Aufsehers*), woodcutters, and labourers, some of whom are in receipt of regular salaries, and the others employed only at such seasons as their services are required. Under the former category come the *Forst-laufers*, *Kriesers*, and *Aufsehers*, each of whom receives 100 thalers (15*l.*) per annum. Of these underlings there

are about 120 employed altogether in the forests, and 15*l.* × 120 = 1800*l.* for the gross annual expense of this class of forest servants. Next in order are the woodcutters, of whom there are 20 generally, in connection with each district, or about 560 employed throughout the entire 28 districts. These men are paid 1*s.* 6*d.* for each Klafter of wood they cut, and the same for every 60 bundles of faggots. They earn upon an average, we are informed, 2 thalers, or 6*s.*, per week for three quarters (39 weeks) of the year; so that the annual gains of each may be set down at 72 thalers, or 11*l.* 14*s.* Hence, as there are 560 of such woodcutters employed throughout the forests of the Grand Duchy, it follows that the gross sum paid in wages to them annually would amount to no less than 6554*l.* At the head of these, again, in each district, is an over-woodcutter, to whom 100 thalers, or 15*l.*, is paid every year, and therefore 15*l.* × 28 = 420*l.* must be added to the previous item for the expenses of woodcutting. Lastly, there are the labourers employed to plant and prune the trees, and do the commoner forms of forest work: many of these are women, receiving but 6*d.* a day, while the men are paid 9*d.* So far as we can learn, there are generally some 200 of such labourers (half men and half women) employed for two months in each year in each district.

A large proportion of these labourers are thieves who have been caught taking the wood on other than the appointed days, or in other than the ordained manner, and who have been consequently

forced to work in the forest for a certain time without wages. Estimating then that there are a hundred paid labourers employed for the time above mentioned, and that each earns about 25*s.* or between eight and nine thalers in that period, we have to add 125*l.* for the average amount paid in wages for the cultivating of each particular district, and this sum multiplied by 28, gives 2250*l.*, which may be taken as the entire amount paid annually in wages to the labourers employed throughout the woods of Saxe-Weimar. Moreover, there are a few other superior officials that still have to be taken into the calculation; these are the *Forst-taxator*, or valuer of the timber, who has a salary of 500 thalers, or 75*l.*, per annum, and his two assistants who get 300 thalers each, or 90*l.* together; as well as the two *Forst-geometers*, or measurers of the forest land, who get also 300 thalers apiece, or 90*l.* the two; and the *Forst-commissar* acting under the *Forst-rath*, and whose duty it is to teach mathematics and geometry at the college, for which he has an income of 600 thalers, or 90*l.*, a-year.

The above statement includes, we believe, the entire cost of the forest officials in Saxe-Weimar, and it will be found, on casting up the whole, that the gross expense of the staff (exclusive of the *Oberlandjägermeister* and the two *Ober-forstraths*) comes to 9262*l.* yearly, while the sum paid to the woodcutters and labourers employed in the forests, is rather more than 8800*l.*, which two items added together give a total of 18,000 and odd pounds for

the annual cost of attending to the woods. This amount agrees very nearly with an official return presented to us, in which the cost of the *personnel*, or staff, is set down at 62,000 thalers (9300*l.*), and the sum paid to woodcutters and labourers at 58,000 thalers (8700*l.*) yearly, or 120,000 thalers (18,000*l.*) together.

Now the entire worth of the produce of the forest-land every year throughout the Grand Duchy is estimated at the sum of 360,000 thalers, 54,000*l.*; so that, deducting the cost of the forest staff and labourers from this amount, there is a surplus left of 36,000*l.* as a return for the rent of the land, and the interest on the capital sunk in the trees felled, many of which take a hundred years to come to maturity. Discarding, however, the latter item from our consideration, let us see what return this surplus of 36,000*l.* gives for the use of the forest-land. Dividing, then, the surplus by the number of acres throughout the forest, it will be found that the sum left as a recompense for the rent of the soil is at the rate of not more than 4*s.* 8½*d.* for each of the 152,800 acres of land so employed.

But we were credibly informed that, if the entire of the forests were cleared, the average rent which might be obtained for the land would be at least four thalers, or 12*s.* per acre, so that thus there is a yearly loss of 7*s.* 3½*d.* per acre, and this upon 150,000 and odd acres gives us rather more than 55,500*l.* for the entire amount of wealth wasted annually in thus persisting in *growing* fuel rather than *digging* for it.

Nor is this all: the entire population of the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar is, in round numbers, 266,000 souls, which, as we have said, is a little more than that of the town of Birmingham; so that assuming each family to consist of five persons, we may say that there are some 53,000 and odd families distributed throughout the country. Now each of these families burns, as we have shown, some two *Klafters* of wood and one *Schock* of *Reissig* (60 large bundles of faggots) in the course of the year; so that altogether the gross quantity of wood consumed by the entire 53,000 families would amount to no less than 106,000 *Klafters*, beside 53,000 *Schock* of *Reissig*. An ordinary full-grown beech tree yields, we are assured, upon an average, three *Klafters* of wood, and not quite one *Schock* of faggots. Hence, to produce the above quantity, as many as 32,000 trees have to be felled annually; and as it is the rule to plant these at such distances apart that there shall be only about 50 to the acre, it is manifest that, to supply the whole population of Saxe-Weimar with such fuel, not less than 540 acres, or about five-sixths of a square mile of woodland, have to be cleared every year, and the same extent replanted, so as to keep up the supply. The chief national evil of such a system lies, therefore, not only in the loss which ensues to the State in the small profit returned by the forest-land, but in the still greater sum which is wasted by the people collectively, in burning a material which has at once less heating power, and is three times more expensive, than ordinary coal; and

it consists also in being obliged to appropriate so large an extent of land to the growth of timber instead of to the raising of bread-stuff or the feeding of cattle.

We have before said that the cost of fuel to every family is at the rate of 20 thalers per annum; so that the 53,000 families in the Grand Duchy would thus expend, collectively, upwards of a million thalers, or 150,000*l.*, per annum in firing. But according to the returns before given, the gross yield of the wood belonging to the State does not exceed 360,000 thalers, or 54,000*l.*, in value yearly. How, then, is this apparent discrepancy to be cleared up? In the first place, all the wood burnt does not belong to the State (the whole yield of the forests in the Grand Duchy is but 6,180,600 *Körperfüsse*—cylindrical feet—which is but barely 34,000 *Klafters*, against the 106,000 *Klafters*, that, according to the above estimate, are burnt yearly by the entire population). A considerable proportion is furnished by the several *Gemeinde* (village communities) and private estates. Moreover, the poor are allowed to collect the dried twigs and branches from the forests twice every week, free of charge; but though the poor give no money for their fuel, they give, what is the same to working people, labour in fetching and gathering it; and further, a large quantity of the wood so collected is sold by them at a cheaper rate to the citizens, so that we are satisfied that in estimating the amount of money or the worth of the labour given by each family to

obtain the year's supply of fuel, at 20 thalers, or 3*l.*, per annum, on an average, we are not very wide of the truth. But if the collective combustible wood of Saxe-Weimar costs the people either in money or labour as much as 150,000*l.* per annum, and coal could be burnt for one-third of the money (for we know by our own experience that firing is at least three times as expensive in Germany as it is in England), then to the 65,000*l.* before shown to be lost in the matter of rent by devoting the land to the growth of timber, rather than the pasturage of cattle, there must be added the further sum of 100,000*l.* wasted in burning a material which has not only less heating power, but is, at the same time, 200 per cent. dearer than mineral fuel.

Add this to the loss of income to the nation, which arises from these forest-lands being kept out of cultivation, and even the greatest dullard in political economy will have an insight into one of the laws which conduces to the poverty of the modern German tribe; for as the wealth of America, and indeed, of every country, has risen with the "clearance" of the lands, so is the indigence of Germany maintained by the scientific growth year after year of timber in those districts, that as we said before should be devoted to the raising of cattle upon them; and this merely because it enables the grand beggar of the country to fill his pockets with a few more groschens by the annual slaughter of the wild animals they foster, and to find places for the idle louts of his semi-barbarous nobility in the continuance of so savage a form of life.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE FOREST-SCHOOL, CONTINUED, AND OF THE GERMAN WINTERS.

THE greatest ill, however, remains to be told. Fuel, as we said before, increases yearly in price throughout Germany; indeed, so dear has it become in Saxony, that were it not that the poor are allowed by law to go twice every week (Tuesday and Friday) into the forests, and *break off* such dead twigs and branches as they can from the trees, a great portion, if not the whole, of the labouring class must perish from cold, owing to their inability to purchase so expensive a commodity. The time thus wasted by the poorer workmen in going some five English miles to and from the forests, and bringing home respectively only such a bundle as they can carry strapped round their back, every person of the least common sense can readily estimate. Two hours' walk to the woods and two hours' home for two days a-week, makes nearly one working day lost in the course of the seven by every-one of the poor in Eisenach; and *that* in having to do work individually, which a wagon would perform for them collectively with much greater ease, and with far less waste of labour too.

Moreover, though the law prohibits the poor from using any axe or bill-hook, or, indeed, from cutting, by any means, the healthy branches from the trees; nevertheless, in a country where fuel is so dear, the temptation to violate the legal restrictions becomes so cogent with the needy, that not a few resort to the practice; for notwithstanding the people are forbidden, under heavy penalties, to sell any of the faggots which they thus collect, of course such a custom prevails, and there is not a servant in the town who cannot inform her mistress when in want of *Reissig*, as it is called (small dry wood for the lighting of fires), where a plentiful supply can be immediately procured.

The price usually paid to these poor people for the wood they bring (in the dark) to the house is a farthing for a large bundle of twigs, and about 3½*d.* for a big basket of thick broken branches — such prices being, perhaps, some 25 per cent. cheaper than if the fuel were purchased in the ordinary manner. Not only is the waste of time and labour here the great social drawback, but owing to the temptation which the poor have to violate the laws in connection with such matters, imprisonment after imprisonment occurs in the town, so that those who should be trained as honest, self-reliant workmen are educated as "jail-birds," and taught to care little for the penal terrors of a prison.

In the course of one of our walks along the summits of the hills, overlooking the "Marien Valley," we encountered a labourer who was engaged in truncating the cone of one of the loftiest peaks there;

and upon questioning the man, it turned out that he had been caught cutting green-wood in the forests around the Castle of the Wartburg, and had been condemned, without trial, or, indeed, without any form or ceremony whatever, to level that same hill-top—and that merely because the peak obstructed the view of the Ducal Tom-noddy from the windows of his mountain castle; so that thus his very Royal Highness was enabled to get a week or a fortnight's labour out of the poor workman for nothing.

Indeed, one of the most peculiar, if not revolting sights, in the neighbourhood of Eisenach, is to see the poor people on the appointed days, wending their way home from the woods—men, women, and even little children—each bearing such an enormous faggot on their backs, that, when you see them for the first time, it seems as if the very bundle of dried twigs had become animated; and that the huge faggots were walking towards you. For bending, as the miserable creatures do, under their load, it is impossible to distinguish anything like a human form in the distance. Many of these bundles carried home by the poor are from 6 feet to 8 feet high, and as big round as a water-butt; and in the depth of winter, with the snow many a foot thick upon the ground, it is one of the most saddening of spectacles to behold the half-clad, half-starved, shuddering, wretched beings, often twelve abreast, come staggering along the road.

"Why," said we, to one of the more enlightened German gentlemen, "*will* your compatriots persist in

the expensive prejudice of heating their chambers with wood, when *Stein-kohle* (ordinary coal) could be had for one-third the price?"

The answer was "The generality of Germans believe the burning of coal to be unhealthy."

"And so did English people," we replied, "some two hundred and odd years back."

"Ah!" returned the German, "but you Englishmen always take the lead in all matters of progress—political as well as social."

And, now, let us take up the German's response, and remind even the English reader as to how much of the welfare of our own country is due to the introduction of coal, as fuel, among us. Let him think what must have been the state of things in Great Britain at the present day, if the larger proportion of our island had to be devoted to the culture of enormous tracts of forest-lands for the heating of the houses of the people. Let him think what would have been the cost, with our extending population, of maintaining a wood-fire in each household at the present time; and what would have been the price of food and meat, from the comparatively small number of acres that could then have been used as arable or pasture land. Let him think, moreover, what would have been the fate of that great invention of James Watt, if we had had to feed every steam-engine in the country with logs of wood grown on the surface of the earth, rather than from blocks of coal extracted from the bowels of it. Is it not apparent, that had the whole of our island been one immense forest, it

would hardly have sufficed to keep all the steam-engines at work, and all the iron furnaces blazing, and yet at the same time heat all the houses of our people at this day?

If, then, the commercial prosperity of England is to be dated from the time when coal came to be first used as fuel, among us (and even the most knowing of Germans tell you that England's greatness is due not alone to the activity, invention, and enterprise of her people, but also to the mineral resources treasured within the land,) the question becomes, what would have been the benefit of such mineral treasures, if coal, the greatest treasure of them all, had not been used for the working of the rest? Had every house been heated to the present hour with logs of wood, Englishmen must have remained as ill-fed as the rest of the people of Europe, and English inventive genius never have been able to bring to perfection either the steam-engine or the railway.

In Germany, however, the same ignorant prejudice against the use of coal as fuel prevails throughout the land up to this time, as did with us at the middle of the seventeenth century. The German gentleman referred to above, assured us (and he seemed to be especially erudite in the construction of German stoves) that every "*oven*" (stove) throughout the "fatherland" could, at the expense of but a few shillings, be fitted for the consumption of coal instead of wood; indeed, it required merely the addition of a grating and ash-pan, at the bottom of the fire-place, to enable it to burn the cheaper material. But though the Germans know

this, such is the national objection to the use of the mineral fuel, that it is only the most enlightened among the people who are now just beginning to heat their houses in that manner. In fine, the popular belief throughout the whole of "educated Germany" is, that the climate of England is so beclouded owing to the general consumption of coal throughout our island, that it is impossible for a true-born Briton to see the time of day, even at noon, except by the light of a candle.

"Did you ever see the blue sky before you came here?" we have been asked, over and over again, by persons who rank far above the vulgar; and, indeed, one wise-acre of a German professor, who had won his Doctor's diploma at one of the universities, and was a teacher at the principal high school in Eisenach, calmly assured us that he had seen a calculation by Professor Faraday, showing that there were no less than 200 days in the course of the year in England in which the fogs were so thick, that it was necessary to have the gas lighted at noon. But though we informed the pedantic booby that Professor Faraday was an electrician, and not a meteorologist, and had nothing whatever to do in recording the state of the weather —and, therefore, never *could* have put forth such a statement—the ignorant pedagogue was, nevertheless, as firmly convinced that the Londoners were unable to see their hand before them for more than half the days in the year, as he was that some German, or other, had invented the steam-engine, the spinning-jenny, the stocking-loom, the railway loco-

motive, gas-lighting, the telegraph, and photography; and that some wicked designing Englishman had stolen the several discoveries from his countrymen.

"But is it not very unhealthy to burn coal?" the dunderheads will ask you; and if you tell them in reply that the death-rate in London is lower than that of any other capital in Europe, the gentlemen shrug their shoulders, and answer, in the most cool manner possible, either that it is not true, or that you are a liar—according to the most polite modes of civilized intercourse.

The reader can now perceive another reason why the German folk exist in the state of degradation in which we have endeavoured to picture them to English eyes. If the heating of one small room costs just upon 20 thalers a-year, and the average income of the gentry is but 300—400 thalers, so that the expense of fuel comes to between a fifteenth and a twentieth of the yearly gains, how small must be the sum, in Pity's name, after deducting the large amount wasted in beer-houses and all kinds of unnecessary out-door expenditure, left for the proper sustenance of the family at home. Indeed, the great riddle to us, during the whole of our residence in the Thuringian capital, when we came to know how little the people got, and how much they wasted, and, moreover, how hot they always kept their rooms, (for, like all underfed people, the Germans are chilly to the last degree), was, what small sum could possibly be left for the purchase of black bread and potatoes for their wives and children, after paying the cost of fuel,

the cost of taverns and holiday-making, of clubs, balls, and "singer-feasts," of gambling at cards, billiards, and skittles, as well as in lotteries—and indeed squandering their money in all kinds of extravagant indulgence.

Moreover, the English reader can form no idea as to the real unhealthiness of the prevailing method of heating German houses. Scientific experiments have shown that for the maintenance of health it is necessary that each human being should be supplied with at least 1000 cubic feet of fresh and pure atmospheric air in the course of the day. The model French Hospital at Bordeaux gives 2200 cubic feet of air to the bed of each patient. Owing to the extreme expense, however, of wood fuel, and the consequent cost of heating large chambers, the German gentry are compelled to live in one room during the winter, that is hardly bigger than a good-sized larder. This is what is generally called the *Koch-stube* (literally the "cooking-chamber"), and immediately adjoins the mere closet of a kitchen, so that one fire may serve for the warming of the two places; while the other apartments, which with us would constitute the ordinary sitting-rooms of the family, are kept only as show-rooms, and heated merely on "high-days and holidays"—such as at coffee-drinkings, christenings, and the like. These cooking-rooms are seldom, or never, of greater dimension than 12 feet square, and 8 or 9 feet high, so that their cubic capacity is but little better than 1000 feet altogether. Indeed, this is the ordinary size of the one apartment in which the gen-

tlefolks in Germany consent to "fust," to use a Shakesperian term; and so hermetically sealed is it, owing to there being no vestige of a chimney in the place—for even the door of the stove is outside the room—that the atmosphere, in a very few hours, becomes like that inhaled by the poor mouse, which scientific lecturers delight to place under the receiver of an air-pump, for the due edification of the audience as to the vitiation of the vital gas during the process of respiration by animal life. The rooms in which we lived in Eisenach were among the largest in the town, being some 20 odd feet long, 15 feet wide, and between 8 and 9 feet high; and hence contained about 2500 cubic feet of atmospheric fluid. And yet, owing to there being no means of carrying off the products of respiration—for, as usual, the stoves were heated from without—it was impossible for the members of our family to sit in them for more than four hours together, without throwing the windows open in the depth of winter, in order to ventilate the close, fetid apartment. The Germans, however, are so unused to ventilation, that they seem to feel but little annoyance from the inhalation of each other's breaths, from the respiration of the insensible perspiration from each other's bodies, and will often scream and rave at anyone who ventures to leave the door of the sitting-room open in winter. Nor is it customary to air the room at any time by unfastening the double windows used in winter—the casements, indeed, being unclosed only at the time of death, and then merely, as is the general

belief, to let the soul "pass" to its appointed sphere. The consequence is, that it is impossible for any English gentleman, who has been accustomed to the luxury of sweet and wholesome lodgings, to enter the sitting-room of a German family in the winter-time without being overpowered and made sick and faint with the stench and noxious exhalations within it.

Now, we happen to have smelt, before the prisoners were turned out for work in the morning, the fetid atmosphere of the hold of the old hulks at Woolwich, in which some hundred or two of convicts were put to sleep; and we can assure the reader that the odour was a comparative nosegay, and the atmosphere of that fetid convict gun-deck in a measure sweet and wholesome, beside that of the apartments of many a German gentleman.

In almost every chamber in Saxony it is customary to keep a thermometer hanging against the wall, so as to note the temperature to which the room is heated; and immediately the quicksilver sinks a degree below 15° Reaumur, or 66° Fahrenheit, to cry out to the servant to attend to the fire. Many a German delights in maintaining the room at 20° Reaumur, which is equivalent to 77° of our scale. But for ourselves we found that immediately even our large room became in the least warmer than 60° Fahrenheit, headache and faintness were the invariable results. We leave it to physicians to explain the reason how it is that the German tribe can exist at all, under such circumstances, in their small, unventilated chambers; for we know that even with the precautions of airing

our rooms twice or three times in the course of the day, the whole of our family were as if smoke-dried by the end of the winter-time. True, you can see in every German face the injurious effects of living in such hot, vitiated atmospheres, painted in the ugliest toad-like colours; true, too, almost all the men and women go about with their jaws bandaged in the colder months as evidence that they are suffering from mumps or tooth-ache; and there was scarcely a grown elderly lady (besides many a young one) to be seen at the Klemda balls, who was not forced to wear a wisp of black net or a cotton-velvet band about her neck to hide the ugly goître, or "crop," as the Germans call it, which hung in a bag of pendulous flesh from her throat.

So afraid, moreover, are all classes of exposing themselves to the cold air outside of their over-heated chambers, that it is the custom with the inert and half-baked turnpike-keepers on the high roads to thrust out a long landing-net through a practicable window-pane for the collection of the toll from the passing carts and carriages, so as to save themselves from the danger of facing the atmosphere out of doors.

Nor can English people have any sense of the length and bitterness of an ordinary German winter. In the summer the rain-falls in Thuringia are such as are utterly unknown in England. Certainly there are fewer wet days in Saxony than with us; but when the showers *do* come, they descend, not in drops, nor yet in torrents, but often in positive water-spouts. The

Germans call these heavy falls of rain by the expressive term of "cloud-breakings" (*Wolken-bruch*); and during our stay in the country it was usual to expect some three or four each summer. In one night, in the course of 1862, two such water-spouts burst over the land within a few miles' distance of each other, and laid the entire valley from Gotha to Gerstungen (a distance of upwards of 35 English miles) deep under water. How many hogsheads of rain must have fallen within an hour on that occasion it would be difficult to compute. This occurred during the harvest, and crop after crop was washed from the fields, the sheaves of newly-cut corn being carried away like corks by the torrent—while many a flock of sheep was washed from the meadows and drowned in the rapid. In the farmyards the pigs were stifled in their sties, and the fowls drowned while on their roosts; the corn, too, in the granaries was all afloat, and rendered comparatively useless by the long soaking in the wet. Entire houses were carried away, so that hardly a brick of them was left to be seen; massive arches of stone bridges were burst through by the sudden pressure of the flood, as though they had been bombarded by cannon; and waggons and horses drifted with their drivers into the rushing stream and borne miles away from the road along which they had been returning to their homes.

The morning after this calamity, we were startled on rising from our beds to find the greater part of Eisenach under water. The "Saturday's Market Place," on one side of which we lived, was like a

small lake; while in front of almost every door stood a fire-engine or hand-pump, with men extracting the water from the cellars of the chandler's-shopkeepers, where the casks of sugar and barrels of schnapps and herrings were all afloat. It was not long, before we heard that a water-spout had broken over the town at one in the morning, and that if we chose to walk out to the top of the neighbouring hills, we should see a sight such as an Englishman could rarely have an opportunity of witnessing.

Accordingly, we made the best of our way to the "Gallows' Hill" as it is called, where at the end of the last century the criminals used to be hanged in chains, on account of the commanding height of the peak, as a terror to the country around. There we could see far up and down, and across the Hörsel Valley as it is termed; and look which way we might, what had been green meadows and cornfields, interlaced with roadways, and threaded by the narrow streams of the Hörsel and the Nässe but a day before, was then but one broad endless pool, covering thousands of acres, amid which it was impossible to make out the bearings, or the situations of localities with which the eye had long been familiar.

Had one of the dykes of Holland suddenly given way, and the sea swept in through the broken wall, the devastation could not have been more general, or more terrific. The news of the inundation of the fens of Lincolnshire had but a few months before affrighted us in Germany. Nevertheless, as we looked on the broad watery waste of the Thuringian valley,

the spectacle appeared to us many times more solemn and more sublime than any flooding of any land with which we were acquainted. How could the mind possibly conceive such an immense mass of liquid as there lay spread out before us, sufficient to cover scores of square miles, to the depth of many a foot, ever having been suspended in the atmosphere? And if disseminated in the upper regions in the form of vapour—vapour that occupies nearly two thousand times the bulk of water itself, through what an extent of "cloud-land" must it have been diffused; and what must have been the mighty and subtle force that suddenly condensed it, and made it descend in one single shoot upon that particular portion of the earth! The mountains, of either side of the valley, were furrowed, as though a plough had passed down their sides, with the torrents on the previous night; and there were large heaps of mountain *débris*, at the entrance to each of the ravines, as though hundreds of loads of rubbish * had been deposited there by demon hands during the night.

* The vulgar term *rubbage* is the proper one to be used here, for the affix *ish* belongs properly to adjectives, as in whitish, British, skittish, &c.; whereas the termination *age* is that which should be usually appended to nouns, as in drainage, leakage, garbage, mileage, &c. Truly may Dr. Latham say that "the vulgar are the conservators of our original tongue" The same polite confounding of terminations is to be found in the English word pudding, which, there can be no philological doubt, is the same as the French word *boudin*, that is to say, any "pouting" or "budding" thing—the affix *in* in such a case being the equivalent of the Saxon *en*, as found in garden, maiden, Sweden; and we might with as much correctness invite Maud to come into the

Such heavy rain-falls during the summer-time are succeeded by equally heavy falls of snow in the winter. Six months out of the year the earth in Germany generally remains covered with its white mantle of frost, the snow beginning to fall usually in October, and seldom disappearing (excepting for a week or so during some exceptional thaw) until the end of March. Often, too, are entire villages snowed up in Thuringia in the course of the winter—the mound of frozen flakes reaching so high that it is impossible to enter the peasants' houses by the doors, and the necessary provisions having to be taken in at the upper windows. Immediately after the first fall of snow, a huge apparatus, formed of boards nailed together in the shape of a V, and drawn by horses, makes its appearance in the highways for the purpose of cutting a path through the heavy deposit, which often reaches to some feet in the course of the night. Then all the ordinary conveyances are taken off their wheels and set upon a huge framework, that is not unlike a large pair of wooden skates, and thus mail-coaches, made into sledges, have to carry the letters—wagons to bring the vegetables and corn to market, and even the babies' basket carriages, and butchers' dog-carts to be dragged about the streets in the same manner; while elderly ladies, seated in large arm-chairs, fitted with these same wooden skates, are pushed along by their servants from house to house, to visit their friends,

garding (French, *jardin*), as ask a friend to take his *pudding* (French, *boudin*), instead of *pudden*, with us. However, fashion is against us, and we bow to convention in such matters.

and boys delight to come out with footstools fitted in the same manner, and to slide down steep hills, almost at the same rate as a German locomotive, crying, "*Char-r-riott!*" to all who happen to come in their way.

At such times not the rumbling of a single wheel is to be heard in the town; indeed, nothing but the continual ringing of the bells of the passing sledges and teams; and these jingle from morning till night, as though a vast trade in muffins was being carried on, or one had been magically transported into the precincts of some monster railway hotel.

These sledging-parties, indeed, are the favourite sports of the Germans during the winter; for it is the practice of the Saxon officers and forest-men, immediately after the first fall of snow, and the ground has become hard enough for the trip, to make up large parties, consisting of some dozen or more sledges, and to drive out—with such ladies as they may invite for the occasion—some five miles, accompanied by a band of music, to one of the taverns in the suburbs. At such times the horses are gaily caparisoned with all kinds of bright colours, and decked out with feathers streaming from the harness on their back; and as the bells go jangling along the streets of the town, and the narrow thoroughfares reverberate with the sharp crackings of the drivers' whips, every head appears at every window to see who is out for their winter's holiday. Nor to those who have once enjoyed the ease of such a means of transit is it at all astonishing that German gentle-

folks find such enjoyment in the amusement; for the sledge, though open, is usually of such small dimensions that the four people who are stowed within the body of it, and all well wrapped-up in furs, have seldom any reason to complain of being cold; unless, indeed, it be such a day as that on which we ourselves drove out to Heiligenstein, when the thermometer stood several degrees below zero, and there was a sharp wind blowing which seemed positively to scald the face with the icy sharpness of each gust.

Thus much for the German winter. After such an account it will be readily understood that the expense of fuel must (after beer and gambling) be one of the heaviest items in the account-book of every German household; and yet though coal could be burnt at one-third of the expense, such are the absurd prejudices of the Germans—for absurd they certainly are in these days—that we did not know one family in all Eisenach who was rational enough to use the least-expensive and best-heating material. The fact is, as we said before, the forests of Thuringia are maintained solely to keep up the supply of game for the Grand Duke, and to find places for the half-barbarous nobles who, to this day, scorn commerce and handiwork, and think a wild hunter's occupation the only one consistent with their imaginary dignity.

Indeed, these forest students in the town of Eisenach are one of the chief nuisances of the place. The students are divided into two classes—the *Adels*, or nobles, as the one party style themselves, and the *Caffres*, or savages, as the commoners are generally

denominated. The so-called nobles are in the habit of dining at the "*Thuringer Hof*," at the cost of sixpence per head, whereas the *Caffres* frequent the "*Gar-küche*," or cook-shop, where they are wont to get their dinner for threepence. Such an opprobrious division of society is, of course, the cause of all kinds of petty disputes and ill-feelings among youths, many of whom have not yet arrived at years of discretion. The consequence is that duels are continually taking place among the boys, and in our own time we heard of some half-dozen such encounters almost every session. These duels are usually fought with rapiers or straight swords,—very thin and very sharp—the right arm, the throat, and bowels of the combatants being covered with padding, so that no mortal wound may be inflicted, while the eyes are protected with spectacles. Such encounters last fifteen minutes, or till one of the combatants has his face so slit by the weapon of the other that he is unable to continue fighting for the blood streaming into his eyes.

During our stay in the town one young man had his cheek cut open; another his under-lip nearly taken off; a third his scalp cut in two; and a fourth the tip of his nose so thoroughly excised that the end of his nasal organ lay upon the ground. This was afterwards picked up and duly sewn and strapped on to the remainder of the feature, with which it had every likelihood of being again incorporated; when, unfortunately, the forest-man was looking through a telescope at the "Hohe Sonne," and some one hap-

pened to jog his arm with such force that the end of the unhealed organ was once more severed from the bridge, or "saddle," as the Germans call it; whereupon the gentleman picked up the tip of his nose, and put it in his *porte-monnaie* as a trophy of his prowess, delighting to carry it about with him and show it to his friends for many a day afterwards. It is but just to add that such silly, though serious, encounters are forbidden by the authorities of the town; they are, however, mostly conducted in secret, the duels being fought in the neighbouring woods, or in a private room at one of the taverns, towards the close of each session. And it is the custom of the friends of the wounded person to keep watch over him day and night, one set relieving the other, and applying ice to the injured part, so as to prevent any signs of inflammation setting in, while a barrel of beer is kept in one corner of the room for the refreshment of the attendants.

One gentleman was in the habit of walking about Eisenach who was well known to have killed his man (or rather his boy) at Jena, and to have cut out the eye of another young student; and yet this worthy duellist could but barely have attained his majority. Nor is it at all unusual to meet with Germans minus one ear, or with their noses slit down the middle like a rabbit's, or else their cheeks tattooed with scars like a Botecudo Indian.

Another evil arising from this Forest Institution of Eisenach is the feud that is continually going on between the military officers and the forest students

in the city, owing to the one class considering itself superior to the other. The first year of our stay in Thuringia some Tyrolean singers happened to come to the city and to give a concert at the Mohren—a tavern that the officers and forest practitioners were in the habit of attending nightly. The principal of these singers were ladies of the most questionable virtue, possessing far more impudence than musical talent, and therefore especially attractive to the boys who had assembled to hear them. We happened to have been present on the occasion, and found the forest-men seated in one room and the officers in an adjoining one (for the two seldom condescend to fraternize), and with the singers located at a table between the apartments. In a short time each began vieing with the other as to calling for champagne for the ladies; and when several bottles had been emptied by each of the parties (and they were both alike heated with the drink), a noise ensued between one of the forest-men and the officers as to some undue attention paid to the females in question.

In a minute the whole tavern was in an uproar; forest-men in a body wrangling with the officers, who, in their turn, sided each with the other against the students. For a few minutes the broil was confined merely to noisy blusterings. After a time, however, one of the young students was rash enough to strike one of the officers in the face; whereupon the soldier drew the sword which he had always in readiness at his side (for the weapon is carried to the beer-house

as well as the ball-room), and struck the boy with it over the head.

Then the row (for there is no other word for it) became general, and most uproarious. Cards were exchanged apparently all round—the lady musicians fled—the police were called in, and the tavern cleared.

The next day the Foresters held a private meeting, after their attendance at the morning's lecture, and came to the conclusion to go down in a body that evening to the Mohren armed with their *Hirsch-fänger* (large hunting-knives, or, more properly, short swords), so that they might be fairly matched with the officers in case of another dispute.

The police, however, had heard of their intention, and the officers doubtlessly had been apprized to the same effect; for the latter, like gentlemen, thought it more honourable to keep away, than embroil themselves farther with a host of boys; while the *Polizei* officials mustered in full force. The fracas, therefore, came to a peaceful end, nothing further being done than the "rustication" of the forest student who had struck the officer—while the officer who had cut the forester down was sent away to enjoy himself at some fortress or other for a few months.

CHAPTER VI.

STUDENT LIFE AT JENA.

THERE are altogether twenty-seven Universities distributed throughout Germany, at which, in round numbers, some 20,000 young men are continually studying, and for the teaching of whom, some 2000 and odd professors are regularly employed. Now, the population of all Germany, may be roughly estimated at 40,000,000 souls; and of these a fourth part, or 10,000,000 may, perhaps, be taken as the entire body of youths under twenty-one years old. So that dividing the gross number of males who are under age by the entire body of youths studying at these Universities, we find that one boy in every 500 receives a College education in Deutschland. We cannot tell what may be the proportion in England, and indeed, we know of no official returns that would enable us to come to such a conclusion. At Cambridge and Oxford (we find from the "calendars") the number of students may be taken roughly at 1500, respectively, or at 3000, altogether; and perhaps, with the other Colleges throughout the country (such as the London University, King's College, Durham

College, Haileybury, Homerton, and the several collegiate institutions for particular sects), the sum of the University students in England may be roughly taken at 7000, or one-third those of all Germany. But then it should be remembered that the population of England alone (for we are excluding even Wales from the calculation) is but little more than one-third of the people throughout Deutschland; so that the proportion of those receiving a University education with us may be said to be about the same as it is in the Fatherland, or as one youth in every 500.*

Now, we believe that it is from such University education that the best minds of every country are invariably derived. Granted that such abnormal offshoots as Shakespeare, Chatterton, and Burns, occasionally make their appearance from the uneducated classes of society, even in our own land; but we should remember, on the other hand, how many a great name like that of Bacon, Milton, Locke, and

* The returns as to the German Universities we obtained, whilst staying at Jena, from some of the best-informed persons. The exact number of students throughout Germany, we then learnt, was 19,690. Of these, 2708 were at the Berlin University; 2123 at Vienna; 1847 at Prague; 1222 at Munich; 1000 at Leipzig; and 450 at Jena. The other numbers it is idle to weary the reader with. Each of the Colleges above mentioned bears a high reputation, as well as those of Heidelberg, Bonn, Göttingen, Giessen, Griefewald (for medicine), Königsberg, and Tübigen (for theology); whilst, among the less-celebrated Universities, may be mentioned those of Halle, Erlangen, Kiel, Breslau, Berne, Zurich, &c. The exact number of professors lecturing at these Colleges, is 2085; so that the ratio of scholars to teachers may be taken, in round numbers, as 1 to 10.

Newton, have owed their genius principally to academic training. Again, it should be borne in mind that at the age of fifteen to five-and-twenty, a marked change occurs in the development of the brain; and that it is precisely at this period, that the mind is fitted for the nutritious assimilation of the mental food it receives. Previous to this, we are of opinion that the scholar learns only memorially or *habitually* by the continued repetition of the lessons he has to get "by rote." He is indeed educated as a parrot who may be taught to chatter no end of foreign languages, after the frequent hearing of them. Whereas, subsequent to the age above mentioned, the youth begins to learn intellectually; that is to say, his education is no longer a mere mechanical exercise of certain repetitive functions, connected with the brain, but his judgment seizes upon the meaning and the worth of what is communicated to him; and he gets to store in his mind rational principles and laws, rather than mere dogmatic rules and endless strings of words. Hence, we believe that in those nations where education is protracted somewhat beyond the time when a youth begins to learn intellectually, rather than memorially, there the greatest amount of mental excellence is likely to prevail. True, old George Stephenson was able to devise the present system of railway-travelling, and to invent the locomotive, without any such aid to his genius. But, then, we remember hearing the old man himself say, that he always felt the defects of his early education, and that he had determined, on that account, that his son should suffer from no such failing; and we know, moreover, that among

engineers it is doubted whether the utterly-rude father or the highly-cultivated son was the greater man of the two.

But it is our opinion that the education at Universities is of still greater worth to a nation; for the moral tone that the young men of the land thus acquire is of even higher value than the intellectual vigour attained at College; and this we regard as constituting the high use of public schools likewise in our own country. At Westminster, we learnt nothing but Latin and Greek (for in our days, neither English reading, writing, nor ciphering were taught there); and useless as we found, in after life, the *dead* knowledge which it had taken us seven years to acquire, we nevertheless learnt at that school the creed of an English gentleman, *i. e.* to consider honour and dignity of far higher worth than even life or money, and to believe that the old chivalrous faith of helping the weak and waging war against the unjust was not a mere feudal folly.

But why should so many words be expended upon a matter which the reader, perhaps, may think utterly irrelevant to the heading of the present chapter? And yet it *has* a connection with it that we ourselves did not understand until we went to live among the students at Jena. Long as we had resided in Deutschland, we knew nothing of the mental substratum of the country, before we had discovered what was the ambition of the better class of youths belonging to it; and though we learnt, there and then, the reason of Germany's senti-

mentalism, we learnt, at the same time, what were the aspirations of the warmer natures of the land, and saw, for the first time, what the more highminded among the Germans were looking forward to—even though, so far as our experience goes, no German can be found, throughout the length and breadth of the Fatherland, who is ready to sacrifice either life, liberty, or even so much as a groschen, for the attainment of the object.

In our own country, it is difficult to estimate how much of the moral tone of the nation is due to the habits and sentiments of the students at Oxford and Cambridge. It is, nevertheless, certain, that *they* are the fashion-leaders in such respects to the rest of our youths; and that, as in the old time, when wine-parties prevailed there to an inordinate extent, we had a race of drunken clergymen and prize-fighting noblemen growing up every year about us, so, in these days, when College riots and College debauchery have in a measure passed away, such things, comparatively speaking, are unknown in the land. At the German Universities, however, beer-drinking continues at the present time to the same extent as it did centuries ago; for, time out of mind, Germans have been recorded in history as being one of the most "drunken," and at the same time most "patient," of races on the earth. And when the reader reads what we have to tell of the drinking habits of the Jena "boys"—many of whose cheeks and chins can hardly boast as much down as there is on a peach, and who yet delight to drink of an evening as many cans of small-beer

as they are years old—he will find it no difficult matter to comprehend how such habits should tend to universal pot-house life and tastes; or how the young men, thus early educated in the glory of swilling, should grow up to be drunken husbands and fathers, wasting almost a moiety of their means in swinish indulgence, and spending nearly the half of their time in the beer-house, away from their families; and how, moreover, in a land where all are affecting the fastness of student life, the greater portion of the citizens should take pattern by the University lads; and thus an amount of "boosing" obtain among all classes that we believe is utterly unknown in any other country.

Nor is the universal guzzling of gallons of small-beer nightly, and the wasting of the larger proportion of the income and the energies in sensual excesses the only baneful result of such a state of things; but a boyish, lackadaisical sentimentalism concerning the Fatherland is spread by means of the pot-valiant pot-house songs sung upon such occasions, throughout the entire country. For never did one hear people talk so much about their land, their *Einigkeit*, their *Freiheit*, their *Wahrheit*—and we should add, their *Blatherums-keit*; and yet never was a race so utterly disjointed, each tribe being at war with the other; and never was a people so ready to submit to such slavish indignities, as these same pot-valiant Germans themselves. So far as our experience goes, there was not one of them who thought it worth his while to stir a hand, or to give a *pfenning*, or even a

thought, towards the amelioration of his country or of the people about him; or to the improvement of the laws, or the better housing or the better feeding of his neighbours; or, indeed, the better draining, better lighting, better paving, or better regulating in any way, of the mud-heaps of towns in which they live.

During our residence in the Thuringian capital, the city was lighted, for the first time, with gas, and it was astonishing to hear the benighted townsfolk rave at the expense and uselessness of the innovation, asking one another where was the need of so much light in the streets at night-time, and vowing that the old oil-lamps were good enough for them. And yet the beer-befuddled fools would go off to their tavern that night, and sing in their cups, about their "*Deutschland! Deutschland! über Alles!*" (Deutschland, before everything!) though not one of them would forego a single glass of small-beer for the sake of bettering it.

With boys this sentimental and *inactive* patriotism may be excusable; but with men, whose deeds you expect to correspond with their words, the continual windbag-braying about their love of their country becomes rank fustian, when you know how much is required to be done for it, and how not one of the pot-house brawlers is ready to do the least thing for its advancement—beyond, indeed, marching through the streets in some boyish procession, with a big banner flying, and a band of music playing at the head of them. Some people have said that the songs of Dibdin went a great way to develope the British seaman's courage;

that they taught the tar to think himself a fine fellow, and that he consequently strove to become one. But if brave deeds could be brought about by such means, surely the songs of Germany should call up a whole legion of patriot-martyrs; and yet all they do is, to teach the people to sing about the greatness of their land, and to blind them to the real defects of it,—indeed, to make them think it so good, that there is no necessity for any one of them to do anything to make it a whit better.

Such "Rosa-Matilda" rubbish as this may be pardoned among beardless boys, we say; but among grown men, who are expected to know a little better, it is wonderful that some one who has seen other lands, and is ashamed of the comparative squalor in which his own countrymen are allowed to wallow, does not start up and demolish the "ideal" of this Mud-Utopia, and beg of his people to leave off *squalling* about, and begin *doing* something for, their wretched and utterly neglected old Fatherland; something towards getting for it better laws—better judges—better representation—better journals—better government—better houses—better towns—better drainage—better ventilation—better wages—better work—better husbandry—better food—better poor-houses—and, indeed, better everything.

The German students must not, in any way, be confounded with those of the higher English Universities; for the youths at the Deutsch Colleges are, for the greater part, the sons merely of second-

rate middle-class families, such as publicans, butchers, chandler's-shopkeepers, chemists and druggists, well-to-do peasants, and the like. Indeed, owing to the cheapness of matriculating at such institutions in Deutschland, the class of youths who attend them approximates more to the university students of Scotland, where it is the ambition of every small farmer to make a "minister" of some one of his sons; for the German "boys" in no way resemble the "men" at Oxford and Cambridge, whither, owing to the great expense of the course of study, only the children of the richest in the land can be sent.

The reader, therefore, in our after description, must bear this distinction continually in mind; otherwise, when he learns that it is the custom of these "boys" to sit at their convivial meetings mostly in their shirt-sleeves, and to do certain other acts of which the lowest Oxford or Cambridge "man" could never be guilty, he may fancy we are painting a general coarse picture, from some extraordinary vulgar exceptions. Moreover, when the stranger reads in Murray's Handbook for Northern Germany, that "groups of the Jena students, in falling collars *not particularly clean*" (such things, however, are no longer worn), "and flowing hair not particularly glossy, may be seen swaggering about the streets with foils, masks, and cudgels," (we never saw any cudgels,) the account may sound somewhat harsh to those who would contrast it with the appearances of the young men to be met with in our first-class University towns. Nevertheless, when we remember that the German students are the sons, generally, of

small master-tradesmen, government-clerks, or peasant proprietors, and review what has already been said in these pages as to the manners even of the higher forms of middle-class life in Deutschland, it will be seen at a glance that, severe as the sketch may appear, the lineaments are by no means too harsh.

However, dismissing all such class-distinctions from our mind, it must be admitted that there is no slight amount of poetic feeling (sentimental though it be)—no small modicum of the romantic, chivalrous spirit of old—no little ardour in the patriotic aspirations for the union and well-being of the Fatherland—and, indeed, no ordinary extent of religious zeal, underlying the *Burschenschaft* institutions of the German Universities. And we must confess, on the other hand, that such principles and feelings are utterly unknown among the adolescent members of our own Colleges. Granted that no practical good—and, indeed, as we believe, much social evil comes of it—still, the evil is in no way intended, and the design of such institutions has a poetic, chivalrous, and even religious spirit about it which we cannot but commend; even though the ultimatum of it be but the singing of pot-glorious songs, the excision of noses and incision of cheeks in boyish duels, and the guzzling of barrels of small beer to the honour and glory of brotherly love and eternal friendship and truth.

Nevertheless, the drinking is not mere reckless swilling, but such as took place at the "orgies" of old, where, as at the Feast of Bacchus, it formed part of the *religious* rites. So, the slitting and scarring of the faces with rapiers comes of no blood-

thirsty desire to injure an enemy, but rather from the old superstitious belief in the ordeal by combat as a means of justice, and God protecting the right; even as the braggart patriotic songs are the remains of that primitive mythic notion which led the inhabitants of each country in the olden time to represent their forefathers as giants who had sprung out of the soil itself.

There is no equivalent English word for the term *Burschenschaft*, above used. Literally translated, it signifies *boyship*, but in the student vernacular it stands for those congregations of college "Boys" who have formed themselves into some club or closed society, for the working out of certain principles which they believe to be either for the general benefit of their country, or for the individual welfare and honour of their brother students. Such closed societies are of very ancient origin; and though at present these student-clubs date as far back only as the year 1815, there is not the least doubt that this period was merely the era of the revival of those institutions which the governors of the country had previously suppressed. The University of Jena dates as far back as the middle of the sixteenth century (A.D. 1548); it was indeed one of the first collegiate establishments founded by the Princes of Saxony (by Johann Friedrich "the Magnanimous"), after the publication of that celebrated protest of the Saxon Elector and his allies against the edict of the Catholic Diet of Speier, which gave the Reformers the name of "Pro-

testants" ever afterwards; and probably such closed societies had then a specially religious object, as a means of uniting and strengthening the first Lutheran youths in those principles which had led to the downfall of the papal power in Germany.* It will be found, too, that to this day these "Boy-clubs" or *Burschenschaft* institutions have no little religion mixed up, even with their drinking customs; for as Martin Luther himself is known to have hated the pretended asceticism of the old monks, as much as he was sworn against the feigned chastity of the Romish priesthood, and to have been a "right jovial fellow" in his love of the pleasures of life, after he had denounced "the Pope and all his works"—so that the couplet of his, saying

"Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long:"

Wer nicht liebt Weib, Wein und Gesang
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang:

has come to be a proverb throughout Deutschland —even so, doubtlessly, that commingling of drinking and singing with sacred and patriotic principles, which is the marked character of the student-clubs of the present day, dates most likely as far back as the origin of the Reformation itself.

* Formerly there were as many as 3000 students in Jena; now the number is but 450. The decline in the popularity of the University was owing to the assassination of Kotzebue (who was said to be in the pay of Russia and had written several severe articles against the Fatherland) by the Jena Student Sand; after which the youths of the Saxon University were considered to be too wildly democratic in their notions for astute parents to send their sons to such an institution.

There are three such *Burschenschaft* institutions in Jena, each of such societies having special principles to work out, and all of them being distinguished by certain colours, displayed either in the striped ribbon (called the "band") which the members wear across their breast, or in the bit of similarly-striped ribbon dangling from their watch (called the *Bier-zipfel*, or beer-lappet); or else in the colours of the gold-embroidered cap, which is like an inverted flowerpot-saucer in shape, and worn immediately over the right temple, rather than on the crown of the head—being kept in its place by means of a small piece of elastic that is slipped over the back of the skull. This is known by the name of their "*cerevis-* (or beer-) cap," and it is customary for the Boys to swear by it; for instead of attesting any solemn declaration by the words, "upon their honour," or "upon their 'davy," after the manner of other youths, it is the habit of the Jena students to vouch for the truth of any point that may be doubted, "upon their grand cerevis" (Latin, *cerivisia*, "beer") or their "little cerevis," according to the importance of the occasion. But it will be seen by the curious beer-usages given hereafter, that it is forbidden for any student to pledge his grand cerevis to a *negative* proposition; that is to say, he dare not assure any one that he did *not* see or hear such and such a thing, by means of this form of adjuration. For, say the beer-laws, with all the pomposity of an Act of Parliament, at § 19, "as the grand cerevis takes the place of an oath, so must it not be used thoughtlessly. Moreover, a positive

fact only can be certified by the grand cerevis, and it must never be given to attest the truth of a negative one" (*nie darf das negative Cerevis gegeben werden*).

Each of such student-clubs, or *Burschenschaft* institutions, has, moreover, not only its distinctive tricoloured ribbons and cerevis-caps, but its special monogram, or literal device, made up of the initials of the words standing for the main principles which it is respectively sworn to uphold; and such device is worked in gold-thread on the crown of the cerevis-caps worn by the members of the club, and also in the centre of the large silk-flag, which is kept by the *Fahne-wart* (banner-warden) of the society, and carried at the head of the unions during any grand procession. These same monograms, moreover, are chalked on the floor of the hall, previous to any duel being fought, so as to mark the sides or places of the two combatants.

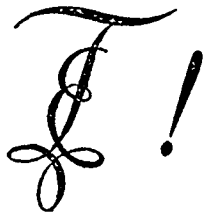
There are, at the present time, we repeat, three such student-clubs existing in Jena, and these are as follows:—

1. The "Armins," or "Arminians," whose colours are black, *red*, and gold; the word here printed in italics being expressive of the distinctive hue by which the members of the club are characterized; that is to say, their caps are of a scarlet tint, with merely a narrow stripe of black and gold round the band of them. These "boys" have for their motto the words—

"FREEDOM, HONOUR, AND FATHERLAND!"

(Freiheit, Ehre, und Vaterland!)

The monogram for which (made up of the initials of the three German words) is as under:—



2. The "Germans," or "Germanians;" who have for their colours a *white* ground, with a border of black, red, and gold, and whose motto is—

"God, Freedom, Honour, and Fatherland!"

(Gott, Freiheit, Ehre, und Vaterland!)

The monogrammatic device of the club being—

3. The "Teutons" or "Teutonians;" and these have *blue* for their principal colour, and white and gold for the additional hues, while the words of their motto are—

"Long live the Circle of Teutonia!"

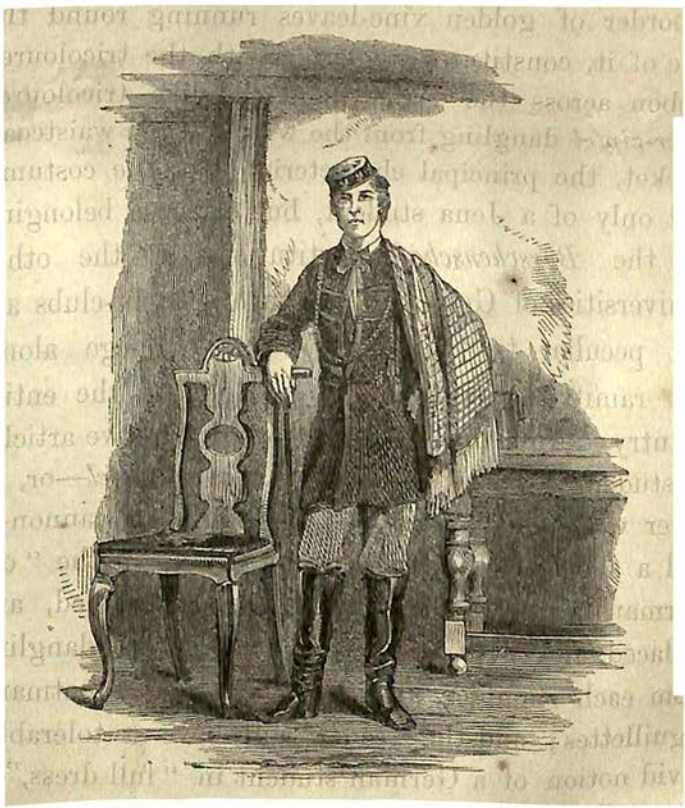
(Circulus vivat Teutonia!)

And whose monogram is consequently—

Now, the cerevis-cap above described, emblazoned with the gold monogram on the crown, and with a border of golden vine-leaves running round the side of it, constitutes, together with the tricoloured ribbon across the breast, and the like tricoloured *Bier-zipfel* dangling from the watch in the waistcoat-pocket, the principal characteristics of the costume, not only of a Jena student, but of those belonging to the *Burschenschaft* institutions at the other Universities of Germany; for such student-clubs are not peculiar to the Saxe-Weimar College alone, but ramify throughout the colleges of the entire country. Add, then, to the above distinctive articles of student costume, a pair of *Kanonen-stiefel*—or, in other words, hunting-boots, as long as a cannon—and a short black-velvet surtout got up in the "old German" style, all be-frogged, and be-braided, and be-laced, and with festoons of plaited cord dangling from each shoulder, after the fashion of a footman's aiguillettes; and the reader will have a tolerably-vivid notion of a German student in "full dress,"—especially if he conceives the *Bursche* to carry a lady's grey-checked shawl folded upon one arm, and

an ivory-headed and ivory-tipped cane in the hand; for each and all of such articles—from the punnet-like cap down to the ivory-tipped walking-stick—are the indispensable accompaniments of every Jena student, pretending to the least "style" at the present day.

Here, however, is an engraving, copied from a photograph by Herr Schenk of Jena, of such a university-student "got up" in the latest fashions of the time.



The reader has but to contrast the above figure with the quiet and unpretentious costume of the

English students frequenting our highest universities, to understand how theatrical is the taste on the Continent, and with how little outside show such matters are managed in our own country.

To become a member of these *Burschenschaft* institutions, is a matter that is beset with some slight difficulty. In the first place, no foreigners are ever permitted to enter the select circle; since they are supposed to have nothing in common with the interests of the Fatherland. True, strangers are allowed to join the club, as *tolerated* members, but they are never suffered to take any active part in the business of it; nor can they so much as wear the red, blue, or white cerevis-cap peculiar to the members of one or other of the three *Burschenschaft* institutions. Moreover, even the youths who are natives of the country have to undergo a six-months' course of probation, before they can be admitted as regular members to the society; and if, during the probationary term, their company or their principles be found to be uncongenial to the rest of the youths, they are politely informed, at the end of their novitiate, that there are certain secret objections to their joining the club. Nor is such a novice even allowed to enter upon the course of probation, until the code of the laws, as well as the declaration of the principles of the union in question, have been placed in the hands of the candidate for admission, so that he may study them at his leisure; and it is only after the youth has had several days to ponder over the whole matter,

that he is asked whether he is inclined to subscribe to them, and feels that he has strength and will enough to uphold them.

Further, there are still other sacrifices to be made. Not only has every member of the club to give up a certain percentage of all the money sent to him by his parents, for the maintenance of the society (the usual amount contributed by each being about 40 thalers, or 6*l.*, each half-year), but he is also bound to devote considerable time to attending the various drinking-bouts, conferences, fencing-exercises, and duels, in which the members of the union have to take part. He is expected, indeed, to be present at each of the drinking-bouts, which occur twice every week and last from eight till ten in the evening, and also to conform to all the drinking ceremonies usual on such occasions; and though he is not strictly *bound* to join in the *Ex-kneipe* (additional weekly or fortnightly drinking-bout) which is generally held somewhere in the suburbs, on the Sunday evenings during each *Semester*, or half-yearly course of study, it would, nevertheless, be considered "unboylike" not to do so. Again, he must be present every day for an hour or two at the "fencing loft," and practise there diligently with the small-swords, so as to qualify himself to defend his own honour, or that of any brother, in case of emergency. Over and above this, too, he must be ready to take part in the watch at the bedside, when any brother member of the society has been seriously wounded in a *Mensur* (or measuring of weapons),—for such is the usual German phrase for a duel. Nor is this all. The member of such a

Burschenschaft institution has to be present at every meeting called by the "*Sprecher*," or speaker, of the society; such meetings being always secret ones, and held with closed doors, within which none even of the tolerated members are allowed to enter. These occur often twice and thrice in the week, and continue no short time; so that the repeated inroads upon the time of a youth who has come to the University to study are such as to make the attention to the club-business a matter of no slight sacrifice on his part.

However, the student before joining any such *Burschenschaft* society is tolerably-well acquainted with what will be expected of him; nevertheless, many are the Boys who, after uniting themselves with one or other of the student-clubs, are forced to lapse into mere tolerated members, owing to their inability to conform to the rules of the union as well as to meet the expenses of it.

Let us suppose, however, that a youth has just had his name placed by his parents on the College-books, and that he has expressed a wish, to some friend whom he knows, to enrol himself as a member of the Arminian Burschenschaft—a society with which we profess to have more particular acquaintance than with any other; for it is the peculiar custom at Jena and other such institutions, that he who fraternizes with one club cannot be permitted to associate with the members of another; so that on visiting the town the stranger must do, as we were obliged to do, *i. e.* select his friends, and abide by them, since every

society is utterly distinct from, if not absolutely at war with, almost every other.

Well, we will suppose, as we said before, that the new-comer has chosen, like us, the Armins for his friends; and then, after having taken part, for some few nights, in the drinking-bouts with the "Boys," he has a copy of the principal laws placed in his hand for his due consideration and adoption, before being admitted within the exclusive circle.

We asked to be allowed to make ourselves acquainted with the character of such rules; and though it was by no means usual for strangers to have such a privilege vouchsafed to them, the favour was at length granted, and we were furnished with the following curious abstract of the leading tenets of the institution in question.

We should add, however, for our own credit sake, that we are guilty of no breach of faith in the publication of them; since we stated at the time that our object was to make the English public, in some measure, acquainted with the principles of societies to which they were utter strangers. We were informed, at the same time, that the matter supplied to us was merely a portion of what the members had to subscribe; but whether the rest was withheld on account of its being a mere matter of uninteresting form, or because it was of a more private and secret nature, we are not in a position even to conjecture.

As it was given to us, so do we present it to the reader.

Introduction to the Rules of the Arminian Club at Jena.

Convinced that the noble self-consciousness of the German nation—their brotherly love and their desire for national unity (now that the latter feeling has been newly awakened by the late glorious wars for liberty)—must meet with a lively expression on the part of the academic youths of Jena, a considerable number of the students accordingly founded and joined, on the 12th June, 1815, the institutions now known as the *Burschenschaft.*

They felt satisfied that any academic union, which would be fitting to the purpose and principles of the University, must necessarily be based upon that high spirit which alone can ensure that which, after God-seeking, is the holiest and noblest aspiration of man: the freedom and independence of our Fatherland.

This union was named by them the *Burschenschaft,* or Guild of Boys.

Therefore, the first and holiest object of the Guild of Boys was to give fresh life and vigour to German customs and feelings; to excite German energy, as well as to promote chastity; to induce their compatriots, in their common love of the Fatherland, to sacrifice every worldly interest to it; to give up to war and destruction every power which opposed the freedom and independence of the nation; to annihilate every base sentiment that was antagonistic to the proper regulation and diffusion of such a high-

minded spirit; and, finally, to bring about the re-establishment of concord and brotherly love among the University students.

Whoever struggles for so high an object can tolerate only the society of brave and honourable youths.

Therefore, as the first condition necessary for the attainment of such ends, the founders of the Guild of Boys demanded of each member, who was desirous of belonging to it, compliance with the following forms of existence:—*Moral living; stern upholding of personal dignity; and acting in conformity with a true, manly, and chivalrous spirit, such as knows how to defend, and how to maintain, right and honour, at the cost even of life or blood.*

By these principles of patriotism, morality, and nobility, the Boys' Guild increased and became stronger and stronger, despite of every impediment, and the machinations of those who worked with ill-will against it. It grew to be a power, important and salutary, for the development of patriotic life. It has maintained itself, through the infusion of an ideal spirit into the youths of the country, even to this day, despite the alteration of the times.

Now we, the members of the Boys' Guild called Arminia, assembling at the Borough-Cellar, are faithful and true successors of the original Boys' Guild in Jena.

We have not only immutably kept its external marks of distinction, but we have also lineally inherited its spirit. We acknowledge its aim to be the

most generous of all objects, as well as the most worthy for the academic youths of this period to endeavour to carry out; and we adhere to the idea of its principles with unshaken fidelity.

In order, therefore, to accomplish our purpose the more surely,—to put an end to all individual dissension, and to bring about the perfect rule and regulation of our Boys' Guild, we have, after careful and mature consideration, set down the following laws, as the basis of our constitution, and as the fundamental principles to which all our members are expected to subscribe.

§ 1.

We devote our life and strength to the service of the united German Fatherland. For the welfare of Germany, we will cultivate our youthful energies with earnestness and perseverance; for the freedom and independence of Germany, we will stand up with manly courage; for the unity of Germany we will work with one heart and soul. And for what we have thus striven in our youth, we hereby pledge our faith to defend and promote zealously, with all our bodily and mental strength, when we are men and citizens.

§ 2.

Therefore, this Boys' Guild being in its constitution and aspiration essentially a German fraternity, in the best sense of the word, those students only should be admitted to it, who are the sons, not alone of German parents, but of citizens of the German

Fatherland. Nevertheless, considering that there are nations, the people of which, though belonging to an extraneous body-politic, partake of the German nature, on account of their having been born to the German language, and educated after German manners, we cheerfully receive into our union students of this kind, upon the understanding that they are willing to subscribe to the German patriotic principle set down in Sect. 1—although they are expected to do this, only so far as it agrees with their extra-German patriotic views.

§ 3.

Bearing in mind the endeavours of the original Boys' Guild to combine the whole of the academic youths of Germany into one large patriotic union, we regard this as the object for which we are to strive with all our force—"that is to say, to bring together the scattered elements of the real and united student mind, throughout all Germany, and first of all in Jena." So, further, do we declare, that we will never acknowledge, but rather combat, by all means in our power, every society opposed to the aim and object of the student-union; especially the so-called "Husbandmen" (*Oekonom*) and "Corps" *who are a type of a base life among students, and animated by no sense of patriotism whatever.*

§ 4.

Upon each member of the Student Guild a moral and honourable mode of action and thought are enforced as a duty. This, indeed, can be the only

foundation of every noble aim, and by such means alone can the respect and honour of the whole Student Guilds be secured. *In particular, the preservation of chastity is demanded of the members as a national and truly German virtue, in accordance with the pure and holy purpose of the Student Guilds.*

§ 5.

In all matters of honour we regard the duel as a purifying ordeal; that is to say, we consider that by such means the student has restored to him the honour which, in the eyes of his fellow-students, had been injured by some opprobrious offence. Therefore, every one belonging to our society is obliged not only to purify his own honour with the customary weapons, provided he can obtain no other satisfaction for the wrong that has been done to him, but, in order to comply with the principle of justness, he is expected to be ever ready to give satisfaction to those whose honour he has injured, and that with such weapons as his adversary may select. Nevertheless, the Students' Guild makes it a special duty to endeavour to prevent, by all fitting means, any *wanton* provocation being offered by its members to those of another society.

§ 6.

In order to manifest also in our outward appearance that we are the true successors of the ancient Student Guild, we maintain to this day, as the only colours of our banner, the "venerable black, red, and

gold." Further, the sole object of our ambition we express in the following words:—

"HONOUR, FREEDOM, AND THE FATHERLAND;"

and by that motto we will ever bear in mind that as our inward honour is our holiest good, so, also, will we devote our property and our life-blood to the defence of what we value quite as highly—the outward honour of our country; and even so, indeed, will we give up our whole energies to our Fatherland, for which, alone, we will live and die.

§ 7.

Satisfied, moreover, after mature consideration, that these laws, in their integrity, constitute the intrinsic conditions of every well-regulated Student Guild, we declare they shall ever be regarded as sacred, and preserved intact by us. On their inviolability the duration of this Student's Guild is made to depend. Still, we enjoin, further, the following immutable laws:—

§ 8.

Each member of our society who wilfully infringes these statutes, as well as every member who, openly or secretly, seeks to change or reject but one single paragraph of them, is to be looked upon as an enemy to the Guild, and to be excluded from it for ever.

§ 9.

If, too—as we can hardly anticipate—it should ever come to pass that the majority of the members should

vote for the abolition or alteration of these laws, then the faithful *minority alone* is entitled to continue in operation as the Student Guild of the Arminians, and to them, and *them only*, shall remain the name, the colours, the motto, and the property of the said society.

Now every unprejudiced person must admit that there is a world of fine youthful and glowing beauty, as well as of ardent boyish nobility, in the above principles; and every one who wishes to see Germany and her people rise out of the mire of all kinds of social and political degradation, in which she is now left to wallow, can only lament that the pledge given by the warm-hearted lads in Section 1 (wherein they promise to work "for the good of the Fatherland, even when they shall become men and citizens") should be *so* utterly forgotten and unheeded in after life, that at the time of the King of Prussia's late arrogant rejection of his Parliament, there were none, among the thousands of ex-students who had, in their youth, sworn to devote "*their property and their life-blood to the defence of what they valued as highly as their own inward honour—the outward honour of their country*"—to volunteer for the "forlorn hope," and to cheer the flagging spirits on, to take by assault the tumble-down citadel of the antiquated Government itself. But so it is. *Wortschwallerei*, or wind-bag bombast, prevails throughout Deutschland on every side; whilst action, the only proof of earnestness in such matters, is utterly wanting. Indeed, whenever the so-called *National Verein*

(National Union) held one of its do-nothing meetings in Eisenach, one had only to listen to the five-minute speeches (for this is the utmost stretch of a German's oratorical powers) to know that all was as hollow and insincere as if the speakers had been so many plaster images rather than men. For the wretched donkeys who came to feast their mind with the rhetoric, were treated to nothing but the same old dry chopped-straw (vulgarly denominated "chaff"), in the form of the eternal aspirations for "*Einigkeit, Freiheit, Frommigkeit, Fröhlichkeit*,"—for such, as we have said before, is the invariable *Blatherums-keit* of such assemblies. No *practical* result, indeed, ever came from them; nothing but talk, and very poor talk, too, was the consequence; for the low-minded and tricky attorneys of the town were sure to make their appearance on the platform, and to spout their vapid froth about the Great-grand-fatherland, in the hope of "liming" the silly birds of citizens, as clients, by such sugary balderdash.

Nevertheless, we must, in all justice, acknowledge that, from what we saw of the Jena boys, they were, heart and soul, wedded to the principles to which they had subscribed; and as noble and earnest—ay, and let us say as moral and honourable—young men as we ever had the pleasure to know. Nor could we help wondering, as we fraternized with the "Boys" at their convivial meetings, how it was that they who were sworn to lives of chastity (because, as the rules said, an immaculate existence was the only one "in accord-

ance with the pure and holy purpose of the Student Guilds") could give themselves up to a course of systematic beer-swilling, and not see that the swinish sensuality of such indulgences was as degrading to young men as promiscuous sexual intercourse itself. We must, however, at the same time, admit that at such meetings we never heard an obscene or even a vulgar song given out; and we could not help thinking, while we listened to their chanting, how different it would have been with the youths of our own land. All that was done, in the midst of the Bacchanalian feast (of small beer) had a certain patriotic and even religious aspiration connected with it. So that, although we could not do other than look upon the whole festivity as a mistake, considering the moral lives which the members of the society had sworn to lead, there was at the same time a sufficient ideal element about it to redeem the orgie from *utter* bestiality.

Of the chivalrous principles of their "Boyships" we shall have occasion to speak hereafter; still, lest we should be misunderstood in our deprecation of these student-clubs, let us say, further, that we found the lads who belonged to them trusted by the citizens on every side, and that we heard from the citizens themselves that their trust was seldom or never abused. Indeed, the result of our experience at Jena was, that never had we met with such warm-hearted, and yet dreamy and sentimental lads; never did we see such brotherly love and unity existing among a body of young men; never

did we commune with an assembly of youths so elate with patriotic sentiments, or so finely quickened by chivalrous principles, so utterly uncarnal in their communion with women, and so pure and heroic in their love of the opposite sex; and yet, it must be added, in all truth, so as to mark the strange contradictions of human nature, we never lived among a company of "Boys," who thought beer-swilling such a glory, or who were wont to regard the greatest sot, or rather the chief beast, of the company, as a person worthy of the highest honour, instead of the bitterest indignation; and that in a society, too, which professed to be regulated only by the purest virtues.

Such, then, sapient reader, are the inconsistencies of life, even when fraught with the noblest aspirations; and we leave you to riddle out the riddle as you can. Our object here is simply to point out what are the reasons for the degradation of Germany and the Germans. And as we have already told you how the citizens waste, at least, one-half of their means and one-half of their time in the beer-house, away from those whom they have to protect and to rear; so do we now wish to impress upon you how these same drinking-customs can be made almost a matter of religion among youths sworn to the highest purposes and the purest and noblest forms of life; and to let you see that the "Boys" thus trained to the glory and beauty of inordinate drinking, become in after years the sots who utterly forget all they have sworn, as young men, to carry out; and end at the very

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opposite point from which they started,—namely, by *sacrificing Fatherland, wife, children, honour, integrity, wisdom, and indeed everything that is considered noble on the face of the earth—to beer!*

This is the moral of the Jena poem. That there is a large amount of poetry in the *Burschenschaft* institutions every one who has read the above declaration of principles will bear us out. But those who are anxious that the same comfort as exists in their own land should prevail throughout the rest of the world, and who trouble their brains as to why this nation is poorer or less happy than that, will see that Germany suffers, at the present time, the inevitable fate of the drunkard; the homes, even of the middle classes there, being as destitute of the commonest decencies of life as those of habitual sots with us. For all the high-flown aspirations and pretentious poetical fervour of the Deutschers are but the vapourings of beer,—the rhodomontade of heated brains, rather than the natural yearnings of earnest hearts; and as all men of the world know how little dependence is to be placed on persons in their cups, when the stimulus of the liquor has made the sluggish blood tingle for a while in the veins, and few or none would expect the pot-house brawler of the over-night to make good his words in the morning,—even so have we come, after many years' residence in the country, to see that there is no trust to be put in the universal tosspots and windbags of Deutschland, and to doubt whether one man could be found in the

entire nation who would sacrifice so much as a penny glass of "*braune-bier*" for the sake of his much-vaunted Fatherland.

These may be hard words; but they are written after five years' study of the people, and five years' experience in the country, and moreover, after five years' endeavour to learn why the gentlefolk of Germany should be in a worse state of domestic squalor than even the costermongers of our own nation. And we frankly confess that we believe the reason why the homes of the Saxon citizens are barely so comfortable or so decent as those of the London hawkers is, because the middle-classes of Saxony are but little better than costermongers in their tastes and habits—in their love of the pot-house — in the bestial dissipation of their means—their treatment of their wives and children —their propensity for blustering and vapouring —their indisposition to work, and their passion for gambling; for the self-same characteristics as belong to the zero of our social scale mark the *highest degree* of civilization in theirs.

After the novice has read, and given his assent to, the principles and laws above quoted, he is allowed to become a member of the society; though even then he is not permtteid to take part in its formal proceedings, but is regarded as one in a state of probation, whom the Boys have still the right of refusing admission into their circle; provided, as we said before, they should consider either his habits, or his

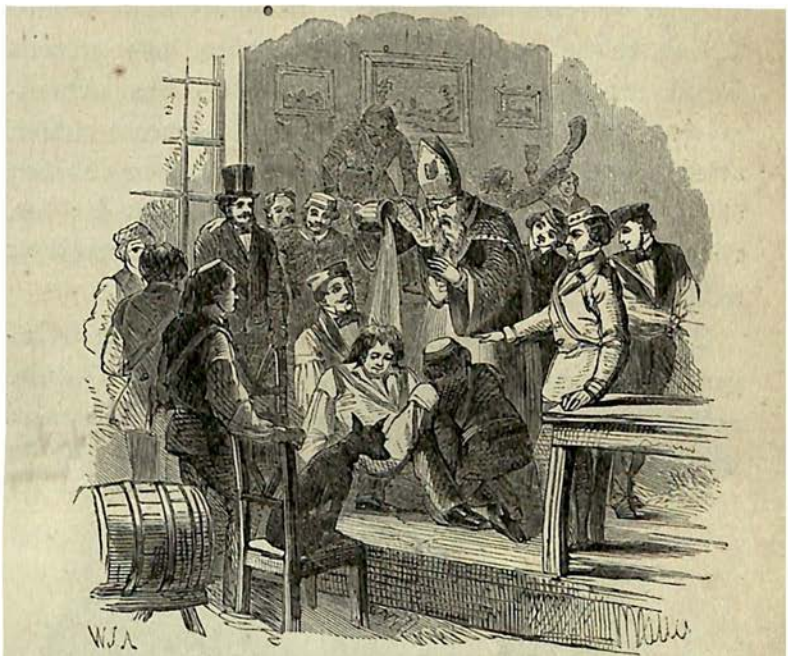
sentiments, or even his manners, uncongenial to them. While in this state of probation, the young student is denominated a "Fox," and handed over to the care of the "Fox Major," who is duly elected for the purpose, to be initiated and trained in the "art and mystery" of the drinking customs of the *Burschenschaft;* and it will be seen hereafter, when the reader comes to study the beer-usages of Jena (and some such beer-usages, we should add, prevail, more or less, in every German university), that the principal education of the so-called "Foxes" consists in their being bound to drink out of a full glass (*ex pleno*), and to drink to the end of it, too, whenever called upon by a "Boy" to do so; and, moreover, that the "Fox Major" is at liberty to command the united "Foxes" at each of the drinking-bouts, which take place twice or thrice in the week, to swallow after him as much beer as he may be able to toss off at one draught, and to do the same as often as he pleases in the course of the evening.

These Foxes almost invariably join the society at the commencement of a "semester" (or half-year), and the occasion upon which they are admitted into the *Burschenschaft* is called the *Eintritts-kneipe* (literally "the entrance drinking-bout").

In the month of June the "*Stiftungs-commerce*" (or foundation festivity) is held, and at this feast the ceremony of the baptism of each of the newly-inducted members takes place, and the Fox receives the nickname that he is ever after to be known by at the University.

Of the doings on these evenings the following

picture, copied from a Jena print, will give the reader a far more graphic idea than any words of ours :—



BAPTISM OF A "FOX" AT JENA.

The Abbot, who is the officiating minister on such occasions, forms part of the beer State-officers in connection with the student-clubs of Jena, and is elected annually for the office. The reader sees him in the engraving duly got up in his canonicals (for the Jena students love masquerading as dearly as boys in general delight in costuming), and in the act of pouring a can full of beer on the head of the new member—as the fitting unction with which to anoint the novice who is to be taught to regard it ever after in the light of "holy water."

At these *Stifftungs-commerçen* (foundation festivities)

there ensues another comic ceremony, which is known by the name of the "Fox-riding" (*Fuchs-ritt*). What may be the meaning of the sport we are at a loss to divine, though we imagine it is supposed to represent a rude attempt at a fox-hunt; but as the Foxes themselves are the riders rather than the creatures ridden after, it is difficult to see either the sense or the fun of it. However, the boys themselves enjoy it; for, with the fine spirits of youth, it wants but a straw or a feather to tickle lads into laughter.

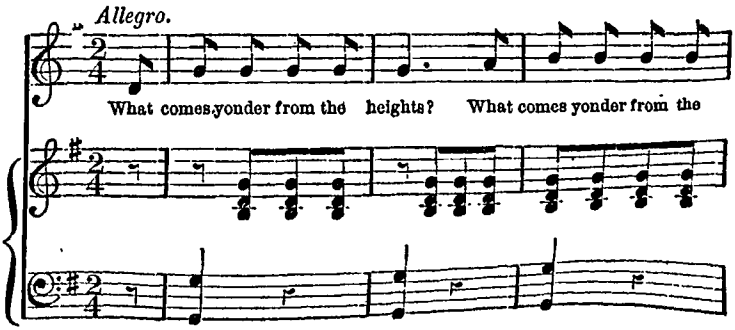
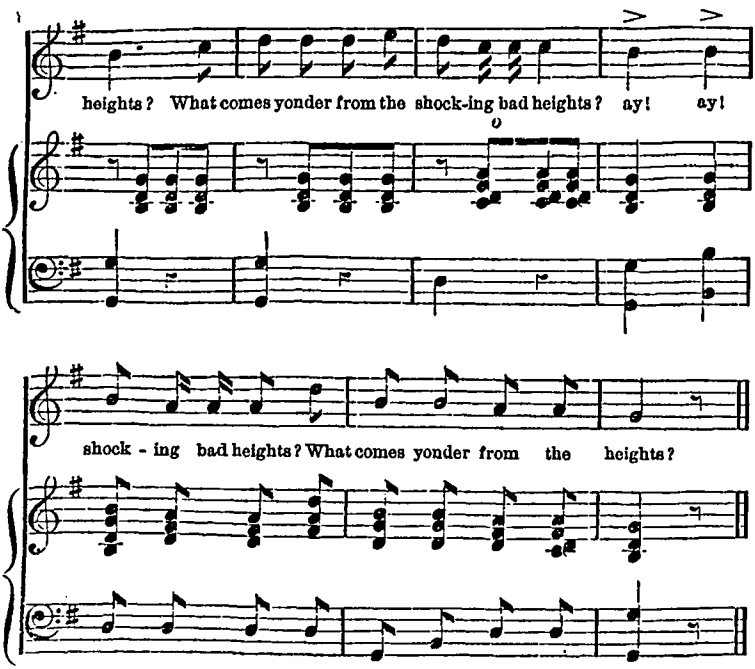
The subjoined picture is a fac-simile of a lithograph published in the university town, and is quite sufficient to give the reader a notion of what takes place on such occasions:—

FOX-RIDING.

At the head is seen the "Fox Major," with his huge French hunting-horn across his breast, got up like Gallic huntsmen in general, and as utterly unlike an English one as British tars are different from the dandy seamen seen at masquerades; while the Foxes themselves are shown riding astride the tavern chairs, in which manner the whole body of them go cantering round the room, while the "Boys" black the faces of the riders with burnt cork as they go by.

On these occasions, too, a special song is sung. The melody of this is exceedingly lively, and by no means disagreeable; the principal fun of the words consisting in the application of the epithet *ledernen* (literally leathern, but figuratively simple, stupid) to a number of different and incongruous objects. This adjective we have, in the following translation of the chant rendered by the vernacular phrase of "shocking-bad," which appeared to us to be the only equivalent English term that could be used; and if those who are musical will but take the trouble to try the air and the words on the piano, they will have a fair sense, not only of the music which the German students delight in, but likewise of the kind of humour they enjoy.

SONG TO BE SUNG AT A FOX-RIDING.



'Tis a post-boy in buckskin tights! 'Tis a post-boy in buckskin tights! Tis a post-boy in shocking-bad buckskin tights! Ay! ay! shocking-bad tights! A post-boy in buckskin tights!

Who brings he with that box? Who brings he with that box? Who brings he with that shocking-bad box? Ay! ay! shocking-bad box! Who brings he with that box?

He bringeth a real live Fox! He bringeth a real live Fox! He bringeth a shocking-bad real live Fox! Ay! ay! A shocking-bad Fox! He bringeth a real live Fox!

Your servant, great lords of the land! Your servant, great lords of the land! Your obedient servant to command! Ay! ay! to command! Your servant, great lords of the land!

What's Mister Papa doing? What's Mister Papa doing? What's shocking-bad Mister Papa doing? Ay! ay! shocking-bad Papa! What's Mister Papa doing?

Over Cicero he's stewing! Over Cicero he's stewing! Over shocking-bad Cicero he's stewing! Ay! ay! shocking-bad Cicero! Over Cicero he's stewing!

What's Mamma dear a-watching? What's Mamma dear a-watching? What's shocking-bad Mamma dear a-watching? Ay! ay! shocking-bad Mamma! What's Mamma dear a-watching.

She's Papa's fleas a-catching! She's Papa's fleas a-catching! She's Papa's shocking-bad fleas a-catching! Ay! ay! shocking-bad fleas She's Papa's fleas a-catching.

And what's the daughter l'arning? And what's the daughter l'arning? What's the shocking-bad daughter l'arning? Ay! ay! shocking-bad daughter! And what's the daughter l'arning?

She's father's stockings darning! She's father's stockings darning! She's father's shocking-bad stockings darning! Ay! ay! shocking-bad stockings! She's father's stockings darning!

What's the Rector occupied in? What's the Rector occupied in? What's the shocking-bad Rector occupied in? Ay! ay! the shocking-bad Rector! What's the Rector occupied in?

His eldest son he's hiding! His eldest son he's hiding! He's hiding his shocking-bad eldest son! Ay! ay! shocking-bad son! His eldest son he's hiding!

P'rhaps the Fox tobacco smokes? P'rhaps the Fox tobacco smokes? P'rhaps the Fox shocking-bad 'bacco smokes? Ay! ay! shocking-bad 'bacco! P'rhaps the Fox tobacco smokes?

A little, you reverend blokes! A little, you reverend blokes! A little you (*aside*—shocking-bad) reverend blokes! Ay! ay! (*Aside*—shocking-bad blokes!) A little, you reverend blokes!

A pipe, then, let him fill! A pipe, then, let him fill! A shocking-bad pipe, then, let him fill! Ay! ay! a shocking-bad pipe! A pipe, then, let him fill! (*Fox smokes.*)

Oh, dear! I feel so ill! Oh, dear! I feel so ill! Oh, dear! I feel so shockingly ill! Ay! ay! shockingly ill! Oh, dear! I feel so ill!

Be sick, if you're in pain! Be sick, if you're in pain! Be shockingly sick, if you're in pain! Ay! ay! shockingly sick! Be sick, if you're in pain! (*Fox puts his head out of window and pretends to vomit.*)

Ah, now I'm well again! Ah, now I'm well again! Yes, now I'm shockingly well again! Ay! ay! shockingly well! Yes, now I'm well again!

Thus the Fox becomes a Boy! Thus the Fox becomes a Boy! Thus the Fox becomes a shocking-bad Boy! Ay! ay! shocking-bad Boy! Thus the Fox becomes a Boy!

The foregoing account of the principles and customs in connection with the induction of a novice into the society of the more patriotic of the student-clubs, refers more particularly to the matters appertaining to what are technically styled the *Burschenschaft* institutions of Jena. And we have now to speak of the other student-societies that prevail also at this University.

Such societies bear the name of "*Corps*" in con-

tradistinction to the *Burschenschaft* or boy-guilds of the town; and if the reader will take the trouble to refer to § 3 of the laws before given in connection with the club called the Arminians or Armins, he will readily understand the utter difference of principle between the boy-guilds and the societies termed the corps, of which we are now about to speak.

In the declaration of the Armins the following words occur:—"We declare that we will never acknowledge, but rather combat by all means in our power, every society that is opposed to the aim and object of the boy-guilds — especially the so-called 'husbandmen' and 'corps,' *who are a type of a base life among students, and animated by no sense of patriotism whatever.*"

Of these Jena corps we profess to know nothing but what we heard from the Arminians themselves; and they all spake of them as youths who gave up the prime of their life to all manner of debauchery, and described the societies to us as being mere convivial unions, with no idea but that of drinking and singing to bring them and bind them together. It is, too, the diametrically-opposite feelings existing between the two antagonistic institutions of the *Burschenschaft* (boy-guilds) and the *Corps-burschen* (student corps) which lead to the continual feuds, resulting in the duels that are almost daily occurrences in the suburbs of Jena.

So far as we could learn, the youths belonging to the boy-guilds are mostly the sons of Lutheran ministers, or of small tradesmen, or well-to-do

peasant proprietors, whereas those in connection with the corps generally belong to a higher class; and the consequence is, that the aristocratic element of the one body is wholly at variance, and ever at war, with the democratic or patriotic principles of the other. Moreover, the expenses of each member in connection with any one of the student corps are considerably greater than those appertaining to the boy-guilds; indeed, we were assured that the sum levied by the corps out of the receipts of each student belonging to them amounted to as much as 60 thalers, or 9*l.*, for the first half-year out of the money they were allowed by their parents. Further, the members of the corps are sworn, in no way, to chaste or pure lives; and from what we could glean from the students belonging to the boy-guilds, this, as well as the unpatriotic character of their sentiments, was the main cause of the hatred existing between the two different institutions.*

There are three distinct societies comprised under the general head of the Jena corps. These are the Franks, the Westphalians, and the Thuringians; and each of them have their distinctive colours displayed

* As an instance of the immorality of the corps-students of Jena, we learnt, during our stay in the town, that one of these societies' account at the apothecary's for a single semester included a quarter of a pound of lunar caustic supplied to the club. The story, however, came to us from persons devoted to an utterly-opposite course of life, and the medical reader will, of course, receive it *cum grano salis*. It is cited here merely as an example of the wholly-different lives led by the two distinct classes of Jena students.

in their caps, their bands, and their *Bier-zipfel* (beer lappets), as well as in their monogrammatic device—in the same manner as the members of the boy-guilds before described.

The colours of the Franks or Franconians, for instance, are *green*, red, and gold, green being the distinctive hue, and the others merely the accessories, worn in the form of stripes. Their motto is—

"LONG LIVE THE CIRCLE OF THE BROTHERS OF FRANCONIA!"

(Vivat Franconiae fratrorum circulus!)

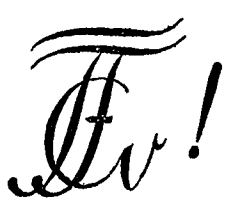
while the device, embroidered in gold-thread upon the crown of their cerevis-caps and banner, is as follows:—

The Thuringians, on the other hand, have *black* for their principal colour, with white and red as accessories, their motto being—

"LONG LIVE THE CIRCLE OF THE BROTHERS OF THURINGIA!"

(Vivat fratrorum Thuringiae circulus!)

the monogram of which is this:—

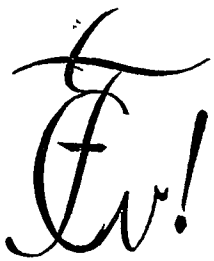


Finally, the Westphalians are distinguished, like the Franks, by *green* as their principal colour, but contradistinguished from them, at the same time, by having black and white for accessory hues, rather than red and gold. The motto of this corps is—

"LONG LIVE THE CIRCLE OF THE BROTHERS OF WESTPHALIA!'

(Vivat Gwestphaliae fratrorum circulus!)

whilst the subjoined device, composed of each of the initial letters of the motto constitutes their monogram.



About one half of the entire students may be said to be members of one or other of the three Jena corps, or else of the three boy-guilds of the town. So far as we could ascertain, the proportion was as follows:—Belonging to each of the *Burschenschaft* institutions, there are, upon an average, some thirty odd members, or about a hundred in all, which is upwards of one-fifth of the entire collegians. On the other hand, the number of students connected with each of the more aristocratic corps may be taken at twenty; so that one-seventh of the university students are attached to them. Besides these, there are the "husbandmen" (*Oekonoms*) studying at the college, who are admitted without any previous

examination, and of whom there are about eighty altogether at Jena.

The remainder of the boys at the university are lads without either democratic or aristocratic principles to maintain — who are neither wedded to chaste lives, nor, on the contrary, delighting in depraved ones; and who are classed together by the rest of the students under the opprobrious name of *Finks* (the literal meaning of the word being finch, which is described in the dictionaries as a small singing-bird); and who, so far as we are able to judge, after a three weeks' stay in the university town, were harmless youths who had come there to study, and were the sons mostly of people who could ill afford the expenses of the hard-drinking customary in the several student-societies. These Finks, or Finches (who are almost the type of our Sizars) wore always a black cap, without any accessory stripes, as a distinctive mark of their non-adhesion to any particular club; and if our memory serves us, they were deficient also in the breast-band and the beer-lappet that the other Jena boys delight to carry.

We were at some pains to ascertain what was the average expense of the university education in Jena. This, of course, varies with the habits and customs of the youths coming thither to study; and so far as we could learn, the following are the best particulars upon this head :—

To the poor scholars belonging to no society whatever, the cost may be set down at 120—150 thalers

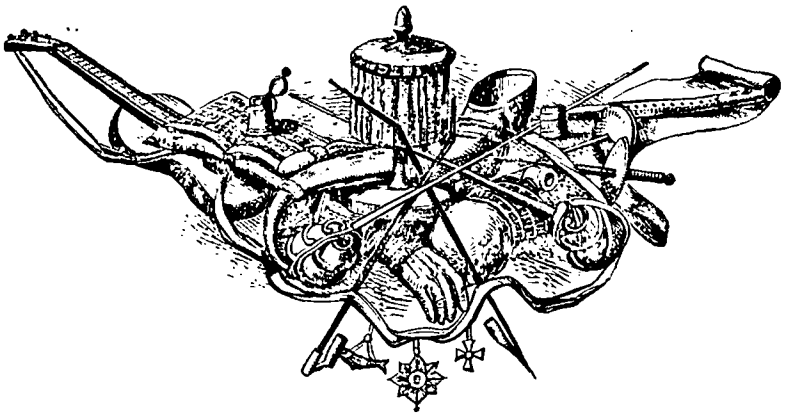
(or 18*l.*—22*l.* 10*s.* of our money) per annum. Those, on the other hand, who are members of one or other of the Jena corps, spend upon an average from 400 to 600 thalers (or from 60*l.* to 90*l.*) the year, whilst the expenses of the *Burchenschaft* lads usually come to between 300 and 400 thalers (or from 45*l.* to 60*l.*) annually. One American youth, whose acquaintance we made in the town, told us that the cost of his attendance at the university amounted to 60 thalers (or 9*l.*) a month, which is at the rate of upwards of 100*l.* the year; but, then, it should be remembered that his lodgings were more expensive than those of the generality of students, and, may be, he would not put up with the fare that Germans are willing to submit to. However, we were assured that the average might be fairly struck at 300 thalers (or 45*l.*) per annum.

The usual custom is for the students to take their meals at some tavern or hotel in the city, the cost of which is generally about 5 thalers (or 15*s.*) a month, *i. e.* 4*s.* 9*d.* the week. Of the style of living we shall have to speak hereafter.

The expenses of attending the different lectures are 6 thalers (18*s.*) each course, every half-year, for those who are studying either theology or jurisprudence, and 30 thalers the course (4*l.* 10*s.*) for those who desire to be instructed in chemistry or medicine; so that if we assume that the lodging of a Jena student costs 2½ thalers the month, or say 4*l.* 10*s.* the year, and that his living amounts to 5 thalers a month, or say 10*l.* the year, while the cost of attending the

several courses of lectures comes, on the average, to 20 thalers the half-year, or 6*l.* annually, we have the gross yearly expense of the students fairly estimated at 130 thalers, or 19*l.* 10*s.* per annum. Hence, we can readily understand how many of the Finks or Finches who have "stipends," as they are called, from the college funds, can manage to get a university education for 20*l.* the year; and, moreover, what must be the amount of money wasted in beer among the other students, when the bare necessary outlay is 19*l.* 10*s.* per annum, and the customary annual expenditure as much as 45*l.* or 60*l.*

One of the Armin Boys furnished us with the following estimate of his own expenses for each Semester: his lodging cost him 17 thalers (2*l.* 11*s.*) his dinners 30 thalers (or 4*l.* 10*s.*), his college 20 thalers (3*l.*), his club 40 thalers (6*l.*), his beer and suppers 60 thalers (9*l.*), and his extra expenses 20 thalers (3*l.*), which, added together, gives a sum total of 187 thalers (or 28*l.* 1*s.*) as the cost of each six-months' term at Jena; and this is at the rate of 56*l.* odd per annum, without either clothes or washing. We were assured, however, that, as a rule, 60*l.* per annum may be taken as the fair average expense of those "Boys" whose fathers are well to do, and 15*l.*—20*l.* the cost of the poorer scholars, who are in receipt of some "*stipendium*" from the college.



THE DRINKING AND FIGHTING INSIGNIA OF THE JENA STUDENTS.

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE BEER-DRINKING CUSTOMS AT JENA.

BEER-DRINKING, among the Jena students, can hardly be regarded as wanton indulgence; for there are so many forms and ceremonies connected with it—such rights and duties attached to the "drinking *to*" and "drinking in *response* to" another—and it constitutes so intrinsic a part of the academic life of every German university, that the revelries associated with it, partake more of the semi-religious orgies of the Bacchantes of old, than they do of mere unmeaning, sensual feasts; and as the dancing of the Natch-girls in India, forms part of the rites at the festivals of the Brahmin devotees, and singing, also, remains connected with the worship of many a modern church, we doubt

much, whether among the old pagans, the kindred pleasure of drinking was not originally a purely sacred observance, and practised, in the first instance, only on those primitive holy days, or sacred feasts in celebration of some reverend event, which time has changed into mere *holidays* or insignificant merry-makings.

The "Yule-feast" of the ancient Saxons, which was held at the *Wechselung*, or changing of the year, and of which the remains are incorporated with our own Christmas customs, was, it is well known, a heathen religious rejoicing, in thankfulness that the shortest day had passed. At such times the old "*Glig*," or "*glee-men*," were wont to come with their lutes and sing in the houses of the people, mythical songs of the sun, and of the battles of the warrior Wodin, or of the beauties of the virgin goddess of the sweet spring-time so near at hand; while the peasants danced their country dances, or else, in the pauses of the measure, drank bowls of spiced ale and apples that have been corrupted into *wassail*-bowls, but which originally meant nothing more than the "libations" made for very joy at the *Wechsel-zeit*, or change-time of the year.

It would seem, therefore, that the kindred delights of drinking, singing, and dancing, in the early times of nature-worship, were chiefly holy observances, and perhaps, were never indulged in at any other periods. Drinking, however, now-a-days, has lost almost the whole of its sacred character; so that on merry-makings, people no longer drink, as they once danced

and sang, from the sheer hilarity of their gratitude at the return of some happy season of the year, but now they swill and booze for mere sensual wantonness, without any meaning or occasion for the revelry, other than their own brutal cravings.

We know that this religious theory as to the origin of the ancient drinking-customs will affright many a Puritan teetotaller of the present day; nevertheless, there is no undoing the past; and those who are aware how, among the heathens, Bacchus, the mythical inventor of fermented liquors, was regarded as a god, and typified as the son of Jupiter and Semelé, the daughter of Cadmus (the father of letters); and how again even the Psalmist tells us, "that the Lord, who causeth the grass to grow," causeth also the "wine that maketh the heart of man glad"; and, moreover, how, after the Deluge, when "Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard—he drank of the wine, and was drunken," (without any punishment following the excess),—will see in all such tokens a proof that over the whole world, in the primitive state of society, the quaffing of exhilarating drinks was looked upon as a purely religious ceremony. Indeed, if such were not the case, how comes it that we still cry "Health to you!" or "Prosit!" (bless you!) to those with whom we are sitting in company, before drinking any liquor stronger than water; and why, if there had not been some sacred notion connected with wine or beer-drinking, we should not continue to do the same previous to eating our food? Or, further, what

could have been the meaning of the old "stirrup-cup" given to knights on parting; or even of the "loving-cup," which still circulates with reverend ceremony among the guests at the city festivals in our own country? In such observances we must confess we see a hidden meaning, and one which assures us that, in the early worship of the people of the world, the gladdening of the heart, by such means, was regarded as a strictly sacred rite.

However, dismissing this part of the subject from our consideration, let us now proceed to pay more particular attention to the beer-customs of the Jena students.

In Jena, beer alone is the main drink among the youths at the University. In France, wine generally prevails upon such occasions; and we must remember that history tells us that Charlemagne was the first to introduce the growth of the grape into Germany, prior to which time the Germans had been accustomed solely to the drinking of malt liquors; and we know, moreover, from the tables of Alexander Humboldt, that even now, it is principally in the Rhenish district that "potable" wine can be produced. In all other parts of the Fatherland, beer is still the customary drink of the nation; and there is not the least doubt that, in our own land, this same malt liquor was the original beverage of our British forefathers. True that, among the Welsh a certain fermented compound of honey and malt liquor called "mead," or "metheglin" (we have tasted it many a time,

during our residence in Wales, and very indifferent stuff it is), was indulged in at special festivities; still beer, throughout the countries incapable of producing wine, was, and is yet, the general beverage of the folk.

This word beer, like bread and water, and such other primitive terms, is what the Germans call a "strong word," and its derivation can be carried no farther back than the Celtic languages — the Romans and the Greeks having no cognate expression for it. In Welsh it is written *bir*, and in Armoric, *byer* and *ber*. We are of opinion, however, that this term is the same as the Anglo-Saxon *bere*, signifying barley, and the Hebrew בר (*bar*) corn, and that the word originally meant nothing more than corn-wine; even as the Germans, to the present day, call the ordinary fermented liquor of the country *Korn-branntwein*, and by stenöepy, *Korn* alone.

The beer of Germany remains to this day of an exceedingly light character: so much so, indeed, that it is impossible to preserve the brewings of each town even to the end of the twelvemonth. In Eisenach, it invariably happens, that the city brewage is drunk out before the end of the summer, and that then "strange" beers have to be brought into the city, to slake the thirst of the inhabitants. Indeed, the German beers are, generally speaking, of so delicate or weak a character, that they will not keep the twelvemonth through, even in the coolest cellars, and that four-and-twenty hours after a cask is tapped, the remainder is utterly undrinkable. So that when an Englishman tells the German folk he has

drunk (as we have in the late Duke of Devonshire's cellars) beer, at least a hundred years old, and that it is the custom of our noblemen to brew, immediately an heir is born, so many barrels that are to be partaken of on the son's attaining his majority, they shrug their shoulders in incredulity, for they cannot understand how it is possible for a stronger decoction than their own to be kept a longer space of time.

The greater part of the German beers, indeed, approximate in character to what we call "table-ale," or "intermediate," as such kind of dilute malt liquor used, some time ago, to be styled. They are by no means unpleasant, and, so far as our experience goes, they contribute, when taken in moderation, to an improved action of the vital functions. Indeed, in America, where the naturalized Germans have begun to brew such beers for the enjoyment of their own countrymen, on the other side of the Atlantic, they are often prescribed by the physicians, as the best of medicine for those who are in a weakly condition. That they are by no means so heady as our ales, the English reader can well understand, after having been assured, that it is not unusual for a youth of not-yet-twenty years of age to drink some thirty pint glasses in the course of an evening. Generally, each city has its own peculiar beer, which bears the name of the place where it is brewed. Such beers are mostly called by the general term *Lager-bier*, or, literally, beer that can be kept in store.

The Jena beer, however, is of a very peculiar kind, and brewed only at the little village of Lichtenhain,

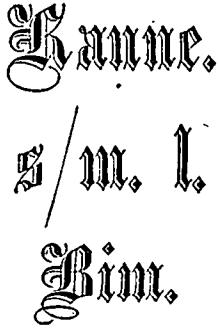
which immediately adjoins the University town. This Lichtenhainer, as it is called, is a species of white beer, or, rather, a decoction made from wheat, instead of barley, and is more the colour of champagne than ordinary malt liquor. The flavour of it is far from pleasant at first, for it tastes not unlike the smallest English small-beer, that has turned slightly sour, and gone somewhat flat. Indeed, the only thing to which we can compare it, is a mixture of cider and water, with a dash of camomile-tea added to it. The students, however, assure you, that the taste for it is a growing one, and ultimately becomes so strong, that persons who are accustomed to drink Lichtenhainer, prefer it to beer of any other kind. We are inclined to believe, however, that this is very much on a par with the eulogies of the Germans respecting their black bread; for as your true Deutscher always eats white bread when he can get it *gratuitously*, so do the Jena students, when any grand feast is given, generally prefer to drink the more expensive Lager-beer of the country. On ordinary occasions, however, Lichtenhainer is assuredly the usual drink of the Jena students; and the reason of this is, we are of opinion, because quantity is desired rather than quality; for the Lichtenhainer beer is of so exceedingly mild a character as to admit of some score or more of pints of it being swallowed at one sitting, with scarcely any intoxicating effect. Moreover, price, we think, is one of the main elements in the consideration, since the ordinary Lager-beer of the country costs from a

penny to three-halfpence the pint, and the same quantity of Lichtenhainer can be had for three farthings.

Lichtenhainer is usually drunk, not out of glasses, as the Lager-beer is, but out of white wooden cans, or "stoops;" and the cause of this strange custom, you are told, is that the pale and uninviting muddy look of the stuff would not be particularly pleasant to contemplate. These wooden cans are coated with resin inside, and are not unlike miniature English churns, fitted with a wooden handle at the side. Every student possesses one of these, and indeed such a beer-can forms as much an indispensable part of the Saxon academic paraphernalia, as does a porcelain pipe, with the arms of the club to which the student belongs, emblazoned on the bowl, or an ivory-handled cane, or indeed the little gold-embroidered muffin-cap carried by the members of every German University. This wooden beer-can is always kept in readiness at the tavern, where the club, of which the student is a member, is in the habit of holding its meetings; and in the passages of the University beer-houses, hundreds of them are to be seen, early in the morning, stuck upon the projecting prongs of huge perpendicular stands that are like hat-trees, while the cans themselves seem to be the big blossoms at the end of each of the branches.

Such a beer-can is always presented to the student by some friend, immediately after his coming to the University; and on the wooden lid the nickname of the donor, as well as of the donee (for *soubriquets* are an invariable custom among the Jena boys), is

printed in red sealing-wax; while in the middle appear the letters *s/m. l.* standing for "*seinem lieben*"—that is to say, to his beloved So-and-so—after the following fashion,—the subjoined being the inscription upon such a can presented to our son by one of his Jena friends:—



Further, on the front of the can is cut the word "Jena," with the date annexed, and the letters filled up with red sealing-wax as before; whilst inside the lid there is always engraven the following curious device:—

§ 11.

What on earth this meant we could not, for the life of us, at first conceive; and what made the matter still more puzzling was, that you would be sure to see, go into whatever beer-house you might, this same Section Eleven painted conspicuously on the rafter in the middle of the ceiling; or else, maybe, upon the protuberant stomach of some plaster image of Lablache in the character of Figaro. What did this all-important section refer to? Was it to form the principal point in the long-looked-for

Magna Charta of United Germany, that it was found thus inscribed on the tavern walls and under the lid of every tankard, so that every German might have it continually before his eyes even in his merry-makings?. Nor was it till we came into the possession of the book of beer-customs, published for the guide of the Jena students, that the mystery was thoroughly cleared up to our mind.

Now, this book of beer-customs is designed, as the title-page tells us, "for the use and profit of academic conviviality" (*Zu Nutz und Frommen akademischer Gemüthlichkeit entworfen*), and is formally issued under the authority of the commissioners appointed for the revision of the beer laws (*Die zur Revision des Biercomments niedergesetzte Commission*). In the preface, too, we are informed that the "commission" determined to perfect its labours, in order to supply a common and deep-felt want; and we are assured that the "commissioners can, with propriety, take upon themselves to say that they are, at least, no novices in the noble art of barley-juice drinking" (*in der Kunst dem edlen Gerstensaft*).

The matter of the book itself is pompously divided, with all the pedantry of the German school-men, into "general" and "special" parts; and these again respectively sub-divided into chapters and sections, each headed with a capital or small letter, or with a Roman or Arabic numeral, till the whole classificatory machinery of I., II., III., 1, 2, 3, and A, B, C, a, b, c, as well as § and ¶ is utterly exhausted; while, under such heads, the rules are

given concerning the rights and duties of beer-obligations, or the loss of beer-honours, or the forms necessary in drinking-to, or drinking in-response-to, or the power of bidding a person to drink out of a full glass, as well as of beer-duels and beer-impotence. Moreover, every separate paragraph of the book is duly marked § 1, or § 2, up to § 118, as though it were an elaborate scientific treatise; and it is by reference to § 11 of this highly-ceremonious handbook of beer-etiquette, or most systematic code of beer-laws, that we are enabled to discover the significance of the mysterious symbols inscribed under the lid of every beer-can, and painted on the ceiling of nearly every beer-house. For there it stands :—

§ 11.

Es wird fortgeſoffen.

Anglicé. It is (the duty of all) to swill on.

No one, until he has duly studied the student life of Germany, can thoroughly understand the character of the German folk, or the reason of many a German custom; for as the usages of the several universities give the tone to the middle and higher portion of German society, and citizens and nobles think it grand or "fast" to imitate the doings of the "boys" (*Burschen*) at the different colleges, so you find such citizens and others on every occasion, wittingly or unwittingly, affecting the manners of the German students. This is the origin

of the childish Band-of-Hope-like processions, with people to marshal them, costumed in hats and feathers and with swords at their side, which one is sure to see several times in the course of each year parading the streets in every German town—this the source of most of the sentimentality concerning the Fatherland that you hear to nausea wherever you go, (for never did people talk so much about their country, and do so little to improve it, especially where there is such great room for improvement; and never did persons who pretend to sigh for the *Einigkeit* or union of the whole of the petty principalities into one decent-sized kingdom so bitterly hate and revile the folk of even their neighbouring provinces, and that to such an extent that the Eisenachers would not dance in the same room with the people of the adjacent town of Ruhla,*)—and this, indeed, the fountain-

* At the tavern at Wilhelmsthal, which is situate midway between Eisenach and Ruhla, there were two dancing-saloons, one for the Ruhla boys and girls, and the other for the Eisenach people; and often when, on the occasion of any feast, either party has, late in the evening, made its way into the other hall, serious riots have occurred in consequence of the intrusion.

Nor are such feuds in any way singular. At the last Leipzig *Tourner-fest*, indeed, which was held with the latent object of uniting the people of different provinces, the majority would not allow the Berlin gymnasts to fraternize with them; and, as a rule, the enmity between the people of one German State and another rages almost to the same extent as that of the Southerners against the North Americans. In a word, it is the same farce to attempt to amalgamate the different castes of German folk into one tribe, as it is to endeavour to give the various sects of our own country one general education; and, now-a-days, when even

head of all the lackadaisical poetry about the wonderfully-beautiful green (*wunder-schöne Grüne*), or the god-like flowers (*göttliche Blume*), that the Deutschers are sure to rave about directly they set eyes upon the smallest patch of grass, or enter a garden that a Spitalfields weaver would be ashamed to own; (and that, be it remembered, among a people who are utterly insensible to the true graces of life, and who allow not only the refuse of their houses to reek for months under their very noses, but the foulest jokes to be made in public concerning the most private functions of their own daughters, and whose poetry, moreover, is utterly deficient in those exquisite perceptions of natural beauty, which are to be found in the works of our own Wordsworth, Keats, and Tennyson) —this, too, the main cause of that bestial love of drinking gallons of small beer at one sitting, which pervades the entire mass of the country; for in a land where the youths of the upper classes are educated in beer-swilling with as many forms and ceremonies as though it were a religious observance, of course such habits and principles not only cling throughout life to those thus trained in their youth, but lead others who are struggling

the United States are becoming disunited, from utter diversity of interest, it is mere visionary work, in the present sentimental state of the Fatherland, to seek to fuse so many conflicting little elements into one grand and united whole, especially in a nation where no such thing as active patriotism is to be found. "Patient Germans" the Deutschers have been, time out of mind, and patient Germans the King of Prussia knows well they are still.

to be thought a shade grander than they really are, to take pattern from such brutal over-indulgences; until at length the entire nation comes to be one of the most masquerading as well as sentimental and swinish on the face of the earth.

We should not, however, in all justice, omit to mention that there is a small section of students known by the name of "Wingolfianas" (a society founded by the German poet Klopstock) who are utterly opposed to such principles, and who are sworn not only against beer-drinking, but also against duelling. Nevertheless, this small knot of youths are as eccentric in their principles, and bear about the same proportion to the majority, as the believers in Johanna Southcote hold to the members of the Established Church in our country; and they are held in such utter scorn and detestation by the rest of the students, that we were assured by the Jena boys that they never met one of them but they made a point of insulting him, and occasionally beating him in the worst way they could. This extraordinary little tribe of Wingolfianas flourishes chiefly at the University of Halle, an institution which holds no high academic rank in Deutschland; so that the reader will readily understand that beer-drinking among German students is the common rule, and abstinence from such habits the singular and small exception.

With this introduction, we will now proceed to set before the reader as concise an account as

possible, of the beer-customs prevalent among the Jena boys; and those of Jena may be taken as the type of the habits of the students at all other similar institutions throughout Germany. We should premise, however, that in the abstract here given we follow neither the order nor the arrangement of the text-book from which we quote; since it is necessary for the due comprehension of the several matters by the English reader, that those affairs which the Jena boys understand almost without any tuition, should be put together, so that such as have less technical knowledge in the art and mystery of beer-drinking may be led gradually from one point to another. The cunning reader, however, will not fail to detect the sly humour that runs throughout the original work.

Object and Stability of the Beer-customs.

The Jena Beer-customs—begins "The New Jena Beer-Comment," published in 1858—are particular rights which, when incorporated into a digest of positive laws, could be placed beside any new systems of jurisprudence; as, for example, the Code of Napoleon, or the Prussian Land Rights.

The purpose of the incorporation of the beer-customs is to establish the beer-rights of the Jena boys, to lay down positive rules and laws for all things connected with beer, and upon the breach of such rules to determine the general punishments,

as well as those which, in every concrete case, the offender is to suffer.

Every Jena student must acknowledge these beer-customs, and in case of refusal a perpetual beer-excommunication hangs over him, without mercy.

The same rules hold good in every place where Jena boys are assembled at drinking-bouts, with the exception of a few beer-villages, in which a peculiar custom has arisen, as well as on the hills surrounding Jena, where the noble mountain-customs (*Burg-brauch*) take the place of the ordinary beer-usages with perfect lawfulness.

Sources of the Beer-customs.

The sources of the beer-customs are mostly old deeds of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; nor have the usages which Tacitus records concerning the customs among the ancient Germans at the drinking of the noble barley-juice been in any way disregarded.

Of the Regulation of Time in Connection with the Beer-rights.

Of the Beer-minutes.—The leading principle with regard to the regulation of time in connection with beer-business is the duration of the five beer-minutes.

The five beer-minutes are generally reckoned as three civil minutes; but as it would not be agreeable to make use of Philister watches at drinking-bouts

and the like, and as it might happen in many cases that none of the beer-honoraries carried a chronometer about with him, so should it generally be left to two beer-honourable boys to decide at beer-convents and other assemblies, whether the five minutes have elapsed or not.

Of the Tempus Utile, or Well-occupied Time.—The *tempus utile* is every space of time during which a person is kept from fulfilling his beer-obligations by some important business.

The expiration of the five beer-minutes, which are generally calculated by natural computation, can only be interrupted by the following *tempora utilia*:—

The time in which any one is sitting as a beer-judge in a beer-convent (or beer-court). The time in which any one is giving his evidence as accuser, witness, or accused in such a beer-convent.

The time in which a song given out by the President is being sung at the drinking-bout, or while the *Hospitium*, or tavern song, is being chanted by another; and principally the whole time during which *Silentium* reigns.

The time that any one requires for making expectorations of all kinds.

Of the Rights of Persons.

Every person admits of being divided into physical and juridical. A physical person is every Jena

student who can be regarded as being subject to the beer-rights.

Persons physical fall, according to the student's age, under the head of either "Boys," or "Foxes." Only the "Boys" are properly lawful; and these are sub-divided into "Young Boys," "Old Boys," and "Moss-covered Heads" (*bemooste Häupter*). A Young Boy is one between his third and fourth *semester* (half-year). Every student is so regarded from the beginning of his third half-year to the commencement of his fourth. After this, he becomes an "Old Boy;" and finally, at the beginning of his sixth *semester* he rises to the reverence of a "Moss-covered Head."

The Foxes are divided into "Raw Foxes" (*crasse Füchse*) and "Branded Foxes" (*Brandfüchse*), according as they are remaining in Jena for their first or second *semester* of study.

A juridical person is, according to generally-received notions, every ideal personage who, with the exception of beer-honourable students, can be considered as a subject of the beer-rights, and is acknowledged by the State.

Of Beer-illness.

According to another principle of division, we arrange (as many great authorities have done before us) the persons physical into beer-drinkers and beer-invalids, or those on the beer sick-list.

If anybody should be prevented by illness, such as

a cold or other bodily ailment, from strictly following the injunctions of the beer-customs, he must have himself announced as being on the beer sick-list. by the President (*Präsis*); or, where none exists, by a beer-honourable boy—that is to say, by one who is not under beer-excommunication. The announcement is made as follows:—"Silentium! Müller is beer-sick, or beer-impotent." The invalid thus loses the right to drink (so long as the company lasts) either *to* or in *response*-to any one, and, above all, to mix himself up in beer-duels. Moreover, a beer-invalid must not bid another, in a state of beer-robustness, to drink out of a full glass, "*ex pleno*," as it is called.

Of specially-privileged Persons.

Of the President.—The Präsis, or President, is that boy who has to keep peace and order; and so that he may the better obtain this end, he has certain rights which take precedence of those of the other boys.

The President has a right to bid any one, *pro pœná* (by way of punishment), for disturbing the order, or breaking the ordained silence, or committing any other impropriety, to drink up to a "pope" (an entire measure full of what the offender may be drinking at the time). If the culprit does not drink after the third summons—which is just the same as that when a person is bidden to drink out of a full glass—then the President can put him in beer-excommunication.

Further, the President has the right, after every

song (provided he be "recommended," as it is termed, to do so), to call upon a certain person to drink a given quantity, either because he has sung badly, or because he did not sing at all, or because he disturbed the singing, or for other valid reasons. If the offender does not drink after the third summons, he has the beer-ban put upon him.

The President, moreover, on the evenings of the drinking-bouts (*Kneip-abend*) generally permits three songs to be sung; and between the second and third he calls on any student that he pleases, to sing the *Hospitium* (the tavern-song); but he can alter the order of the songs according to his discretion, if there are good grounds for his so doing. At "commerces" (or those drinking-bouts in which the members of the other student-clubs are invited to take part) there are, as a rule, three solemn songs sung, and at the end of these the *Landesvater* (or Fatherland song) is chanted.

The tavern-song, or *Hospitium*, is demanded after the following manner. When the introductory song has been sung and the President has given out another, he challenges any person he pleases to sing, by saying to him, "*Vivat Müller!*" If Müller, however, does not sing, then excommunication is chanted to him; whilst, if he commences a song that has already been heard, he is warned by the "One, two, three!" of the President; and if he does not then sing a proper song by the time that the third warning is given, excommunication is likewise chanted; as indeed is also done if he

commences singing three songs, one after the other, which have already formed part of the evening's entertainment.

When a *Hospitium* is sung, every beer-honourable boy must sing in chorus; and it can, on no account, be permitted, that any one drinks at such times in silence, or indulges in the more solemn songs sung at the time of "Commerce-meetings."

The President, moreover, has not only the right to determine when a song or *Hospiz* shall be sung, but it is for him to say, when "a Salamander shall be rubbed" (at which times, the beer-cans before drinking are rubbed round and round upon the table, as though the united company were grinding colours). If another boy wishes to have a Salamander rubbed, he must pray for *Silentium*, which, as a rule, the President has no right to refuse.

The theory of the Salamander cannot be given in these beer-customs.

Of the Fox-Major.—The Fox-Major (or eldest of the Foxes) has, on the evenings of drinking-bouts, various rights over his brother Foxes. He may order the assembled Foxes each to drink any quantity he pleases *to* him; but he must drink, in-response-to them, the same as each has previously drunk.

Of the Rights of Things.

Beer-things may be divided into principal things (or customary articles), subordinate things (or uncustomary articles), and appurtenances.

The principal things are "Lager-beer," "black Cöstritzer-beer," "Lichtenhainer-beer," and all other white beers. He only who drinks the principal things can become "beer-honourable;" but should the beer-honourable boy declare himself to be beer-impotent, there is no necessity for him then to partake of them.

Secondary things are those drinks like sugar-water, lemonade, coffee, or such other watery messes, which have sprung out of the over-nice taste of the present time.

Appurtenances are cans, "doctors" (measures so called), "popes" (ditto), "beer-planes" (the students' term for the clouts with which the tables are rubbed down), chalk (with which the beer-scores and beer-penalties are inscribed), slates (on which the names of those put into beer-excommunications are written), tables, chairs, benches, and other things of that sort.

Property, in the meaning of the beer-customs, can only come out of the possession of the principal things; and the best way of becoming possessed of them is to order the waiter to bring them forthwith.

Injuring, or destroying property, is punished by beer-excommunication. Therefore, whoever throws beer over another, has the beer-ban put upon him, unless he uses immediately afterwards the words "without throwing away beer," in which case he is penalty-free.

Also, whoever, on purpose or by accident, makes away with his property, or, to speak technically, spills beer, and does not say, immediately afterwards,

"without wasting beer," has likewise the beer-ban put upon him.

Of the Rights arising from Obligatons.

An obligation, according to the Roman laws, could ensue as well from an undertaking to perform a certain thing as from a dereliction or failure in the performance of it. Nevertheless, according to the beer-customs, all derelictions can be punished with beer-excommunication, and from this the duty of purification by the beer-ordeal-by-battle arises, as the chief consequence; for it is difficult to discover, what the *variæ causarum figuræ* of the old Romans have to do with the beer-customs of Jena, and, therefore, beer-rightly considered, an undertaking can be the only ground of an obligation.

An undertaking or contract consists in the union of two beer-honourable boys towards one common voluntary object, entered into with solemn forms, through which the beer-righteous position of the contractors to one another is, in the concrete, brought more closely together. Particular acts of agreement are the contracts of drinking-*to* and drinking-in-*response*-to—the beer-youngsters' contract—and finally the beer-duel contracts.

Of Drinking-to and Drinking-in-response-to.—If any one wishes to drink-*to* any one, he must give evidence of such a desire by the words "Müller, something is lifted up (in honour) to thee" ("*Es steigt dir etwas*"), or, "I advance with something to

thee" ("*Ich komme dir was*"), or in the like manner. Simple nodding or whistling does not suffice for this purpose. After the person drunk-to signifies his acceptance of the drinking-*to* him by the words, "Drink, bless thee" ("*Prosit*"), or, "It is good!" the first takes any quantity he pleases, but, at the least, one "cow-gulp" (*Kuh-schluck*). If the drinker-to drinks before the one drunk-to has accepted the pledge, the latter need not drink in-response-to the former.

If anybody wishes to drink a definite "*quantum*" to another, he must always mention the quantum in his proposal, saying, for instance, "Müller, a half-measure (called a Doctor) is lifted up to thee," or; "I advance to thee with a whole pope." More than one "pope" at a time need not be accepted, unless the double quantity is "clapped-on" (*übergestürzt*), or unless there is a desire to "spring in the air," as it is termed (*in die Luft zu sprengen*), that is to say, when a number of boys unite together to drink a certain quantum, collectively, to another; whereupon, each of the party drinks such a quantity as he likes, but so that the *sum* of the quantities drunk by the whole number makes up one "pope" or more. In such a case the proposal must be accepted up to three popes or six doctors of Lichtenhainer; but these need not be drunk all at once by the person responding, but only at every other five beer-minutes. The desire to "spring in the air" is announced, generally, in the following terms:—"Müller! Schulze and I would spring in air with thee to the extent of two popes."

Everybody is bound, after the third challenging, to

accept the proposal to drink any quantity, in conformity with the beer-customs, which he may be challenged to take; and in case of his refusal, the beer-ban may be put upon him. But the acceptance to drink does not alone suffice; for the one drunk-to is bound also, on pain of excommunication, to drink off, in response, the same quantity as he has accepted, and to do that after the third "step" (*Tritt*), or challenge to fulfil his beer-duties—which, however, can only occur at the expiration of five beer-minutes. A step, or *Tritt*, is announced in the following words:—"Müller is, for the first time, demanded to follow me with a half," or as the case may be. A Fox, on pain of beer-excommunication, may not take "such a step" towards a beer-honourable boy.

The act of drinking in response is made known by the following words:—"Schulze, I follow thee!" or in like manner; and when Schulze simply says, "Drink, bless thee!" then Müller (or the one drinking in-response-to the other), drinks merely alone. But if Schulze (or the one who has before drunk *to* him), replies, "Drink, bless thee—in the world;" or if, while drinking to Müller, Schulze had, at first, added these most significant words, "in the world" (which, nevertheless, stand only for something less than a whole quantum), then the person drinking in-response-to the other is at liberty to drink-to a third party with the quantum he has to take. But he is bound, nevertheless, to allow this third person, in his turn, to drink, "in the world," with another person, too. More than three quantums cannot be going on "in

the world" at once, nor need any one accept to drink a quantum twice which he has already drunk "in the world," in-response-to another.

To every person proposing to drink a specified quantity to another, double that quantity can be "clapped on" (*nach gestürtz*) by the person challenged. This after-clapping-on, however, or doubling the quantity that a Boy proposes to drink to another, is forbidden to Foxes, and that on pain of beer-excommunication.

Of Bidding to Drink ex pleno.—The ancient worthy institution of drinking *ex pleno*, or out of a full glass, was introduced, many "gray years" ago, by our wise forefathers, and is still the most practical method of restraining, in some measure, the luxurious habits of the Foxes. Every boy can bid every Fox who gives himself wanton or luxurious airs to drink out of a full glass. But as the Foxes generally indulge in legions of luxuries, so they cannot be severally mentioned here; and it must, therefore, be left to the discretion of every boy to judge concerning each concrete case of a Fox's luxuriousness.

The solemn act of bidding a person drink *ex pleno* is performed in the following manner:—The bidder challenges the offending Fox three times thus, with the words:—"Müller, drink *ex pleno* for the first time; Müller, drink *ex pleno* for the second time; and Müller, drink *ex pleno* for the third and last time;" whereupon the bidder takes a sip out of his own glass. Then, if the party challenged does not drink immediately after the last challenge is

given, the challenger can have him sent to Coventry (*bei-stecken*) there and then, without having to wait for the customary five beer-minutes. Moreover, on no account can any lazy excuses be admitted at such times: such as "I will first fill my pipe," or "Let me first take a pinch of snuff," or any other similar phrase; for if such idle subterfuges are offered, the infliction of the beer-excommunication will follow without mercy. If the culprit has no liquor in his glass, he must, on pain of being put into beer-excommunication, order a fresh glass to be brought to him.

If the drinker breaks off while drinking his full glass, then any one else can challenge him to drink further, in the following manner:—"For the first time of breaking off: Müller, drink on for the first time; Müller, drink on for the second time; Müller, drink on for the third and last time;" and in the same manner if he breaks off a second or third time. If then he does not drink immediately, or he should break off more than three times while in the act of drinking his full glass, the *ex pleno* bidder can have him at once put into beer-excommunication.

Of Beer-youngsters.—A beer-youngster is made out in the following manner. One taunts the other with the words "Müller, you are a beer-youngster," whereupon Müller is bound, on pain of beer-excommunication, to fill his glass within five beer-minutes, and be ready to drink unless he has reasonable excuses to the contrary, such as older suits, or beer-duels.

Then the one who has taunted the other calls "One!" whereupon the other cries "Two!" immediately after which the first party says, "Three!" At Three! both must drink out as quickly as they can, and the one who can first call the other a "beer-youngster" has beaten him (*ihn angeschissen*).

Of Beer-duels.—A beer-duel is brought about in the following way:—One says to another, "Müller, thou art learned." If the other does not think it worth his while to improve upon this, then must the speaker repeat the preceding words for the first, second, and third time, and afterwards wait for five beer-minutes; when if the one to whom the words are addressed, does not improve upon them in that time, the ban is put upon him. If, on the other hand, he *does* think it worth while to improve upon them, he must either challenge the assertion, which he makes known merely by the word "Challenged!" or else he must "clap on" to them with the phrase "Schulze, thou art a doctor." Schulze, in that case, can either challenge in return or "clap on" further, by adding "Müller, thou art a pope;" and so on, the degrees of "clapping on" being as follows:—A "learned man" is equal to half a "doctor;" a "pope" to two "doctors;" the "seraphim" to four doctors; "Christendom" to eight doctors; and a "churchyard" to sixteen doctors.

Directly the word "Challenged!" has been uttered, the dispute is at an end, except upon "thou art learned," for he who has grumbled upon (*auf gebrummt*) those words, need not content himself with

merely challenging, but can force the other to a higher challenge by means of the following words, which must be three times audibly spoken: "Schulze, I revoke on beer-fright (*Bier-manschetten*). Thou art bullying!" If Schulze does not then immediately clap on "learned man," to the other (whereupon Müller can, in return, afterwards clap on "doctor"), the beer-ban is put upon Schulze. Directly any one has challenged upon clapping on, he may on no account recall the challenge in order to have the opportunity of clapping on to a higher extent, but the affair is then finished without anything else being done.

Duels, brought about in such a manner, must be determined in from five to ten beer-minutes according to priority. If anyone is too slow, his opponent can, after five beer-minutes, challenge him to fulfil his beer-duties (*treten ihn*) by saying three times, "Müller, I am fixed upon the beer-ordeal-by-battle for the first, second, and third time." Then, if the other (unless he has some reasonable excuse) does not immediately "go loose" (proceed to fight-out the matter), the beer-ban is put upon him. But he has a reasonable excuse, provided there is any older beer-duel against him, and in such case he must bring to a conclusion the other duels in from five to ten beer-minutes. If both the disputants are ready for the decision of the duel, each chooses a second, and he who has clapped on to the highest point selects the equalizer, while the challenger chooses the commander. After the equalizer has been summoned three times by the words, "Equalizer, make the

weapons equal between Müller and Schulze, for the first, second, and third time," he must do so conscientiously, in five beer-minutes; and in case of his failing in this, the beer-ban is put upon him. Then the commander is summoned, and he must perform his office after the third calling, on pain of beer-excommunication also, by uttering the words, "Grasp the doctors, or popes, as the case may be. Clink your glasses! your lips to the vessels! drink out!" At "Clink your glasses!" both parties to the beer-duel knock on the table, but not against a wooden measure. At "Your lips to the vessels!" they put the weapons to their mouths, and at "Drink out!" they proceed to toss off the quantum as quickly as possible.

If one proceeds to drink out before the command is given, both seconds have the right to cry "Halt!" and in this case the equalizer must again adjust the weapons; so likewise must the commander again give the command. If, however, "Halt!" is not called, the contest proceeds, and both drink on. On no account may the weapons be changed.

If both the disputants have drunk out, (which must happen within five beer-minutes for a "Christendom," and within ten beer-minutes for a "churchyard" upon pain of beer-excommunication,) then the equalizer, on pain of the same punishment, must give within five beer-minutes his verdict, which must be either that both have drunk in time (*a tempo*) or that one is defeated (*angeschissen*). "Defeated" is the verdict given against—

Whoever sets his glass on the table later than his opponent. A wooden vessel does not count as a table.

Whoever lets it fall or breaks it.

Whoever has clinked on the table or not at all.

Whoever has left as much beer among the froth in his glass as will nearly cover the bottom.

Whoever commences to drink before the command is finished.

Whoever "bleeds" (that is to say, allows the beer to run out of the corners of his mouth) more than by drops, has the ban put upon him, unless he directly says, "Without beer-spilling."

Whoever cheats in any way at a beer-duel, or if the equalizer gives his verdict unjustly, or the commander commands three times improperly, he has the ban put upon him.

Whoever, during a beer-duel, breaks off more than three times, while drinking out a "pope" or more, has the ban put upon him.

Of the Duties of the "Foxes."

The "Foxes" hardly come within the scope of the beer-customs. The limits of the laws under which they are bound are as follows:—

Foxes dare never take a "step" (*selbst treten*) or make a demand upon a boy, for the first, second, or third time, *i. e.* they can never challenge him to fulfil his beer-rightful duties to them or any other; and every "step" or demand of a Fox shall be reckoned

as such, even if the words be added "Without wishing to make any demand myself" as a means of keeping off any beer-excommunication that might follow.

Foxes cannot sit as beer-judges (*Bier-richter*) in a beer-convent (*Bier-convent*); but it is allowed (exceptionally) for "Branded Foxes" to do so, provided there be not enough beer-honourable boys to form such a convent, and the calling of it does not admit of delay. If a Fox, on this account, sits as beer-judge, the accused can immediately reject the decision of the beer-convent, on account of improper judgment (*verhorresciren*); and if the special beer-convent notwithstanding declares itself competent, he can appeal to a general beer-convent against it.

A Fox dare never challenge a grumbling boy on the retort termed "learned," but must "clap on" to it. Among themselves, however, Foxes have a right to do so without any difference. On the other hand, if a Fox *should* challenge a boy on the retort "learned" (*Sturz gelehrt*), he dare not revoke upon "beer-fright" (*Bier-manchetten*), nor make him "the bully reproach" (*Renoma-gevorwurf*). Whoever transgresses these rules has the ban put upon him. A Fox, however, may, on a boy's drinking to him, "clap on" (*nach-stürzen*) the double quantity in-response.

A Fox himself can never put any one into beer-excommunication, or call a beer-convent, or fight out (*heraus-pauken*) any one who has been so excommunicated; nor can he give the command at such times, but he must let all such business be transacted by a beer-honourable boy. Above all, he may never

call "Silentium!" at the drinking-bouts, and in case of his doing so the ban may be put upon him. Moreover, the Fox must and shall drink when bidden, out of a full glass, or, in other words, *ex pleno.*

Of Revoking.

In general, any transaction in accordance with or in violation of the beer-customs can be made as if it had never happened, by revoking it.

Of the Beer-convent or Beer-court.

The beer-convent is a law court which every one who feels himself wronged in the matters of beer can call together and lay his complaint before, and to whose infallible verdicts plaintiffs as well as defendants must submit without a murmur.

Such wrongs, as a rule, can occur only when a person is put into beer-excommunication unlawfully; as in all other cases, where the person has been excommunicated through his own fault, no appeal is allowed. The beer-convent has two courts of law. The first court is represented through the medium of the special or simple beer-convent. Nevertheless, whoever is not quieted by the verdict of this court, or wishes to denounce the failings of it, as regards certain necessary forms, can appeal to the second court, which constitutes the general beer-convent.

Of the Means of Confirming the Beer-lawful Affairs,

and especially of the Grand Cerevis.—As the Greeks and Romans swore to the truth by Zeus or Jupiter, and the gods by the gates of the Infernal Regions, so is the "Son of the Muses" to confirm the truth of what he speaks with the words—"upon my grand cerevis," that is to say, he is to pledge himself upon the beer-cap, or ribbon, which forms the distinctive point in the student's costume—the word "cerevis" being merely a contraction of the Latin *cerevisia* (beer).

As the grand cerevis takes the place of an oath, therefore it must not be used thoughtlessly. Moreover, a positive fact only can be certified by the grand cerevis, for a negative one can never be vouched for by it; as, for instance, it is not admissible to assure another upon one's grand cerevis that such and such a thing did *not* take place. The grand cerevis, however, can be given as a pledge that the party speaking did not see or hear of such and such an event.

If any one is of opinion that another has been so thoughtless as to pledge his grand cerevis falsely, he can have him sent to beer-Coventry; but if the person thus accused believes himself to be wronged, he is at liberty to call a beer-convent to have the case investigated, and such beer-convent is to inquire into the matter by means of the evidence of two witnesses who are to be appointed by the accuser.

No one can give his *contra* to another's grand cerevis—that is, no one has the right to say nay to it—on pain of beer-excommunication.

The simple and little cerevis cannot be regarded as of ancient origin, and therefore may be invoked falsely without any imminent punishment; though in a moral sense a false assertion on a little cerevis would be just as unpardonable as the breaking of one's grand cerevis.

Of the Witnesses.—Although a grand cerevis is an assertion that admits of no doubt, a highly-wise beer-convent nevertheless takes upon itself to make upon such a point a discreet exception; and in every case demands to have brought before it two witnesses, who must be beer-honourable people, and who are to deal with the existence or non-existence of the fact to the court, and if possible to prove or declare that they never saw or heard anything of the matter in question. Such witnesses are bound to corroborate all the facts they state by vows upon their grand cerevis. If they refuse to do this they have the ban put upon them.

Of Special Beer-convents.—The special beer-convent is composed of three beer-honourable boys, and only when needful a "Branded Fox" is allowed to figure as the second beer-judge. The first and third judges must be beer-honourable boys, and if possible such as have grown grey in following the beer-customs; for too much depends upon the responsibility of such an office, to admit of its being allowed to become the play-work of a Fox.

The arrangement of a beer-convent occurs in the following manner. The implorer prays some beer-honourable boy to arrange for him a beer-convent,

whereupon the boy says, in an audible voice, "Silentium! Müller wishes to arrange a beer-convent against Schulze. A beer-honourable Fox sticks him down (*klammere ihn ein*) for the first time of declaring."

Foxes, beer-impotents, and beer-outcasts cannot themselves call a beer-convent, but must allow this to be done by a beer-honourable boy. This happens thus: the selected beer-honourable boy comes to an understanding with the implorer as to the beer-judges; and the boy is answerable, on pain of beer-excommunication, that neither a Fox, nor beer-invalid, nor a beer-outcast sits upon the bench with the others. Then the boy cries out, in an audible voice, "Silentium! Müller calls for a beer-convent against Schulze, in which Meyer shall sit as first beer-judge, Schmidt as the second; and Lehmann as the third." Then he says to the first chosen beer-judge, "Silentium! the beer-convent has to assemble."

If there are no cases of rejection on account of unfitness brought forward or to be get rid of, in conformity with the beer-customs, then the beer-judges move towards the table, after the first beer-judge has said "Silentium! the beer-convent is about to assemble;" and directly the *cautio pro expensis* (security for the costs), consisting of three bottles of Lichtenhainer, or three mugs of Lager-beer, which the accuser has to furnish, have made their appearance (but not before), the first judge exclaims, "Silentium! the beer-convent is formed," which is equivalent to declaring that the court is

competent to act — that is to say, it can only be denounced as unfit after that, provided a Fox, a beer-impotent, or beer-outcast has been sitting on the bench—and its juridical personality is thereupon immediately effective. After the beer-judges have strengthened themselves (a form, however, the observance of which is not necessary), then the first beer-judge cites the accuser through the words "Silentium! the accuser before the beer-convent, or *Accusator citatus*," whereupon the complainant is to appear in proper clothing, and without any head-covering, or pipe or cigar in his mouth. If he does not come forth after the third summons, or will not put away his cap or pipe, the ban is put upon him *in contumacium* (for contempt of court), and he has to pay the *cautio pro expensis;* and then the proceedings are finished.

If, however, the accuser steps forward, he is asked why he summoned the beer-convent; and thereupon the accused is cited to appear, so that he may hear his exceptions. Then the beer-convent demands of that party who has positive deeds to prove, to produce two witnesses. If, however, no witnesses are brought forward, they both lose their cause; but if, on the other hand, witnesses are in readiness, these are cited to appear before the court and then questioned on their grand cerevis as to the facts; and generally according to the testimony of the witnesses produced is the verdict given.

When the respective parties are heard, the beer-judges proceed to vote, the third doing so first; and

the verdict is thus decided by the majority of votes. After this, another refreshment on the part of the beer-judges takes place, and then the verdict is proclaimed by the third judge in the following manner:—"Silentium! it has pleased a high, well-wise, and always infallible beer-convent, to decide that Müller passes into beer-excommunication, and pays the *cautio pro expensis*. Schulze, on the contrary, comes out of beer-excommunication, and is pronounced free in every way, and that because he had right on his side." Or else the verdict is the reverse of this.

After this has been announced, and Müller and Schulze have been respectively chalked in and out upon the beer-slate, the first judge declares the proceedings at an end with the words, "Silentium! the beer-convent is dissolved."

If interruptions of any kind occur during the session of the beer-convent, each of the beer-judges has the right to warn the peace-breaker, with the words, "Müller is warned for the first time," &c., and to send to beer-Coventry any one who has been thus thrice warned.

Of the General Beer-convent.

The general beer-convent consists of twelve beer-honourable boys, and any three of the Jena corps-boys. The proceedings and other matters connected with such a court are analogous to those of a special

beer-convent, so that only the following points are worthy of remark.

The special beer-convent, which is accused before the general one, has to choose from among its members a deputy, whose duty it is to defend it before the general court.

The oldest member of the different corps presiding takes the precedence at the general beer-convent, conducts the proceedings, and publishes the verdict.

A special beer-convent cannot, as a *persona sacrosancta* (a high-holy person), be put into beer-excommunication, but can only be condemned to pay the caution expenses of the general, as well as of the special beer-convents; and the amount of such caution expenses for the general beer-convent, is twelve quarts of lager-beer, or twelve cans of Lichtenhainer.

Beyond this, the beer-convent for the bad performance of its official duties, can only receive a warning at the utmost.

Of Beer-excommunication.

Of the Loss of Beer-honours.—Persons physical may be further divided into beer-honourables and beer-outcasts.

Beer-excommunication changes a beer-honourable boy into a beer-outcast, and involves the loss of all beer-honours, and therewith the exclusion from all the rights and duties that belong to a beer-honourable boy.

The beer-excommunication holds good only for that

drinking-bout on which it is imposed. Whoever has the beer-excommunication of one or the other grades put upon him suffers the following disadvantages :—

He may not join in the hospitium or tavern-song, nor in the drinking-bout songs, nor can he take part in any "beer-ulk," *i. e.* (beer-fun).
He may chalk no one down on the beer-slate.
He may not mix himself up in any beer-duel.
He can never bid any one drink *ex pleno*.
He cannot be a witness before any beer-convent; nor can he give his cerevis, for such an act is illegal.
He may not fight any one out at a beer-duel, nor command thereat.
He dare not sit at a beer-convent, nor call one.

Whoever as beer-outcast fails in any of these things, passes, from the *simple*, into the *acute* state of excommunication, or if he has already been in that state, he passes into *perpetual* beer-excommunication.

Every beer-honourable boy, who believes he has proper reasons, can declare another to be in beer-excommunication, and have his name written upon the slate. A Fox, however, must let that be done through a beer-honourable boy. But a beer-outcast cannot, even through a beer-honourable boy, put another in beer-excommunication, on pain of himself passing from the simple into the acute state.

The act of declaring any one in beer-excommunication occurs in the following words, which must be

spoken in a loud and solemn voice:—"Silentium! Müller is in beer-excommunication. A beer-honourable Fox chalks him down." If, however, no Fox does so immediately, then the speaker must repeat the words twice in an audible voice, and if the name of the culprit is not then within five beer-minutes chalked upon the slate, the whole of the beer-honourable Foxes have the ban put upon them, through the words "Silentium! The assembled Foxes are in beer-excommunication. A beer-honourable young boy chalks them down."

Hereupon, it is the duty of the young boys to chalk the Foxes down on the slate within five beer-minutes; and if this is not done, then they, in their turn, are excommunicated, and so on analogously, up to the "mossy heads"—each on pain of being put under the beer-ban. It is never necessary for him who wishes to put any one in beer-excommunication to chalk the other down himself.

Through the beer-excommunication, all pre-challenged duels and quantities to be drunk-to another become null and void.

A beer-outcast is by no means bird-free, and nobody dare rub shoulders with him.

Beer-excommunication is either simple, acute, or perpetual; and it is hereby to be remarked that no one can enter the acute stage of excommunication, who has not first been in the simple, nor can any one pass into the perpetual, unless he has already been in the acute stage, or unless he refuses to acknowledge the

beer-customs. Into the *simple* stage of beer-excommunication passes—

Whoever calls a beer-honourable a beer-outcast, or treats him as such; or if, for example, he writes him down on the beer-slate, without being authorized to do so by a beer-honourable boy.

Whoever, on the other hand, treats a beer-outcast as a beer-honourable; as, for example, whoever wipes his name off the slate, or lets it be wiped off before he has fought himself out (*herausgepaukt*).

Whoever, in any kind of way, holds beer-communion with a beer-outcast.

Whoever gives his cerevis falsely or negatively.

Whoever accuses any one of having given it falsely without instantly having him sent to beer-Coventry.

Whoever gives his cerevis against an already given contra.

Every Fox who demands of a boy to fulfil his beer-duties to him, or who sits in a beer-convent, or who, at beer-duels, presumes to equalize or command, except upon "learned man," or who challenges upon the retort "learned" of a grumbling boy, or who revokes upon "beer-fright" to a boy, or gives him the bully-reproach, or when drunk-to "claps-on" a double quantity in response.

Every Fox who, at the third challenge, does not

drink *ex pleno;* or who, after "breaking-off," while trying to do so, does not drink further, after being ordered three times; or who, moreover, at *ex-pleno*-drinking, breaks off more than twice.

Whoever cheats in any way at *ex-pleno*-drinking.

Every one who, after the third summons, does not drink the *pro-pœná quantum* dictated by the President.

Whoever throws away or wastes beer without, at the same time, making use of the words, "without beer to waste, or, eventually, to spill."

Whoever makes an advance to another (*vorkommt*), and does not drink before five beer-minutes have elapsed.

Whoever, after the third summons, does not immediately drink a *quantum* in conformity with the beer-customs which has been proposed to be drunk-to another.

Whoever, after the third bidding (which should only follow after five beer-minutes) does not immediately drink in-response-to another.

Whoever allows the taunt of a beer-youngster to remain upon him longer than five beer-minutes.

Whoever, at a beer-duel, breaks off more than three times while drinking from a pope to a doctor downwards.

Whoever employs the Silentium uselessly, &c.

Into the *acute* state of beer-excommunication passes:—

Whoever, as a beer-outcast, says, in answer to a question put to him, that he is not in beer-excommunication.

Whoever does not fight out of the simple state of beer-excommunication within fifteen beer-minutes, or in a still shorter time at the wish of the President, unless he can produce a valid excuse for not doing so.

Whoever, as beer-outcast, dabbles in any kind of affair that only belongs to a beer-honourable; as, for instance, clapping-on, challenging, drinking-to, fighting-out, sitting in the beer-convent, bidding drink *ex pleno*, giving out songs, or calling for the Hospitium, or ordering a Salamander to be rubbed, or chalking any one upon or off the slate.

Whoever makes himself luxurious as a beer-outcast.

When two beer-outcasts behave to one another as beer-honourable, in order to escape the disagreeable consequences of the beer-excommunication, then both of them go into the acute state.

Whoever, as beer-outcast, has called "Silentium!" &c.

On the other hand, into the *perpetual* state of beer-excommunication passes—

Whoever makes himself luxurious while he is still an acute beer-outcast, or undertakes mat-

ters that belong only to a beer-honourable boy.

Whoever will not acknowledge the beer-customs, &c.

Of the Restitution of the Beer-honours.

If any one wishes to demand his beer-honours back again, he must submit to the beer-ordeal by battle, and fight himself out of beer-excommunication with three doctors of Lichtenhainer, or one pope of lager-beer, if he has been merely in the simple state; and with double that quantity if he is an acute beer-outcast; and with three times as much if a perpetual one. The act of fighting out of any grade of beer-excommunication must not last longer than five minutes; if it does so, it is not valid.

The beer-outcast, in order to become again beer-honourable, must address himself to some beer-honourable boy with the request that he will help him to fight-out. This one may drink as he pleases, while the beer-outcast must drink out his full glass.

The act of fighting-out (*heraus-pauken*) goes on in the following manner: the one desiring to fight the other out chooses a commander, who must be at least a young boy. He commands now, "Grasp the doctors (or popes)! Clink your glasses! Your lips to the vessels! Drink out!" and repeats this, when the vessels to be drained are doctors, twice. If the quantum is drunk in five beer-minutes, the one fighting-out declares the beer-outcast to be beer-

honourable by the audibly-spoken words, "Silentium! Müller is out of beer-excommunication."

If one minute has elapsed over the appointed time, before the beer-outcast has drunk the proper quantity, he assuredly cannot be announced as beer-honourable, but must drink once more in order to become so; and if the one fighting him out has, of his own free will, let him off anything, this one must go into beer-excommunication also.

A beer-outcast can never fight-out with beer drawn from a cask of which the whole company, or maybe only a part of it, are drinking—because, by such means, a kind of beer-communion would ensue. The beer-outcast, therefore, must take care to be supplied with extra stuff by the landlord.

JENA "KAHN" OR PUNT
(Used by the Students in their Boating Excursions on the river Saale).

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE BOATING, FISHING, AND DRIVING AMUSEMENTS OF THE JENA "BOYS."

HAVING described the customs of the students, we now proceed to give the reader an account of their various amusements.

There are two things, assuredly, which a German can never be: a huntsman and a sailor; for he has about as much knowledge of horseflesh as he has of

the ocean itself. In Eisenach, we believe that the stud of the whole city did not consist of more than a dozen broken-kneed, and broken-winded hacks; and, in this statement, we include not only all the horses engaged in the agriculture of the neighbourhood, but also the united cavalry of His Grand-Ducal Serenissimus; for there were but two mounted troopers in the entire town, one of whom was the commander and the other the lame adjutant of the regiment. Nevertheless, all the officers wore straps, as though they considered such articles gave them an equestrian appearance, and as if they thought it impossible for any rider to prevent his trousers rucking up to his knees without some such means of fastening them down to his boots. And when Loisset's Circus came to the town, the officers, one and all, were desirous of taking a few riding-lessons! so as to teach them how it was possible to keep on a horse's back without either holding by the mane or the tail.

Nor have German gentlefolks, as a rule, any more notion of the sports of the field than a London crossing-sweeper. Even the circus-director was utterly ignorant of our customs in such matters, and announced, as a grand treat for the Thuringians, an English "Steeple-Chase and Stag-Hunt," rolled into one!—in which the boors saw the daring riders take the most formidable leaps over broomsticks four inches high, and gallop in and out of the ring after a tame deer at the rate of four miles an hour. And when the spiritless pet-stag had been caught, after the manner of its training, the silly Germans

would crowd about us, and inquire whether a "Stable-shaze" was really like that in our country.

But if the Germans are bad sportsmen and huntsmen, assuredly they are worse sailors; and, as on the Rhine or the Mosel one never sees a wager-boat or yacht, so throughout Saxony, we believe, there were about as many wherries as fox-hounds.

On visiting Jena, therefore, we were not a little surprised to hear that boating (after beer-drinking) was one of the students' principal pleasures. We had never seen a German handle a pair of sculls in our life, and, as in our Westminster days we happened to have belonged to a six-oared cutter, we were anxious to have a peep at the craft, as well as the aquatic dexterity of the Deutschers. But oh, ye Etonians! Oh, ye Oxford and ye Cambridge men! how your sides would have shaken to have noted the lubberly manœuvres of the students on the Saale. Never could such craft, or such oarsmen, be found in any other part of the civilized world: a coal-barge was elegant in shape to the remarkably-funny "funnies" of the Saxon university, ay, and about as clean, too; and a Dutch dogger-boat as light and trim in its build.

In the accompanying engraving the reader has a faint idea of the washing-tubs that are used for wager-boats by the "turnpike sailor"-boys at Jena. Still, there are articles of detail in the clumsiness of the vessels that it is impossible for an artist to make out in a single sketch like the following.

The title of the picture below is not our own giving, it being the local name of the river-side walk. You can see it yonder to the right under the tall trees,—a shady and pleasant-enough retreat—where many a seat is to be found for the idler to lounge upon, and dream the hours away.

In "Paradise"
(*On the banks of the river Saale by Jena*).

The experienced reader, on examining the foregoing illustration, will note readily enough how many hundredweight the craft in the foreground would probably weigh; and how, with such a breadth of beam, standing almost as high out of the water, proportionately, as a three-decker, she would be likely to make but little headway in a stiff breeze.

It must not be imagined, however, that the preceding sketch is intended as a caricature. It was drawn expressly for us by an artist in Jena, and he has certainly not taken the worst possible view of the matter. In the original drawing he had added a rudder to the craft in the foreground, and that is generally an appendage not to be found attached to the ordinary Jena "*Kahn*," as it is called; secondly, the oars in the woodcut do not appear so utterly unlike English ones, nor so thoroughly primitive and unwieldy, as they are in their make. Again, the rude method by which the oar itself is kept in its place, at the gunwale of the boat, is hardly made out; for in the original there are no rowlocks, while the blade of the oar is at least as broad as that of a navigator's spade, and the shaft to it as roughly worked as the paddle of a Madras catamaran. (*But see Engraving at page* 163.)

Nor is it possible, with such a savage mode of aquatic locomotion, to prevent the huge oar-blade acting as a sail in a head-wind, and so driving the rower just as far back as he advances with each stroke—for such a thing as "feathering" the students have never heard of—and, though we tried to give them a notion as to how an Englishman pulls, it was impossible to make them understand what was the advantage of skimming the blade just over the surface of the stream at each back stroke, or why it was necessary to present the knife edge of the oar to the wind when it was raised from out the water. For, as we have already said, there were no rowlocks, and

it was consequently impossible to obtain a fulcrum for the aquatic lever.

The apparatus for keeping the oar in its place consists of a bit of iron rod bent rectangularly into the shape of a figure 7, and screwed into the gunwale of the boat. Then the oar, which is really and truly as like a baker's peel as a *silver* groschen is like a charity-boy's button, has an iron ring screwed into the shaft of it, and this is passed over the figure-of-seven-like metal pin, and thus held in its place; so that it is utterly impossible to do other than dip the blade into the water, as though the oarsmen were paddling rather than rowing.

The boat is, moreover, generally steered with an oar made after the pattern of a huge English butter-knife; and in this manner the silly Jena "boys" fancy they are imitating the sports of the Oxford and Cambridge "men." We have only to add that such *Kahne* cost a penny an hour to hire, and perhaps the price will give the English reader a good idea of the amount of money that is usually expended upon the construction of the wager-boats of the Jena students. Indeed, London chimney-sweepers would be ashamed to set foot in such purely primeval canoes, compared with which the Welsh "coracles" (though they consisted merely of a hide stretched over a wicker frame) were almost articles of civilization.

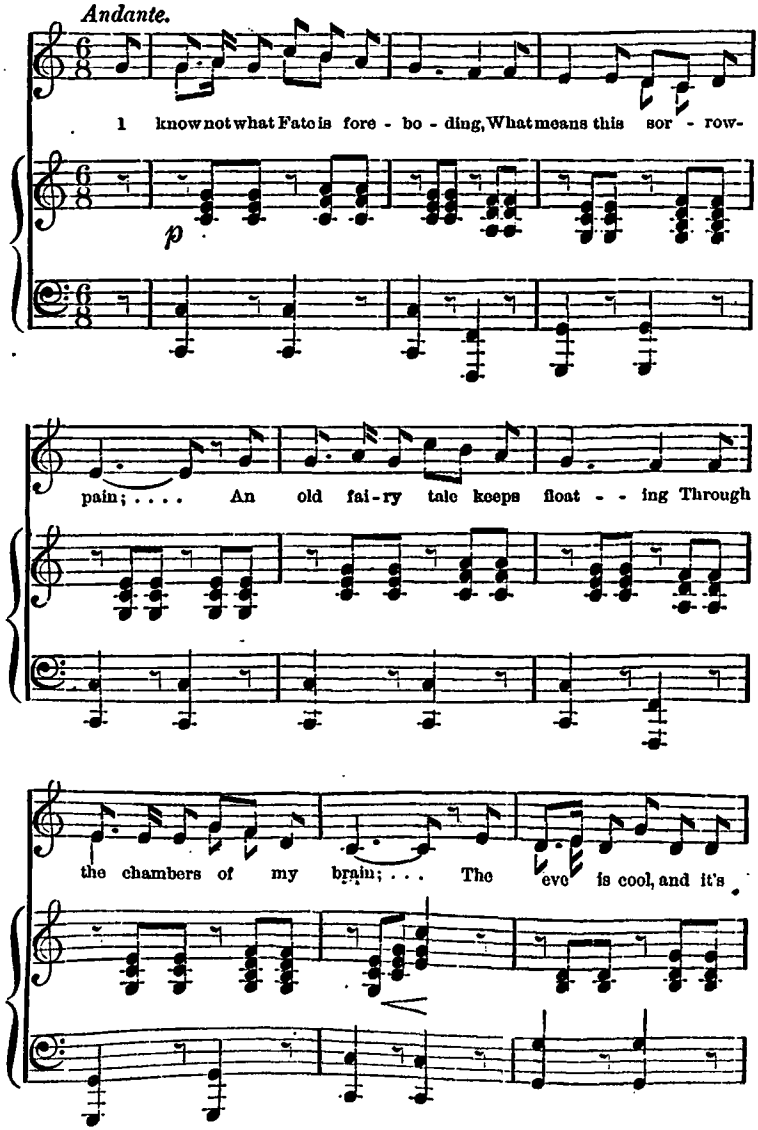
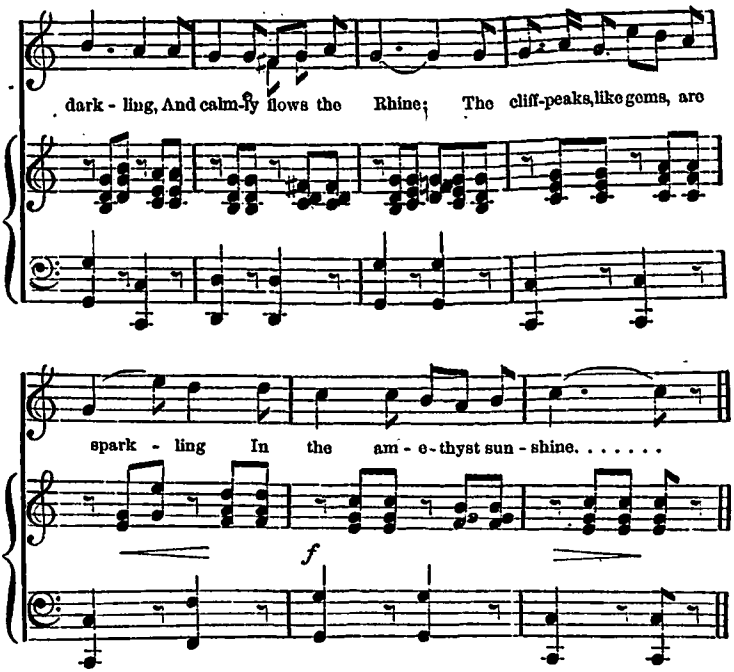
The Saale at Jena is about the width of the Thames at Richmond. It is navigable, however, for only two miles in length; for the current is

intercepted by dams, or small artificial falls, at short intervals, so as to give a certain depth to the otherwise shallow stream. Consequently, the aquatic pleasures of the students consist in rowing themselves for about half-an-hour up against the stream, and then allowing themselves to be drifted back by it, while they loll about the boat, either smoking or singing some of the many pretty national melodies of the country; for there is a German adage, that when two or three Deutschers come together singing is sure to go on.

A favourite song of the students at such times is that of the "Loreley"—the name of the syren of the Rhine, who is supposed by the sweetness of her singing in the night-time, to beguile the unwary boatman among the rapids existing at the turn of the river by St. Goar, in order to carry them down to her cavern among the rocks at the bottom of the stream. The German words of this song, which we have translated as literally as possible, are by Henry Heine, and have almost the same dreamy fatalistic air about them as the poem of the "Raven," by Edgar Poe. The melody, on the other hand, has an exquisitely varied witchery in it, and will well repay the rendering of it upon the piano by such as are able to do so.

The listeners to the music have but to imagine themselves floating down the Saale while the song goes on, and to be sitting, in the same rude kind of craft as above described, in company with some

two or three light-hearted student lads, to realize what we enjoyed during our excursion on the Jena river.

THE LORELEY.

Andante.
1 know not what Fate is fore - bo - ding, What means this sor - row-
p
pain; . . . . An old fai-ry tale keeps float - - ing Through
the chambers of my brain; . . . The eve is cool, and it's

II.

On the hill-top in the glimmer
There sits a virgin fair;
Her gold and jewels shimmer
As she combs her golden hair.
She combs it with a comb all golden,
And sings the while a rhyme,
That sounds like a spell in the olden
Fairy enchantment-time.

III.

The fisher, by moonlight fishing,
He hears it with wildest love:
He hears not the whirlpool hissing,
Sees nought but the nymph above.
Her net the syren's spreading
For fisher, as he for fish,
Singing her song till she's led him
To the Loreley's deep abyss.

Another pastime of the Saxon students is angling. But if their idea of boating is bad, their notion of fishing is even worse; for never were such anglers seen except among the children bobbing for stickle-backs at the Hampstead Ponds.

We happen to have lived on the banks of the Wye, and to have noted over and over again the wonderful dexterity with which the drunken old blacksmith, belonging to the village where we dwelt, would fling his fly into the middle of the stream, right over the nose of the salmon whose lurking-place he had discovered days before. We have stood by his side while he played with the struggling creature of a quarter of a hundredweight, holding it merely by a hair. But when we saw the young men of Jena, fitted with no better tackle than a switch cut from a willow, and with a bit of string and a hook as rude as a bent pin at the end of it, dangling for dace in the Saale, we could not help wondering why sport should be such a science with us, and such crude foolery among even the educated lads of another country.

Indeed, during our time in Jena a pike was discovered in the stream, and then the whole of the "most experienced" anglers came out in an instant to catch the monster of two and a half pounds' weight. But though no less than a dozen German fishermen stood upon the bank, each alike intent upon catching what they swore was a young whale, and though frying-pans, washing-scoops, and shovels, were brought down to the water-side as a means of landing the juvenile leviathan, the united dozen of the best fisher-

men of the university-town let the fish slip, even after they *had* hooked him.*

Such is German sport. They are English babies, and nothing else, in their knowledge of such arts. Fine philologues they may be—acute critics, too, concerning everything that belongs to scholarship; but upon such matters as depend upon muscular training, or, indeed, upon that polite and honourable education which constitutes the chief dignity of our own country, they are either children or boors compared with the sportsmen and gentlemen of England.

Nevertheless, such sports, during our stay in the Saxon university-town afforded us even greater amusement than they did the Jena boys themselves; for we sat on a platform up a tree, designed after the fashion of "Robinson" at Sceaux, near Paris, and as we watched the light-hearted lads wait by the hour for a nibble, we speculated as to the diversities of races, wondering whether an English fishing-rod would not be looked upon by the string-and-pin fisher-boys of Jena as wonderful a present as the Sultan of Ukuri (in the heart of Africa) regarded the

* It is a positive fact, which will appear merely as a crude joke to Englishmen, that at the time of the attempt to take this monster of the deep at Jena, one of the citizens, who was regarded as an authority on such matters, assured the others that the best way to land the fish was to do as he had done when he hooked the two-pound prodigy which he had got preserved in a glass-case at home; and that was, to clap the end of the rod over the shoulder immediately they felt the bite, and then proceed to walk away with it, as though they were towing a barge—which, said the German Izaak Walton, was well known to be the best mode of dragging heavy weights through the water.

rifle and case of ammunition from Captain Grant, in a land where bows and arrows only were known.

These piscatory sports took place on the borders of a pleasure-ground styled the "English garden." This belonged to a wholesale butcher, who, from his admiration of everything in connection with our country, was known by the name of the "double Englishman" (*doppelt Englischer*). The English garden, however, though it was a wonderful effort of taste and industry to the Germans, was hardly so good or so tidily kept as the land allotments of our own cottagers; and as we had seen the so-called wonderful results of German floricultural skill—the "*Karthäuser Garten*" and the "*Pflugens-berg*," in the neighbourhood of Eisenach (the former belonging to the Grand Duke, and the latter being the property of the richest manufacturer of the city, and considered such a marvel in the place that tickets were munificently issued every Thursday, so as to allow the tourists to gratify their eyes with the sight), we were accordingly quite prepared for the floral wilderness of the Jena suburbs. We had happened to have passed a week of our life at Chatsworth, when the "*Punch* men" were invited to inspect the beauties of the Duke of Devonshire's gigantic conservatories, stocked with the magnificent collection of the flora of the entire world; and we chanced, moreover, to have a brother whose few acres in the neighbourhood of Kew were a positive park, and an Arabian rosary, in comparison with the paltry, weedy show-gardens of the Thuringian capital; so of course our raptures at the sight of the so-called

"English garden" at Jena did not extend to the superlative degree, and the only thoughts it excited in our mind were as to the utter ignorance of the German nation concerning our own country, when such a rude bit of nursery handiwork could be considered so marvellous that there was no other epithet than "English" to be applied to it.

Still, the Doppelt Englischer—butcher though he was (and we will candidly state that we have no special love for butchers in general) was frank and genial enough to warrant the name, far more than his own flower-beds. His love of the student-boys gave us a higher respect for him as a good fellow, than his dahlias and roses did as a gardener; for it was his custom every semester to give the Arminians a grand feast at his garden-house, and the garden itself, with its pleasant though untidy walks by the river-side, were open to them and their friends at all times.

Indeed, when we felt it due from us, after the kindly reception we had met with from the Arminian club of Jena, to give the boys a *Tonne* (barrel) of "Lager-bier," the "double Englishman" very generously placed his garden at our service, and it will be long before we forget the pleasant hours passed on that occasion.

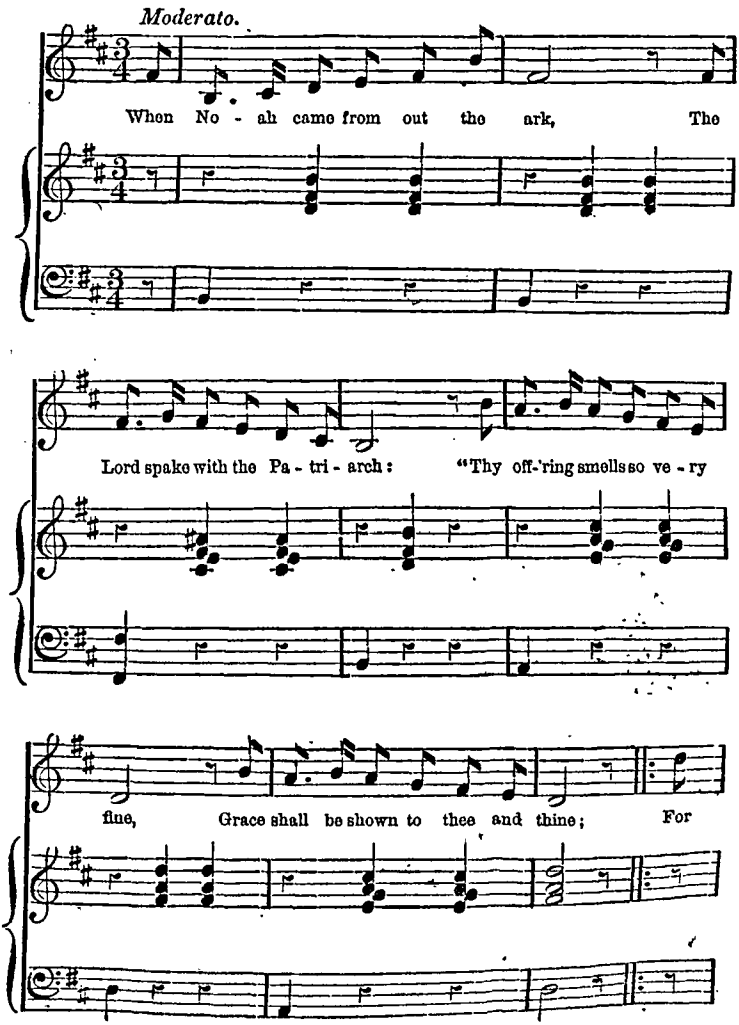
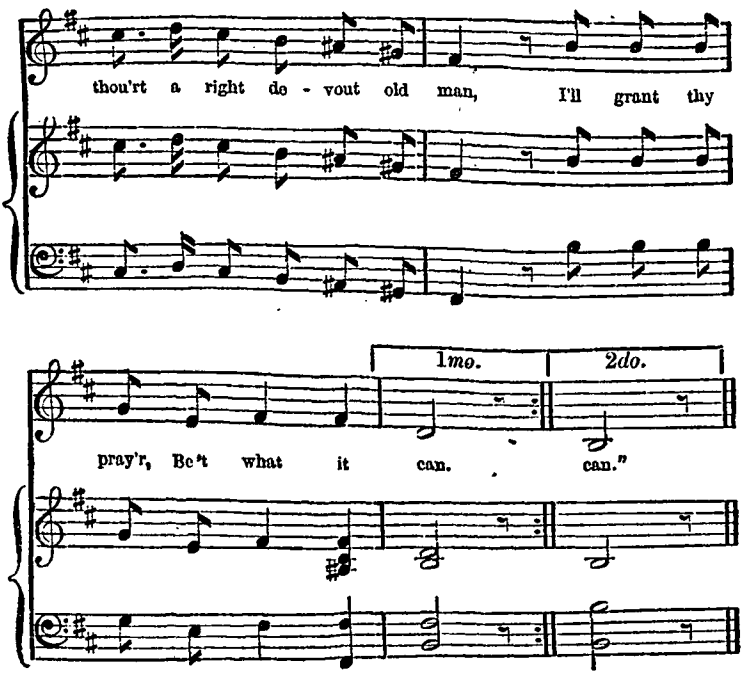
To this feast the "double Englishman" came and sang with his guitar, while the Arminian boys danced behind him a mimic ballet, as the floral and musical good-hearted butcher stood on the steps of his garden-house, affecting all the gestures of a Tyrol minstrel. In fine, the "double Englishman" was somewhat

better in the liveliness of his humour and the generosity of his hospitality, than many a "simple German" or *Einfacher Deutscher.*

The songs sung upon the occasion of the feast at the "English Garden-house" were barely of the regular student character, such strictly "*Studentenlieder*" being generally reserved for the drinking-bouts of the University boys themselves. On the occasion of such festivities as the above, the ditties are usually of a more varied kind—a mixture, indeed, of the sentimental, the comic, and the anacreontic; and as we have before given a specimen of the first class of airs, in the account of our boating excursion on the Saale, we shall here subjoin samples only of the drinking and funny songs of the country—merely observing that such ditties, though occasionally indulged in by the students themselves, do not belong to them *alone*, but are known and popular throughout Germany.

The first is as fine a drinking-song as can be met with in the literature of any land, while the air, wedded to the words, is at once simple and expressive. Here is a free translation of what is called the "*Historie von Noah*" (History of Noah), and the reader must imagine this to have been sung by the light of a burning beech-pan, dangling between the branches of the over-spreading trees, and with a barrel of beer located in an arbour hard by, the "Foxes" having to serve the same to the thirty-odd students, who were seated at a long table in front of the garden-house; while, as one sings each verse alone to

the accompaniment of the before-mentioned guitar, the others chime in at the repetition of the last line, and wake the stillness of the night with their lusty chorus.

OLD NOAH.

Moderato.
When No - ah came from out the ark, The
Lord spake with the Pa - tri - arch: "Thy off-'ring smells so ve - ry
fine, Grace shall be shown to thee and thine; For

II.

Said Noah: "Great Lord, whom all adore,
The water suits my taste no more,
Since in the flood of late was drown'd
Each sinful thing upon the ground.
So a poor old man, like me, I think,
Requires some better kind of drink."

III.

Then stretchèd forth the Hand divine,
And pluck'd for Noah a sweet grape-vine
From out the garden of Paradise;
And gave it him with good advice,
Saying, "Thou'lt tend it so and so."
What joy was Noah's none can know.

IV.

Straight from without and from within
He summon'd all his kith and kin,
And planted vineyards on every side:
(Old Noah was awake and wide!)
He press'd the wine, did cellars build,
Till many a butt and pipe were fill'd.

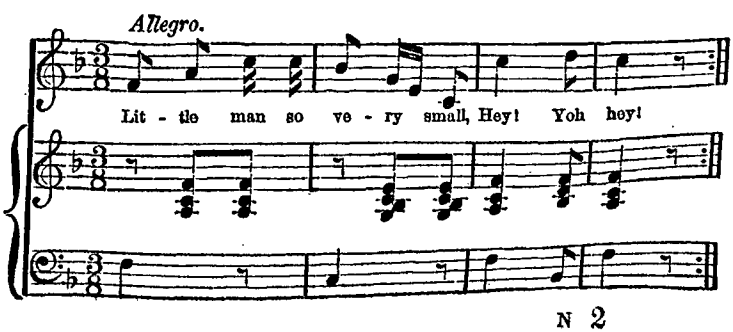
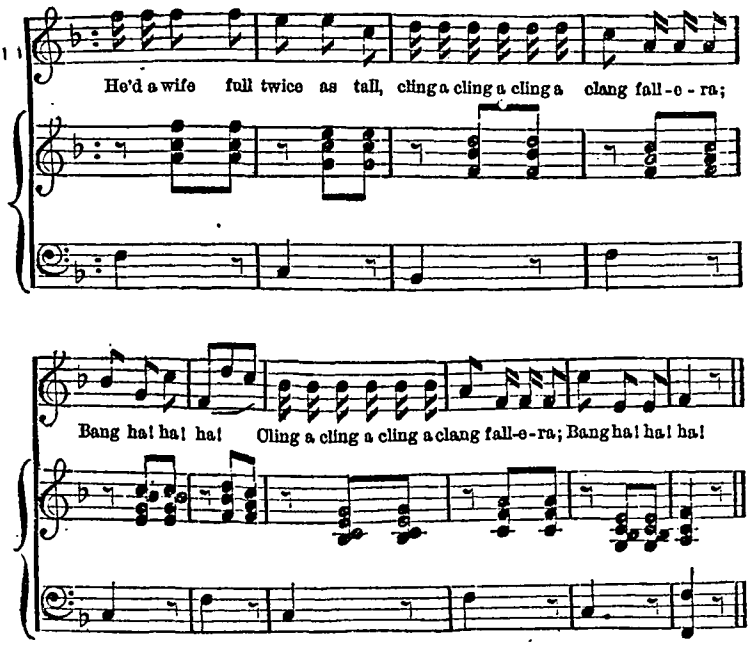
V.

Then Noah, like a pious soul,
In Heaven's praise quaff'd many a bowl,
To God drank out cask after cask
(It was no very irksome task);
And kept on tippling the best of cheer,
For full three hundred and fifty year.

VI.

From this ye'll learn, if learn ye can,
No end of wine is good for man,
And that the Christian true and loy'l
Good wine with water will never spoil,
Since Heaven sent it to drown at least
Each naughty man and nasty beast.

The comic song subjoined we first heard while resident on the Rhine, and it is not a whit less well-known in Thuringia than it was in the Rhenish capital. It is essentially a "*Volks-lied,*" and is descriptive of such scenes as occasionally occur in the lives of the common-people, especially when so incongruously assorted as described in the ditty. The chorus, moreover, of the simple air is sufficiently joyous to make the "*Lied*" particularly "taking" with the folk themselves.

THE LITTLE MAN AND THE BIG WIFE.

He'd a wife full twice as tall, cling a cling a cling a clang fall-e-ra;
Bang ha! ha! ha! Cling a cling a cling a clang fall-e-ra; Bang ha! ha! ha!

Big wife to a dance would go,
Hey! Yoh hey!
Little man would dance also,
Cling-a cling-a, cling-a clang, &c.

"Little man at home you'll sup,"
Hey! Yoh hey!
"And you'll wash the dishes up,"
Cling-a cling-a, cling-a clang, &c.

Big wife from the dance retreats,
Hey! Yoh hey!
Little man's between the sheets,
Cling-a cling-a, cling-a clang, &c.

Big wife thunders at the door,
Hey! Yoh hey!
Little man does nought but snore,
Cling-a cling-a, cling-a clang, &c.

Creeps the big wife at the back in,
Hey! Yoh hey!
Little man gets such a thwacking,
Cling-a cling-a, cling-a clang, &c.

Big wife grasps him by the head,
Hey! Yoh hey!
Drags little man out of bed!
Cling-a cling-a, cling-a clang, &c.

Little man the dust-hole skips-in,
Hey! Yoh hey!
Big wife with the besom whips him,
Cling-a cling-a, cling-a clang, &c.

Little man runs out o' the house,
Hey! Yoh hey!
Frighten'd of his whopping spouse,
Cling-a cling-a, cling-a clang, &c.

"Neighbour, 'prithee let me quick in,'
Hey! Yoh hey!
Big wife's giv'n me such a licking."
Cling-a cling-a, cling-a clang, &c.

"Little man, she's much to blame,
Hey! Yoh hey!
Mine, last night, did just the same!"
Cling-a cling-a, cling-a clang, fallera!
Bang ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Cling-a cling-a cling-a clang, fallera;
Bang ha! ha! ha!

Another of the amusements of the Jena boys is driving (riding we never heard of), and the driving is carried on in machines that are as utterly barbarous and comic to English ideas, as are the vessels used for locomotion on the river Saale. These vehicles are called "*Spritzen*." Some Germans tell you that the reason of their being so denominated is owing to their resemblance to the Deutsch fire-engines—instruments that are not unlike foot-baths upon wheels, with a squirt attached, and which would be as efficacious as English garden-pumps on the occurrence of a conflagration—especially in a land where there is no water in the streets but that of the open sewers, and the houses are all composed of wood and mud.

Other Germans, however, have told us that the word "*Spritze*" is taken from the German "*spritzen*" (to spout or to squirt), and that it means merely a conveyance which is hired for a *freak* or *burst-out* on the part of the students. Be that as it may, however, it is certain that the German "*Spritze*" is as unlike an English gentleman's carriage as a fire-engine is unlike a mail-phaeton in our land.

But without other words from us, it is much better to present the reader with a copy of a photograph of such a conveyance that we obtained from Herr Schenk, the principal photographer to the students of Jena. Still, it should be added, in all justice, that the English artist has, in accordance with our instructions (for German photographers do not yet understand the art of taking "instantaneous pictures"), put the machine in such rapid motion as it is capable of, and depicted the student-driver in the art of keeping the reins from falling under the horse's tail—an occupation in which he is continually engaged. Nor must our countrymen imagine that, in a work which professes to give English people a truthful insight of German life and manners (and which we believe does so, for the first time, from an English gentleman's point of view), that the writer would consent to caricature upon such subjects; and therefore, strange as the following illustration may appear, our countrymen must be credulous enough to receive it as a fac-simile of the most fashionable mode of student conveyance in the Saxon university-town.

THE FASHIONABLE "TURN-OUT" AT JENA
(As driven by the Students of the University).

There is an Irish term, "shandredan," which is applied to any tumble-down old jaunting-car,* and the only vehicle to which a German "*Spritze*" can in any way be compared is such an Irish form

* The above word may be compounded of the Irish *sean* (Latin, *senex*, Welsh, *hen*), old, and the Irish *ratha*, a running (Latin, *rheda*, a chariot), from the verb *reatham*, to run (Saxon, *ridan*, to ride); so that it would signify any *old* vehicle. We are inclined to believe, however, that the first syllable of the word is the same as the English word *jaunt*, differently spelt; and in such case the word *shandredan* would signify merely a *jaunting*-chariot or car. The cognates of the term jaunt it is difficult to discover. The French have *jante*, the felloe of a wheel; but this seems to have little or no connection with the English term in the sense of an excursion or ramble. Our word *jaunty*, on the other hand, which signifies brisk, airy, or gay, is merely a corruption of the French *gentil;* consequently, we are led to believe that the primary radical in the compound term "jaunting-car" is but another mode of writing the Saxon or Teutonic *gang*, which means, literally, a going, passage, or journey. We know of no Irish cognate having the sense of *jaunt*.

of conveyance. For though two of the jaunters in it sit with their faces to the horse, the others ride sideways in the true "Imerald Isle" fashion. Moreover, the whole "turn-out" is of a thoroughly Hibernian character, even down to the dirt upon the wheels, and the poverty-stricken look of the fittings, and the nag. The peculiarity of the Saxon car, however, is that the pole to which the animal is attached is meant for a *pair* of ponies; whereas in Jena the invariable rule is to harness *only one* huge cart-horse to it, so that the "hack" has the *singular* appearance, and the whole "set-out" the lop-sided look, shown in the above engraving. Further, owing to the extreme lowness of the car, and the lankiness of the horse, the pole to which the animal is fastened rakes upwards, as though it were the bowsprit to a fishing-smack rather than the forepart of any ordinary land conveyance. Hence the driver has to hold the reins continually above his head, lest, in the switching of the animal's tail, they should become fastened under it as tight as the crupper itself—a casualty, however, which is continually happening, despite the Jena "*Jehu's*" best endeavours to prevent it.*

With a few more words as to the character of the steed our description of the style of Jena coaching is concluded.

Now, when we inform the reader that, but a few months ago, one of the Jena boys, while driving a party home late at night, guided the horse in the dark over the edge of the rocks, so that the animal was

* The cost of hiring such conveyances is 6*s*. the day.

killed on the spot, while the students themselves had a narrow escape of their lives, and that, on compensation being demanded by the proprietor for the loss of his Rosinante, the boys were adjudged to pay *thirty shillings as the full value of the steed in question!*—no Englishman will need any further description to give him a sense of the utter knackers' jades which the Jena students delight to hire for a day's grand "spurt-out." *

We were invited by the students to accept a seat in one of these jaunting-cars during our stay in the town, and we can conscientiously say we never sat behind such an animated bag of bones, nor took an airing in such a mere costermonger's truck of a vehicle in all our life before. The poor creature's ribs were as strongly marked as the hoops round a butter-firkin, while the hip bones seemed to be ready to burst through the tight hide, as though they were the broken joints of some old umbrella on the point of starting through its distended brown-cotton covering. The animal had, moreover, the spavin, the stringhalt, the frush, and every wretched disease which (horse) flesh is heir to. Then the poor beast was subject to the staggers, and wanted occasionally

* On the Rhine, you hear from those who are likely to be well informed on such matters, that the fathers of the Prussian cavalry officers *occasionally* pay the extravagant price of twelve dollars (thirty-six shillings!) for a charger for their sons; and we ourselves, on our way home to England, were present at a horse sale at Coblenz, where the old army steeds were disposed of, and never *out of* Germany could such a collection of animated cats'-meat have been seen. Two pounds was a high price for the most robust, hale, and lively of the national stud to fetch!!

to go round and round, as if he was seized with some sudden reminiscence of the mill in which he had spent his early life; and, besides, he was as inveterate a "jibber" as if he had been taught the Varsovienne at some equestrian circus. Further, he had been down on his knees far oftener than a Methodist parson, till the joints of his forelegs seemed to be coated with brown paper, and to have the same handsome curve forwards as the legs of an old-fashioned Pembroke table. Again, though we were duly apprized that the wretched animal was "*slightly* touched" in his wind, we were hardly prepared to hear the horse roar almost as lustily as a bull; for the asthmatic and wheezy old hack went along as sonorously as though he had got an accordian in his inside, and with his head bobbing up and down like one of the birds on a Dutch clock picking up imaginary crumbs at the stroke of every hour. Poor beast! the amount of thrashing he took was wonderful, for the whip was obliged to go as quick as a flail to beat anything out of the chaff to which he had been accustomed. You could hear the blows sound against his sides, as though his body had been an empty cask; and, though the student driver was ingeniously cruel in the various places he selected for the stimulus of the lash, it was utterly impossible to frisk him into more than what was literally a "hop, skip, and a jump" with each blow.

"Wait awhile until he gets warm," said one of the boys to us, "and then you will see how he will spin along, when the stiffness is out of his joints."

"Stiffness!" thought we, for there was hardly one of the poor beast's limbs that was not as lissom as a spider's, and that did not appear as flexible at the joints as those of the "Caoutchouc Man" himself.

"We know him," the boys informed us, "for we have had him out many a time, and if we can only manage to get him on somehow to the first *Gasthaus*, we'll show you how, directly he has had a little bread and *Schnapps*, the old thing will run like a French pig."

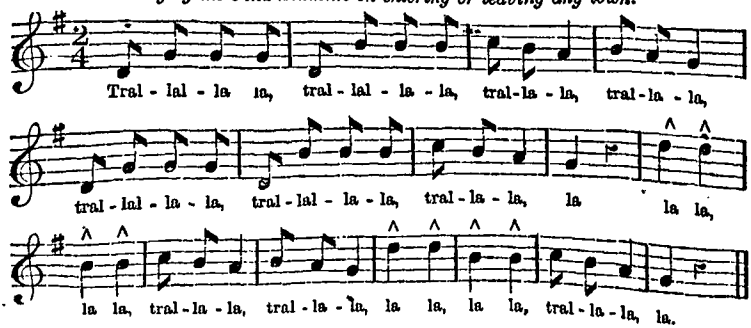
The "first *Gasthaus*," however, was a good hour's walk from the town, so that it required no end of patience, and not a little inhumanity, to sit in the *Spritze* all that time, while the horse came to a dead halt every five minutes, and had to be coaxed or beaten past some particular object of aversion on the way, as though he were some sheep which a butcher was trying to drive into the door of a slaughter-house. However, by dint of whipping, leading, and patting, the old lump of approximate dogs'-meat was at length made to reach the long-looked-for goal, which proved to be a farmhouse inn on the road to the village of Dornburg; and there, after having been treated to slices of black bread soaked in a good half-pint of "corn-brandy-wine," the animal began to prick his ears as sharp as a Pomeranian dog; while no sooner was our student friend once more on the box than away the creature went at full gallop, with his tail flying in the air, as elegantly as if he had been some cow in a field frightened by a passing locomotive.

What occurred at the village of Dornburg it would

be,idle to detail, since few would hardly care to know that the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar has another trumpery palace there, perched on the very edge of a steep cliff, and which, though exquisitely situate, is a mere "dog-hole" inside, with not one carpeted room for his Serenissimus to set foot in, and furnished with such an array of old tables, chairs, and bedsteads as the most liberal dealer in our Brokers' Alley would never be rash enough to risk twenty-five shillings in the purchase of.

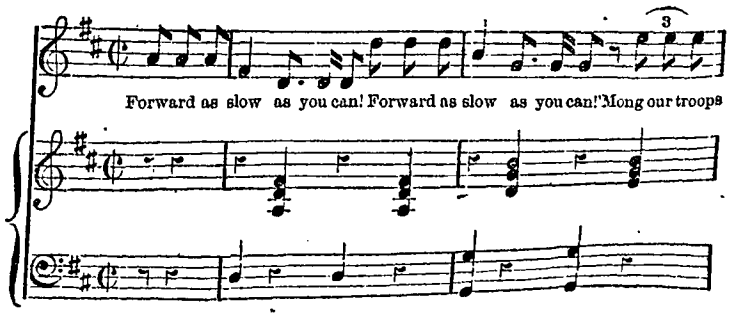
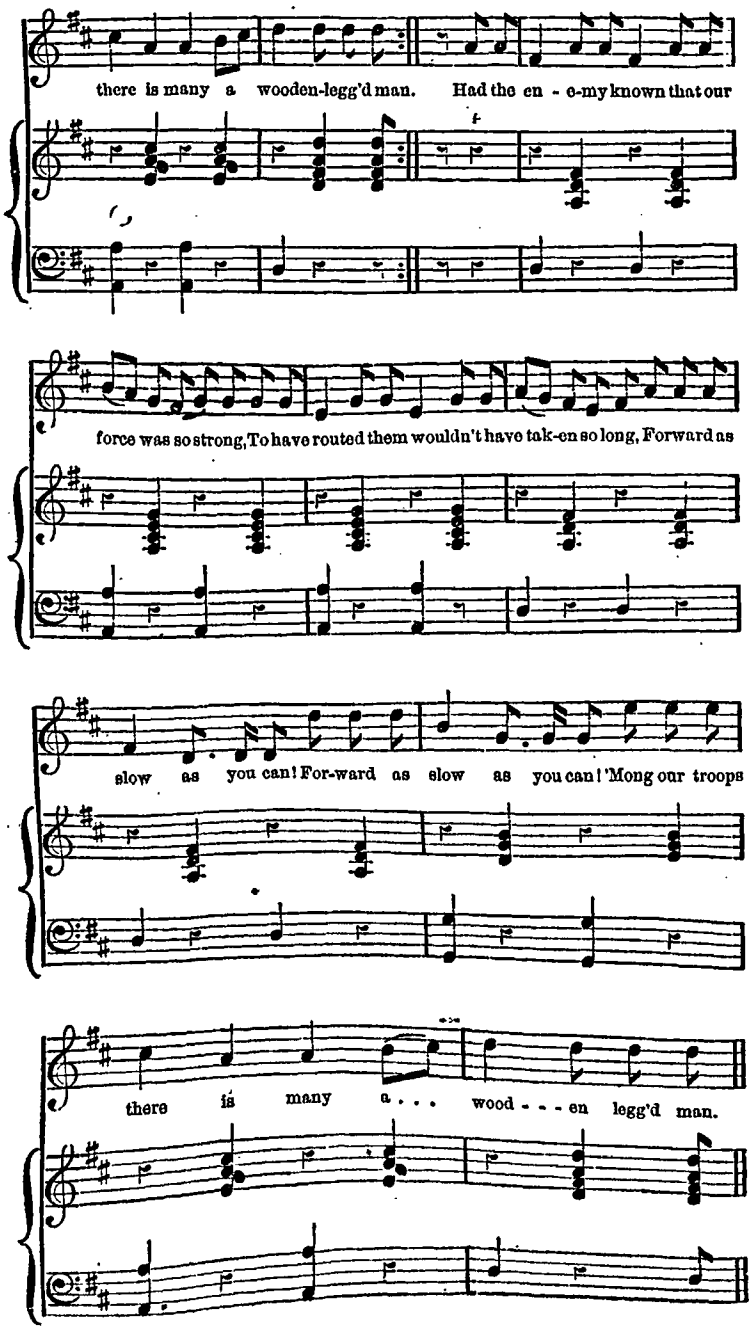
How we got back to Jena in the dark is of no moment either; suffice it, the old horse had enough of the donkey in him to know that he was on his way home, and to oblige us, therefore, with a donkey's gallop all along the road; while the boys themselves sang, as they approached each homestead, or passed a fresh village, the song which the students invariably sing together when driving out of or into any town, and of which we print the air below—for there are no words to the melody, further than the "Trallallala" given under the notes.

RIDING MELODY.

Sung by the Jena Students on entering or leaving any town.

Tral - lal - la la, tral - lal - la - la, tral-la - la, tral-la - la,
tral - lal - la - la, tral - lal - la - la, tral - la - la, la la la,
la la, tral - la - la, tral - la - la, la la, la la, tral - la - la, la.

The students, however, not only delight in songs while riding, but they have special ditties while walking also. The latter songs are mostly indulged in when they are returning in a body on foot from the neighbouring villages of Cospeda, Siegenhain, or Lichtenhain, where they hold their "*Ex-kneipe,*" or additional drinking-bout on the Sundays. These walking or marching songs have generally the time so marked as to admit of measured paces being taken by the company in consonance with the beating of the music, and by such means the fatigue of the journey home is whiled away pleasantly enough. We ourselves came down late one night from the neighbouring height of Cospeda (immediately overlooking the plains in which the celebrated battle of Jena was fought) with a party of students, everyone joyous enough with the Lichtenhainer they had quaffed at the tavern, and all singing in fine unison as they went the following song, which purports to be a satirical description of the military prowess of some of the reserve-corps of the miscellaneous and mongrel German army.

FORWARD, AS SLOW AS YOU CAN!



there is many a wooden-legg'd man. Had the en - e-my known that our
force was so strong, To have routed them wouldn't have tak-en so long, Forward as
slow as you can! For-ward as slow as you can! 'Mong our troops
there is many a . . . wood - - - en legg'd man.

Straight we're marching to Paris, and there it is said
That smoking, my lads, isn't prohibited!
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

As brave is our Captain as here and there one,
Though 'tis sad he turns sick at the sight of a gun!
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

But, then, our Lieutenant is regular Dutch;
He *has* got some courage—though *that* isn't much!
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

Full fifty miles forward to-day have we strode,
And left but ten thousand men dead on the road!
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

This marching will go on till midnight, perhaps;
Of the land, our Lieutenant can't make out the maps;
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

What's become of our flag-bearer nobody knows,
Who's to tell, without banner, which way the wind blows?
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

On the bridge stands the Ensign, but if it should crack,
You'll witness how rapidly *he* will run back!
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

In our flag, at the least, there's three yards of good stuff;
Still, our Ensign can run with it quickly enough!
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

Oh drummer, don't drum so, you'll beat your head in,
Your *own* sense should tell you how tender's sheep's-skin!
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

But our Colonel's a man that doesn't know fear;
If he's not at the head, he is sure at the rear!
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

If too heavy's your load, and the weight you'd reduce,
Throw your guns first away—they are *not* the least use!
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

In the fort it was really as fine as a show,
Through the nice narrow portholes to look at the foe!
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

Should the enemy chance to establish a breach,
In a minute for "Help!" one could lustily screech!
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

How in France we shall manage bewilders my sense,
Since *they* speak no German, and *we* speak no French!
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

Now, of schnapps, let us have, my brave comrades, a feast:
That will put in us *some* little spirit at least,
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

When we march into Spain, as our gen'rals desire,
There the schnapps will soon prove if we boys can stand *fire*
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

But I fancy there won't be a war, after all;
This storm's but a puddle attempting a squall!
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

And that is the reason no sabres we bear:
They a'n't *safe* for such hot-headed people to wear!
Forward, as slow as you can! &c.

The above song, again, is not peculiar to the students of the German universities, but is sung by most of the boys of the public and other schools when out for a holiday. Only the other day, we met the Real-Gymnasium scholars of Eisenach, in their light-blue cloth caps, trudging along the Fischbach road in a body, all singing the above ditty at the top of their voices, as they marched back to their homes in the town.

We now come to deal more particularly with what may be termed the songs-proper of student life; and such songs, be it understood, are not restricted to the Jena boys, but belong as well to the scholars of the several universities throughout Germany.

These songs are generally—as before explained under the head of the "Beer Usages of Jena"—given on the evenings of the "drinking-bouts;" others, however, are for special occasions. But, before dealing

with those sung on the *Kneip* evenings of every week, we shall cite one of the *special* ditties sung by students on other occasions, as it is illustrative of an interesting ceremony which occurred during our stay in Jena.

It is entitled "The Song of a Departing Boy" (*Lied eines abziehenden Burschen*), and is indulged in chiefly when a "moss-covered head," or old student who has taken his degree, is about to leave the University for ever.

The departure at such a time is no simple leave-taking, but consists of a long and imposing ceremony. As soon as the mid-day dinner is finished, an open carriage-and-four appears in the Johannis street in which the tavern where the Armins hold their meetings is situate. On such an occasion every member of the club is expected to be present; and when all is ready for starting, the carriage draws up to the tavern-door.

But the departing student, instead of entering the vehicle, is conducted by the entire members of the club, all walking in procession through the streets of the town, to the first inn in the suburbs, while the open and empty carriage-and-four follows in the wake. At the head of the train walks the departing student himself, between two of the oldest members of the club; and after them march the other "boys" two-and-two, and all arm-in-arm; while behind these come the "Foxes" in the same order, with the empty carriage-and-four, as we have said, bringing up the rear, and with the driver in full postilion-costume, with his feather

in his hat, and his bright bugle dangling at his side.

No sooner has the procession begun to move, slowly and mournfully, along the streets, than the brother-members of the student-club commence singing, as they go, the plaintive melody hereafter given. The German words of the song we have rendered as literally as possible, but in some cases it was found difficult to discover an equivalent expression in English for the original German phrase. For example, the first line of this *Studenten-lied* is as follows:—

Bemooſter Burſche zieh ich aus,

the literal meaning of which is "a moss-covered Boy I go away;" but as English readers would find no sense in such an idiom, we have applied the epithet "reverend" instead; for it is the idea of the moss clinging to an ancient ruin or to some old forest-tree that has given rise to the original figure. With such exceptions, however, the German words are rendered as literally as can be, so that the verses may convey to a foreigner not only an idea of the Jena customs but of the affections of these same Jena boys also.*

* In the following song, it will be seen that the word "Philisters" occurs in the second line. This is the German for Philistines, and the reason of such a term being applied by the students to the citizens of every University town is thus explained in the Jena guide-book:—

"Of the old towers and gates (which anciently formed the entrances to Jena) the square one to the west still remains; and this is remarkable, not only for its prison (called the 'cheese-basket'), for improper women, but also for the four images of

The singing of the song on the occasion above referred to was nothing less than exquisite, while the pathetic refrain of the words "Adieu! Adieu!" sounded almost as solemnly as the repeated tolling of a death-bell in the ear; and the simple and touching burden at the end of every verse, "*Scheiden und Meiden thut weh!*" (Anglicé, "Parting rends the heart in two,") sounded like the dirge for some departed soul, rather than the lament for a departing friend.

Indeed, we never listened to music or theme that so stirred our nature; and we can well understand the truth of what we were told at the time, that many an "old Boy," when it comes to his turn to hear his young friends chant the selfsame song to him for the first and only time in his life, listens to it with the tears in his eyes; as if it were

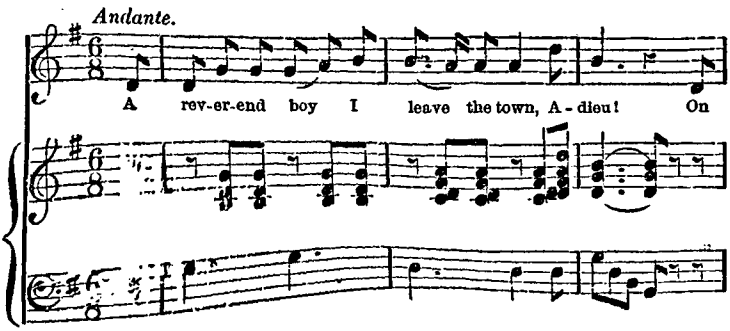
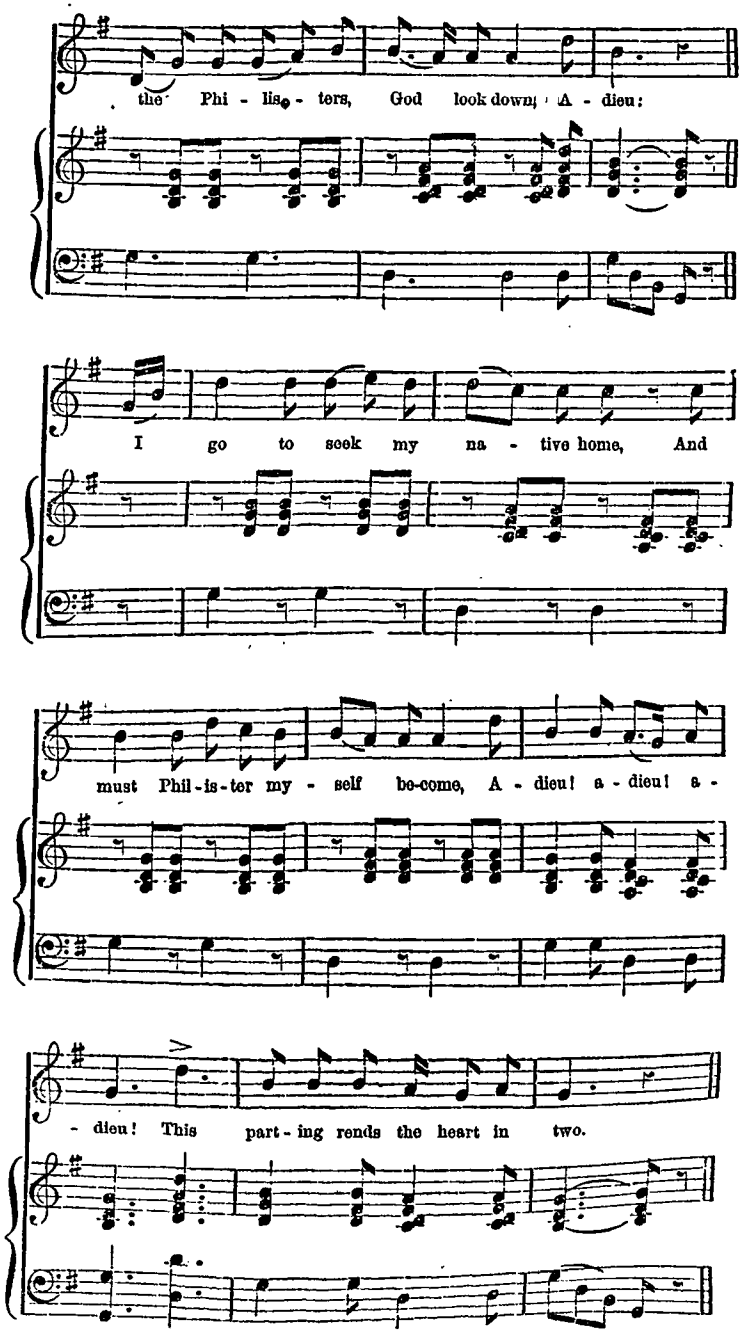
monkeys' heads cut in stone at the several corners of the tower itself. At a quarrel between the Jena students and the inhabitants in the vicinity of the Johannis-gate, the university 'boys' called the gate-watchmen there — 'the monkey-watchmen.' The watchmen, angered at this, vowed vengeance, and, assembling one evening, they killed a young student who had taken no part in the disturbance. The ecclesiastical superintendent, Götze, preached a sermon at the funeral of the boy from the text—'The Philistines be upon thee, Samson' (Judges xvi. 20), and on the evening of the same day the words echoed in every street, '*Philister über Dir, Simson!*' From that hour the citizens of Jena were called 'Philisters' by the students, and the name being carried to other universities, it came at length to be applied by the college 'boys' throughout Germany to the whole of the bürgher-folk. According to some, this fight occurred in 1693 at the inn bearing the sign of 'The Yellow Angel.'"—*Jena and its Environs, by Dr. J. Günther*, p. 14.

some "dead march" hymned at the last obsequies of the brightest and happiest portion of his existence.

It is impossible for those who play and sing the song at the piano (without all the fitting circumstances of time and place, as well as of sundered ties and long-remembered friendships, or, indeed, without the sorrowful speculations as to whether the happy time passed among these young brother-students was ever to be renewed in after-life) to have any vivid sense of the fine emotions which such associations naturally engender in the mind when it is heard for the first time, as we heard it ourselves, forming part of the train of friends, and seeing each of the young fellows walk with his head bent as though he were marching to a grave!

Bearing these things in mind, however, we believe there will still be found sufficient distinctive beauty in the words and in the music to give them some little charm to English ears.

SONG OF A DEPARTING STUDENT.



the Phi - lis - ters, God look down! A - dieu:
I go to seek my na - tive home, And
must Phil-is-ter my - self be-come, A - dieu! a - dieu! a -
- dieu! This part - ing rends the heart in two.

II.

Farewell, ye streets both straight and queer:
Adieu!
No longer shall I wander here:
Adieu!
No more with shouts I'll make ye ring,
No more ye'll echo when I sing.
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!
This parting rends the heart in two.

III.

Avaunt, ye inns! ye call in vain!
Adieu!
No drinking-bouts for me again.
Adieu!
In vain ye beckon with open door—
This thirsty soul ye'll warm no more.
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!
This parting rends the heart in two.

IV.

God bless thee now, Collegia!
Adieu!
Celebrissima Academia!
Adieu!
No more I'll doze within thy walls—
No more I'll enter thy mouldy halls.
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!
This parting rends the heart in two.

V.

From thee, O prison! I keep aloof:
Adieu!
No more I dread thy slanting roof:
Adieu!
Take, ere I go, my parting curse,
For shelter bad and attendance worse!
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!
This parting rends the heart in two.

VI.

Still flourish! and let thy blows resound!
Adieu!
Long life to thee, old duel-ground!
Adieu!
Brave house, where honour's dearly bought!
May many a fight there still be fought!
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!
This parting rends the heart in two.

VII.

Now comes my sweetheart's blest abode;
Adieu!
Look out, dear maid, ere I take the road!
Adieu!
Show me once more, thy cheeks so fair,
Thy sparkling eyes, black curly hair!
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!
This parting rends the heart in two.

VIII.

Still farther, farther, I wend my way:
Adieu!
Open, old gates! I cannot stay:
Adieu!
Light is my heart, my step is free;
Town of the Muses, farewell to thee!
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!
This parting rends the heart in two.

IX.

O brothers! crowd not round me so!
Adieu!
Ye make my light heart heavy grow:
Adieu!
Away, ye steeds! with joyful song
We'll wake the woods as we ride along!
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!
This parting rends the heart in two.

X.

Nor yet the village inn we'll pass—
Adieu!
But drink together one more glass:
Adieu!
And then my friends (what tear is this?)
The parting word, the parting kiss:
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!
Such parting rends the heart in two.

Another of these departing songs, which is sung to the same air, is given on the next page. The words are simple enough to lend them a certain grace, and on this account they are here appended.

ANOTHER FAREWELL SONG

(*Sung, to the same tune as the preceding, on the departure of a Student from College*).

THREE riders ride forth from the city gate:
Adieu!
Three maids at the windows they watch and wait:
Adieu!
"If God then so wills it that thou must be gone,
Take this ring as a keepsake, and God's will be done!"
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!
At parting the heart's rent in two.

To part it is well-nigh the same as to die:
Adieu!
For Death he but parts the best friends for aye:
Adieu!
Lads from lasses he severs, and husbands from wives;
This parting's the bitterest time of our lives.
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!
At parting the heart's rent in two.

Singing such songs, and marching in the same order, and each with the head bent in the same manner, and the same empty carriage-and-four sauntering along in the wake, the procession at last reaches the tavern called the "*Oel-mühle*" (Oil-mill), which is the first on the road to Apolda (the nearest railway station to Jena), where the host, as is common in Germany, carries on a double trade, *e.g.* of expressing oil from seeds, and groschens from the students' pockets for the small-beer which he supplies to them.

This tavern and oil-mill is a good quarter of an hour's walk from the university-town; and here it is the custom for the carriage and the students to halt, so that the latter may drink their parting glass with the "*abziehende Bursche*," while the postilion is removing from the vehicle the two extra horses which

are used merely as a means of giving *greater show* to the ceremony in the town itself.

During this, the students retire in a body to the arbours ranged round the garden: and when they are all seated at the tables, and a full can of white beer has been placed before each of them, the president of the society—or guardian of the drinking-bouts, as he is also called (*Kneip-wart*)—rises, and having cried "*Silentium!*" makes a brief speech, in which he reminds the members of the club that their dear brother is about to leave them. He recalls the happy days they have passed in his company—hopes that such happiness may be renewed hereafter—and concludes by wishing the departing Boy every prosperity in the career upon which he is about to enter.

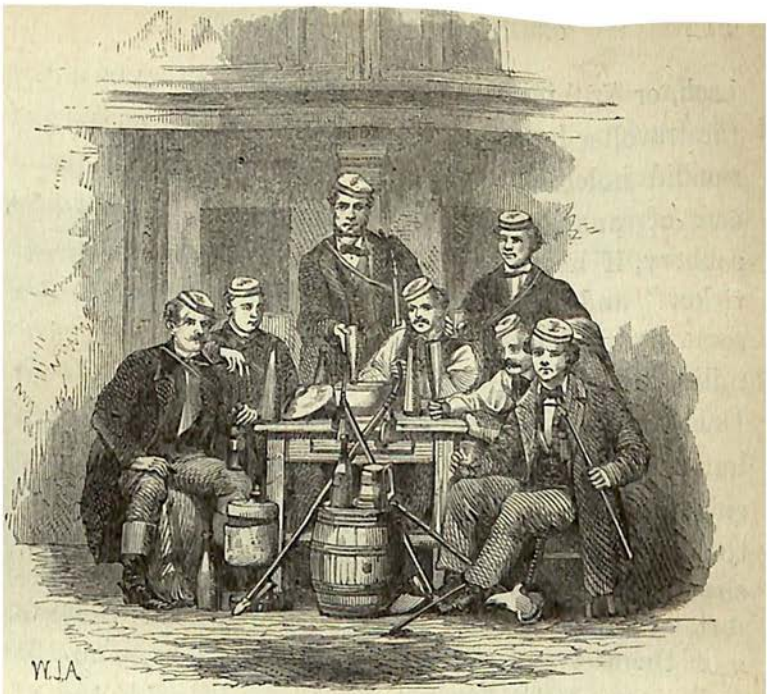
The five minutes' speech being ended, he then calls upon the rest to drink to the departing brother with all the honours; whereupon he cries, "One is one! Two is two! Three is three!" and then the united assembly proceed to "rub a salamander" in honour of the departing "Boy," and accordingly they begin twisting their cans round and round for several times upon the table; and finally with a universal shout of "Live well!" (*Lebe wohl!*) they, one and all, empty the contents of the wooden vessels at a draught.

A few minutes' silence then occurs, after which the departing Boy himself rises to thank them all for their kind words and wishes. He tells them how happy he has ever been in the society of his brothers —he hopes that the warm friendship that has so long existed between them will be remembered through

life—that it will not be long before he is lucky enough to meet some of them in the different ways they may have to take through the world—and concludes by breathing the same prayer for their happiness, each and all, as they have respectively expressed for his. Whereupon another loud "Live well!" rends the air, and while this is going on, the departing Boy proceeds to quaff the contents of *his* can at one draught, as the others had done *theirs* before him.

The ceremony is now almost at an end. The post-carriage, shorn of the imposing grandeur of four horses, and reduced to the frugality of two, is by this time ready waiting outside the tavern-door to conduct the out-studied student to the railway station. His brother-members of the club accompany him to the steps of the vehicle; and there, as they cluster round him, each shakes him by the hand, and kisses him on the lips ere he takes his seat in the carriage. This done, two of his oldest friends seat themselves beside him—the door of the "*Wagen*" is then closed—another shout given—the postilion blows his bugle—and away the departing Boy is borne, far from those who still wave their hands after him, as they stand grouped about the tavern-door, wondering whether they are ever to meet in the world again.

So ends this pretty little affectionate ceremony. The other members of the club then return to the town, singing in a body as plaintively as before, and each saddened with the sense of there being the same mysterious void among their little fraternity as even the most heartless feels after a death in the house.



JENA "BOYS" CELEBRATING A "DOCTORSHIP"
(*From a Photograph by Herr Schenk, of Jena.*)

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE DRINKING-BOUTS OF THE JENA STUDENTS.

As yet we have said nothing of the town of Jena itself. But a few lines, however, will be sufficient for this purpose, after the picture we have already given the reader as to the wattle-and-dab character of the architecture, and tumble-down state of the buildings, as well as the rudely-paved condition and crooked alley-like appearance of the streets in the Thuringian capital. One city in Saxe-Weimar is the same collection of mud hovels as another; even as, go where you will, each Saxon village is so thoroughly the same cluster of wigwams, that it is impossible to trace the least difference between Möhra and Mos-

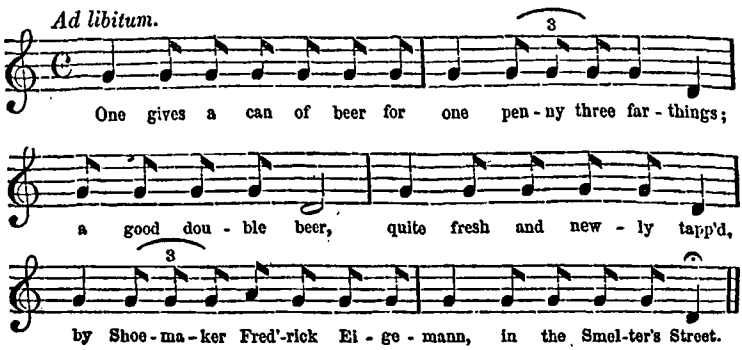
bach, or Lichtenhain and Seigenhain. So that when the traveller has set eyes upon one of the wretched, squalid holes of hamlets, he would save himself no end of annoyance and a considerable amount of robbery, if he were to avail himself of his "return-ticket" and no longer wander on merely to find the same state of social misery prevailing at every five miles' distance of his travels throughout the Grand Duchy. For, beautiful as the country may be, such human eye-sores are enough to detract from the enjoyment of the charms of nature, in a land where the Englishman is the only man who shrugs his shoulders in horror at the universal dirt and discomfort, and where none think it worth their while to vex themselves with the problem as to why the governors of the country should be so neglectful of the people, and the people themselves so utterly insensible of the degradation in which they and their fellows exist.

When the stranger has seen Eisenach, he has seen Weimar,* and Jena too; for the same civic

* At Weimar there is an exhibition of pictures, called the "PERMANENTE AUSTELLUNG," which is assuredly the most wretched display of artistic poverty it has ever been our misfortune to witness. This consists, without the least exaggeration, of six to eight mediocre daubs, and about as many prints, hanging against the walls of what is literally a loft over a goods' store! The greater part (*i. e.* three or four) of the half-dozen paintings here are by Niessen, a Saxon artist, whose fame is certainly not European; the remainder of the works being merely two public-house portraits, in a style of art similar to the productions usually seen in the bar-parlours of our own country. Indeed, the "Louvre" of Saxe-Weimar is even more comic than the "*Moniteur*" of the Thuringian capital!

abominations belong to the whole. The streets are left in the same wretched state—there is the same utter want of draining, paving, and water-service throughout the entire towns—the same defective housing—the same stupid, antiquated notions of liberty and justice, and the same despotic police-meddling in each and every of them. In one and all the same universal beer-drinking and card-playing prevail among the men for seven nights in the week; and the night-watch is sent round, as soon as his eyes are open in the day-time, to announce to the citizens at the corner of every street the same all-absorbing, everlasting piece of intelligence as is given in the following musical form :—

MORNING CHANT OF THE EISENACHER CRIER.


Ad libitum.
3
One gives a can of beer for one pen - ny three far - things;
a good dou - ble beer, quite fresh and new - ly tapp'd,
3
by Shoe - ma - ker Fred'-rick Ei - ge - mann, in the Smel-ter's Street.

Indeed, the only city in the neighbourhood which seemed to us but one degree removed from some African settlement, was that of Gotha, where, at least, the houses and the shops had somewhat more of the air of civilization, comfort, and enterprise about them. But why such a difference should exist between the capitals of principalities that are hardly

a day's walk apart, we leave it to others to say. Suffice it for our present purpose to add, that the whole of Saxe-Weimar is a disgrace to any government professing to be a shade more enlightened than that of Russia itself.

Still, Jena has certain student peculiarities about it, which are not to be found in the other Saxe-Weimarish towns. One would naturally imagine from its being a celebrated seat of learning, and boasting a "Senatus Academicus," consisting of twenty-eight ordinary professors, and no less than seventeen extraordinary ones,* besides a certain number of private tutors, that the town would be distinguished by some fine classic or scientific features —that it would be a mass of learned halls, libraries,

* The salary of the ordinary professors at Jena range from 80*l.* to 180*l.* a-year; while the "extraordinary" get but from 30*l.* to 90*l.* per annum. They, however, receive, in addition to the above incomes, certain sums as fees from the pupils attending their lectures—such sums varying from 6 thalers (18*s.*) the half-year's course, for theology or jurisprudence, up to 30 thalers (4*l.* 10*s.*) for the chemical course. Nevertheless, the incomes of the professors are generally so small that we were assured that the Pro-rector himself, who had barely 200*l.* a-year from the College, could not possibly maintain the position he was expected to hold without having recourse to his pen for extra supplies. Nor must it be supposed that the incomes of those receiving fees from the pupils for attendance at their lectures are greatly extended by such means. For such attendance is by no means compulsory; and at the lecture upon art-history to which we went for the sake of making ourselves thoroughly acquainted with the details of the university, the entire German audience consisted of three youths—ourself and son swelling the number, from all parts of the world, to five!

and museums, of philosophical instrument-makers, and Polytechnic Institutions.

Such, however, is far from being the case; for the largest number of the academic establishments are for the refreshment and amusement, rather than the enlightenment of the students, and consist of confectioners' shops, for the dispensation of ices, as well as all kinds of drinks, a long catalogue of which generally appears in the windows, including "May-wine, cardinal, bishop, sparkling pine-apple punch, grog, and liqueurs." Indeed, these pastry-cook shops swarm in Jena as thick as *cafés* in Paris; and outside many of them are little round green tables, where the thirsty or heated boys may invigorate themselves after their severe studies.

Another marked characteristic of the town is, the number of shops with small bills announcing that "Soda and Selters-water" can be had there: many more, too, have painted on their shutters a list of the salt-fish they sell, including every variety of herring, from the "pickled" to the "smoked," down to the "Marinriter"—as well as the more expensive luxury of dried salmon, for those whose jaded stomachs of the overnight require to be tickled with some specially-tasty relish in the morning.

Further, one of the most striking features of the place is the out-of-door refreshments, in which the students appear to delight, and which give to the town so singular an appearance, for Germany; so much so, indeed, that the stranger is apt to believe, as he walks the streets, that he has been carried by

mistake to some of the "*banlieux*" outside the gates of Paris; for he finds, in the summer-time, the students sitting at mid-day in the open thoroughfare, with their coats off, and playing cards at small tables, while they drink their coffee or eat their cherry-cake, in the same careless manner as if they were so many light-hearted French workmen.

The rest of the shops at Jena seem to be one and all given up to the supply of student-luxuries rather than to furnishing the materials of learning and science. Even the booksellers' stores have a greater show of lithographs outside their door, depicting the various phases of a student's life, than any ostentatious arrangement of the classics or philosophic text-books, wherewith to catch the passing customers; for here are to be seen large prints of every form of duel, from a "bloody one" (*Ein Blutiger*), in which one of the combatants lies stretched on the ground, while the other is busily wiping his sword—down to "Taken by surprise" (*Abgefasst*), where you see the beadles rushing in at the door of a small room and the duellists scrambling out of the windows, while a student, who is coolly smoking his pipe, attempts to parley with the officers, who have been sent to apprehend the offenders. Here, too, you behold how the more riotous of the students dance in their shirt-sleeves with the girls of the neighbourhood, at balls known vulgarly as *Schwof*.*

Another of such pictures bears the title of "Night

* Ang.-Sax., *Schwifan*, to turn round—to twirl, whence the English "swivel." The verb, however, is lost in the German.

Scandals," which in free English would signify night larks or night riots, and represents the students in the act of removing a sign-board from a candle maker's shop, while others are engaged in "bonneting" and taking the spears from the night watchmen, who have surprised their friends in the act; for such tricks go on in Jena continually, after the beer-houses are closed.

Cigar-shops, pipe-shops, walking-stick shops, there are also without number; so, too, are there peculiar shops kept by painters upon china, where you see at work behind the shop window the artist himself, who is ready to depict any device or escutcheon upon the porcelain pipe-bowls of the Jena boys—or, indeed, to emblazon for them any inscription they please upon the earthenware tablets that they delight to have let in to the tops of their glass *Bier-seidels*, or even into the sides of their cigar-cases.

Nor are the cutlers' and the saddlers' shops less remarkable for the student-character of the articles exposed in the windows; for in the former you find, instead of knives and forks, rows of handleless rapier-blades, as long and thin as flattened reeds, and which give you the notion of their being merely elongated lancets; while below lie the detached globular hand-shields for the same, that are like the basket hilts to single-sticks, but made out of iron wire, and decorated with the bright colours of the various student-clubs. On the other hand, not a single saddle, nor hardly a bridle, is to be seen in the harness-makers' shops—the windows being filled merely with the yellow, padded

duelling-gloves, with gauntlets, or cuffs, to them long enough to cover the entire arm, and made after the manner of an English cricketer's leggings. Besides these, are seen huge duelling-breeches, made out of stuffed wash-leather, after the same cricketer's fashion, and intended to protect the entire bowels and legs of the duellists from the blows of their adversaries.

Add to such peculiarities a few stores for the sale of the bright-coloured and gold-embroidered muffin caps worn by the students, and others for the dispensation of *Peppermint-schnapps, Kümmel,* and other liqueurs to the university scholars, at the doors of which generally stand the flauntily-dressed young women who are kept for the supply of the same, and whom the students have well denominated "*Schnapps Prinzessinen*" (brandy princesses),—and the external picture of the academic town of Jena is as graphic as we are able to sketch it.*

The collegiate buildings are, in an architectural point of view, utterly unworthy of notice. The college itself is a new, bare-walled building, without the least pretension to ornament; and, immediately facing this is the Bibliothèque, the architect of which

* One other peculiarity should be added. Over the doors of most of the houses are small tablets, recording how some celebrity has lived there while studying or teaching at the College; so that as you walk along the streets a long catalogue of illustrious names is continually passing before the eyes—such as those of SCHILLER, HERDER, WIELAND, GOETHE, BLUMENBACH, PUFFENDORF, HUMBOLDT, GESSNER, OKEN, and the like.

seems to have been ambitious of uniting every "order" under one and the same roof.

The town, however, is pleasantly situate in the bosom of a narrow valley, watered by the Saale; while, close against the city walls, as it were, rise the several hills, capped with their different ruins,—such as the *Fuchs-thurm*, *Kunitzburg*, &c.—to each and all of which the students delight to mount, for, like the Germans in general, and his Satanic Majesty in particular, they are fond of "exceeding high places." *

* Jena was formerly celebrated for its seven wonders. These are particularized in the following Latin verses:—

"Ara, caput, draco, mons, pons, vulpecula turris
Weigeliana domus: septem miracula Jenæ."

Anglicè—

"Altar, head, and dragon, the hill, the bridge, the fox-tower,
And the Weigelian house, are the seven wonders of Jena."

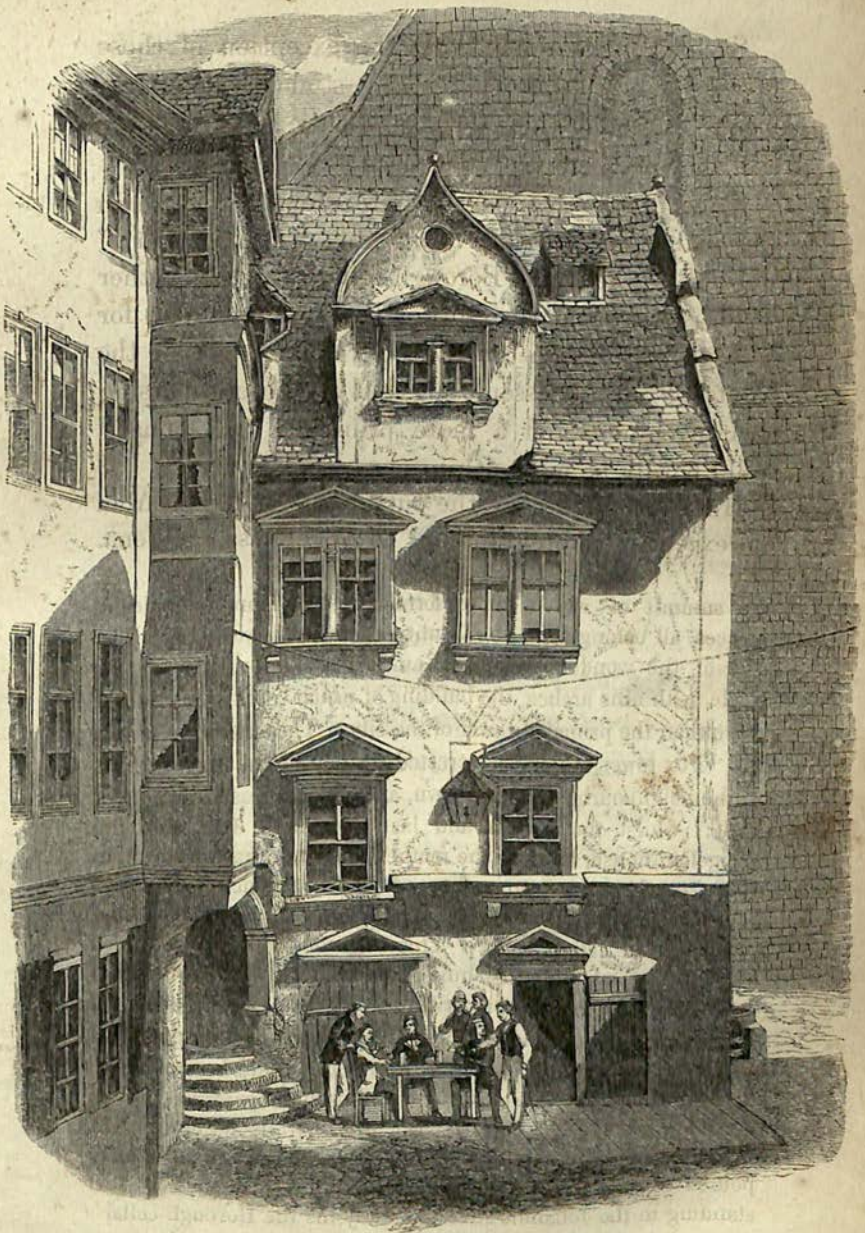
The *first* of these wonders consisted of an altar with a subterranean passage beneath it, and this is still existing in St. Michael's, the principal church of the city. The head, which constituted the *second* of the Jena wonders, was cut in stone on the bridge over the city moat outside the Löbder-gate. Concerning this stone head, the story runs, that a high-born adulterer was to forfeit his life for his crimes, but he promised to erect a stone bridge for the then existing wooden one, if his life were spared. The condition was accepted by the town-authorities, and, in remembrance of the event, the builder of it had the image of his nearly-lost head sculptured upon the bridge. Next, we are told that some 250 years ago a party of students brought into the town a cleverly-arranged skeleton of an animal with seven heads and many feet, which they gave out they had found in the devil's holes in the middle road leading to Ziegenhain. It was presented as the remains of a dragon to the library of the university, and is still preserved there as the *third* wonder of Jena. The *fourth* wonder was the *Hausberg* (or house mountain) which immediately overlooks the village of Ziegenhain, and on

Such, then, is Jena, with the exception of those taverns or hostelries, whereat the students take their meals and hold their drinking-bouts, and which are still the very genius of the place.

Some of the more aristocratic Jena corps are in the habit of "eating" at the "Black Bear;" the "Burg-keller" (Borough-cellar), on the other hand, is the principal resort of the student-clubs, for here the Arminians and the Germanians are in the habit not only of assembling, but dining and passing their evenings, and a more primitive "pot-house" could hardly be met with in our own country.

Here is a picture of the outside of it, copied from an excellent photograph by Dr. Schnauss, of Jena.

the summit of which there formerly stood three "majestic palaces, all belonging to the Count-palatine of Kirchberg." The *fifth* of the wonders was the Kamsdorf stone-bridge over the Saale, with nine arches, the building of which cost exactly a third more than the principal tower of the city. The *sixth* wonder was the "Fox tower, which was erected on one of the highest hills in the neighbourhood of the town, and was no less than 71 feet high;" whilst the *seventh* and last wonder of Jena was the Weigelian house, built by the mathematician, Erhard Wiegel, in 1668–70, where, by means of a well-staircase, which was always kept covered with black cloth, the stars could be seen at day-time from the cellars below. This "wonderful" house was also fitted with a hydraulic machine for supplying water to each of the rooms, even to the topmost storey; so that, as the astonished chroniclers tell us, "one had only to turn a tap at the upper part of the house, to have as much fresh water as could be required;" for by an apparatus, "depending on atmospheric pressure," as we are informed, Weigel could have a jug of fresh water brought mechanically up to his room, merely by having the same quantity poured into a tube in the cellar below. This house is still standing in the Johannis-street, and adjoins the Borough-cellar.



THE BOROUGH-CELLAR

(Or Tavern where some of the Jena students hold their club-meetings).

The English artist has, however, at our instructions, added such external details as the students feasting and playing at the tables outside, in order to give something like animation to the utter lifelessness of an ordinary photographic transcript.

Within this building are the so-called club-rooms of the Arminians and the Germanians—the former on the ground floor and the latter on the first storey. What might be the style of the apartment in which the Germanians assembled we are not in a position to state, never having been admitted into that select circle; but of the hall devoted to the Arminian club we can conscientiously affirm that a more dingy, dirty tap-room could not be found throughout the entire length and breadth of our own country.

The low walls are so thoroughly covered with small portraits of students who formerly belonged to the society that not a vestige of the plaster is to be seen. A large proportion of these likenesses consist of profiles in "India-black" (with the addition of a coloured student-cap) such as was common among our servant-maids in those palmy pre-photographic days when it was the custom with the vulgar to have a negro counterpart of their features cut out in black paper for a shilling, and their chain, brooch, or rings put in, in gold, for sixpence extra. A considerable number of the portraits, on the other hand, are ginger-bread-coloured photographic presentments of "old" and "departed Boys;" and many of these again are bedaubed with the same red, black, and bright colours as constitute the distinctive mark of the club.

Moreover, some of the pictures consist of groups taken in the act of drinking together, with one or two of the company represented in their shirt-sleeves—as if this was a style of *négligé* of which the students were particularly proud. Then there are large, coarse lithographs of the entire club drinking together out in the woods, with a huge barrel of beer in the foreground, and the several students grouped in the most fantastic attitudes; and other prints besides, representative of the different student-customs, such as "fox-riding," "fox-baptizing," duelling, and the like.

The picture-covered walls of the Arminian club-room are the most striking feature of the place on first setting foot in it. Indeed, as you enter you have the impression that you have got into some cheap photographer's show-room by mistake; for in no other place could such a collection of brown, Lascar-like heads be met with in our own country.

The reason for this extensive portrait-gallery is, that the custom prevails throughout Germany for each person who is about to take his departure from any place where he has been resident for a time to present everyone of his friends with a cheap copy of his own lineaments; and the same usage holds good at Jena —with this exception, that the picture is given to the club itself rather than to the individual members of it, and under it is generally written, "*s/m. l.* (*i. e. seinem lieben*) *Kneipe*" (to his beloved drinking-club).

Another peculiarity of this public-house club-room are the old and dusty banners, that were *once* red,

black, and yellow, nailed against the walls at the upper end of it, with crossed swords beside them, and a tin vizier, with a mangy black plume below; while round the room are small shields, painted with the colours of the club. At the other end of the apartment, facing the dingy and ragged banners themselves, is a large black board that covers one-half of the wall, with the names of the several members written thereon in different columns, and with perpendicular lines ruled down it, as if it were a leaf out of an enormous ledger or tradesman's day-book, for the setting down of the several groschens and pfennings which the students become indebted to the landlord (or "borough-councillor," as he is called by the boys) for beer in the course of the day. Such accounts are kept in chalk, after the approved public-house method of all countries; and the score remains inscribed on the board until the following morning, when the student sees it entered in a book against his own name, where it remains until the account is settled at the end of each half-year.

We have before stated what may be set down as the average expense of the beer consumed by the university scholars, and from a glance at the several daily scores thus openly kept in the club-room we are convinced that from five to seven groschens is less than the mean amount; and for this sum (at three-farthings the pint) just upon a gallon of small-beer must be drunk by each of the students per diem. Of course, some take less, and some more—the daily scores at the time of our visit ranging from twelve to twenty

groschens, including the cost of the last night's supper; and it should be borne in mind that this amount of drinking goes on day after day, and represents by no means the quantity taken on festive occasions, and that by young men mostly between sixteen and twenty years of age. Indeed, at the celebration of one of the students attaining his doctorship, six of the boys drank no less than 144 (pint) glasses among them, which is at the rate of upwards of twenty-four glasses, or exactly three gallons, per head.

To return, however, to the fittings of the student club-room: we should add, that over the door is another black slate-like board, used for "chalking down" the meetings of the society—as well as the names of those who have to sit up with such as have been wounded in a duel—the celebration of any doctorship, or other feast—and any special matters requiring the attendance of the members.

Another marked bit of furniture in the room was a huge clock-case, such as used to be common to farm-houses and kitchens with us in the olden time; nor would this be worthy of special mention were it not that one side of it was used by the president of the club (who sat next to it at every drinking-bout) for chalking down such beer-fines as were incurred by the members in the course of the evening.

We have only to mention further, that long, narrow, and dirty deal tables stretched from one end of the club-room to the other, and that in the arched windows there were ranged smaller square ones,

whereat the boys were wont to sit after dinner (when it was too wet or too cold for remaining out-of-doors) and play their game of "*Scat*" or "*Schnorps*," while they drank their coffee or indulged in an extra "portion" of cherry-cake—and then our broker's inventory of the fittings of the Jena club-room (for it is impossible to do other than write catalogues in such cases) is ended.

To this wretched, beggars' "padding-ken"-like apartment the young gentlemen of Saxony were in the habit of dropping in, one by one, as early as eleven o'clock every morning; for it is the custom with all the students to have a sleeping-room somewhere in the town, the price for the apartments ranging from 7 to 25 thalers (21*s.* to 3*l.* 15*s.*) the half-year, *i. e.* from 9¾*d.* to 2*s.* 10½*d.* the week.

So far as we could ascertain, but a very small proportion of the "boys" were in the habit of attending the lectures regularly, the common practice with the students being to lead a loose convivial life for the first one or two years of their stay in Jena, and then to begin "oxing," as it is termed—that is to say, giving themselves up to real hard work—so as to be able to pass the examination which is required of them, and which is of so severe a character that it often lasts for six weeks continuously.*

* Mr. M'Culloch, in his "Geographical History," tells us, under the article "Jena," that the living is cheaper there than at almost any other university in Germany;" adding that a student may live respectably, and enjoy, for half the money, the same education as he could command in Scotland. But whence

Many a student "falls through," as it is called, at such examinations; however, each is allowed to make

the Scotch statistician derived such information we are at a loss to conceive; though it is clear that he himself has no personal knowledge of the town, for he tells us, at the same time, that "*it is walled, and has some handsome suburbs outside its four gates!*" and, moreover, that the "streets are wide and some of the houses large and well-built"—none of which particulars agree with the facts. The *remains* of walls there are certainly, and *one* gate (the "Johannis-thor") is still standing; but even the songs of the students ridicule the state of the streets, saying:—

"Sind ſie gleich ein wenig krumm."

The Jena guide-book, moreover, tells us that *formerly* there were seven inner and outer gates to the town.

The outer gates were:—

1. The Erfurt gate.
2. The Bridge gate.
3. The Zwaetzener gate.

The gates in the town were:—

1. The Johannis gate.
2. The Loebder gate.
3. The Saale gate.
4. The Palace gate.

"*Of all these,*" *it adds,* "*the St. John's gate is the only one now standing.*"

What the expenses may be at a Scotch university we cannot state precisely; but if we remember rightly, we were informed, at the time of our visit to Glasgow and Edinburgh, that the average cost of a college education in those towns might be taken at from 25*l.* to 40*l.* per annum—and this, it will be seen, is even lower than what we were assured was the *usual* sum expended by the Jena students (*i. e.* 45*l.* per annum). We have, however, before stated that it is *possible* for a Jena boy to be educated at the university for 18*l.* the year; though so far from this being the average expense, we learnt that many of the Corps-boys spent as much as 600 thalers (or 90*l.*) the year. On the other hand, it should be stated that there is a *Speise anstalt*, or fund, for paying the expenses of the "commons," or daily meals for some hundred

three trials, and if he falls through upon every one of those occasions, he is utterly and irrevocably "plucked."

During our stay in the town one of the Arminians was trying to pass his examination as doctor of medicine for the second time, and he assured us that English medical students had no knowledge of what was required of the German ones. However, after having been for a month and a half subjected to the scrutiny of the examiners, he was lucky enough, this time, to obtain his doctor's diploma—and it was his doctorship that we have before spoken of as having been celebrated by the Arminian students during our stay in Jena.

One good point we heard of in connection with the study of medicine at this university that is worthy of recording here. It is the custom to give each of the medical students a village to attend to for one year previous to his examination, so that he may become *practically* acquainted with the art he is to pursue as a profession in after life; and thus the poor of the district are supplied with medical advisers (acting under the guidance of a duly-qualified superintendent) free of expense. This

and odd indigent students, such fund being supported by annual donations from the Grand Dukes of Weimar, Coburg-Gotha, and Meiningen; and we heard from one of the poor scholars who was thus helped to meet the expenses of his residence in Jena, that even with the greatest frugality, as well as abstinence from every kind of *Kneipe*, or drinking-bout, it cost his father 100 thalers (or 15*l*.) the year for his maintenance and education at the university.

strikes us as being as wise an ordination as that which compels the young men who are qualifying themselves for the office of schoolmasters to act as teachers at the poor or free schools, without any remuneration whatever, for a certain term before they become public preceptors.

But if there be good points connected with the regulation of such matters in Germany, there are assuredly much greater evil ones; and these are due principally to the despotic meddling of the fat-headed "Ministerium" with all affairs in which the Government of a country has no possible right to interfere. For instance, we asked the young medical student above referred to whether he meant to start in practice immediately after he had passed.

"I only wish I could," was his answer.

"And why can you not?" we inquired.

"The Ministerium would not allow me," ran the reply. "I must wait until I hear from them that there is a place vacant for me; and then I must go wherever they may choose to send me."

"And how long do you suppose you will have to remain idle before you receive such an appointment?" we went on.

"Oh! some two or three years; for that is the general course," he answered.

"And do you mean to say," we inquired, "that the whole of that time, although the public examiners have pronounced you duly qualified for the practice of your profession, you are prohibited by law from earning a *pfenning* by the exercise of it?"

"Most assuredly," returned the young man. "If I took a groschen from any one as a fee I should incur heavy penalties; and what is more," he added, "even when the Government *have* given me an appointment to practise in a certain district, and I have been located there for a number of years, and got together a body of clients after a prolonged residence among the people, I am liable to be called away, and drafted off, at the pleasure of the Government, to an entirely new place, where, of course, I should have to begin anew."

The young doctor concluded by telling us that so disheartened was he at such prospects that he intended to clear out for Paris, or perhaps America, as soon as he possibly could.

Nor do these absurd governmental regulations prevail only in matters of medicine, but the same official officiousness holds good in the practice of the law also. We knew in Eisenach more than one person who had taken their degree as doctors of laws at the Saxon University, and yet were obliged to act as clerks in an attorney's office—simply because the old washerwomen of the petty Grand Duke's ministers thought there were advocates sufficient throughout the principality, and therefore objected to allow any more to earn their living by the practice of a pursuit, to the study of which they had devoted so much time and money, and for the exercise of which the public examiners had certified that they were duly fitted!

However, to return to our poor muttons who, even

after their long folding in the university, are thus held fast by the leg by the silly shepherds of Saxe-Weimar. We broke off at telling the reader that at eleven in the forenoon it is customary for the Arminians to come gradually dropping in to their club-room at the "Borough-cellar;" and so it goes on until just upon mid-day (for that is the dinner hour) by which time the "boys" are sure to be all assembled.

Then the long, narrow, and dirty deal tables before spoken of are covered with a coarse table-cloth, and over this is placed a broad strip of black japanned canvas—so broad, indeed, that not a vestige of the white cloth is to be seen, except the edges of it hanging down at the sides. This is done, of course, to prevent the table-cloth itself being soiled; but a more unsightly and poverty-stricken arrangement, in the eyes of those who have been accustomed to anything like decency at meals, it is impossible to conceive. Not a joint nor a dish appears upon the table; nor, indeed, any appurtenance or ornament whatever. The tiny boy-waiters, in their short cloth-jackets, after the fashion of German waiters in general (for hardly any but boys serve at the hotels throughout the country), bring in the white earthenware plates of watery soup, with bits of bread or small dumplings floating in it; and when this has been eaten with leaden spoons, two plates of baked or boiled meat, with, maybe, a saucer of sour plums, or preserved cranberries, or else a small dish of salad, are placed before each of the members of the club; and these being

finished, perhaps a large sippet of apple, or cherry, or prune cake concludes the repast.

We never dined at the "Borough Cellar" ourselves, for the simple reason that the very sight of the manner in which the meals were served and taken were enough to turn our stomach, rather than to whet our appetite; and though we have eaten our eggs and bacon at many a road-side inn in our own country, and blessed God for the cleanly and simple meal, we never saw such a table spread for persons professing to possess the principles and tastes of gentlemen in the whole course of our life; and we verily believe that at the lowest Yorkshire academy in England, the repast would have been more decently served, ay, and let us add, partaken of in a more refined manner by the scholars—for, as we have said over and over again, it is impossible to find any Germans who are acquainted with the proper use of a knife and fork at table.

Our readers now have as good a sense as we can give them of the Arminian club-room, and the Arminian mode of living. It should, however, be borne in mind that the repast above described costs but five thalers (15*s.*) a head the month, and this is at the rate of but sixpence per diem!

Having exhausted this portion of our subject, we now proceed to give English people some idea of what constitutes a *Kneip-abend,* or evening drinking-bout, among the students of Jena.

The word *Kneipe* is one that is more frequently

used, perhaps, than any other by the Jena boys; and yet it finds no place in the dictionaries of the country—in the sense which they apply to it. In the *Wörter-bücher*, the word *Kneipe* is said to signify a gripe or pinch; even as the verb *kneipen* is to pinch or nip, and *Kneip-zange*, nippers, or literally nipping-tongs. Now, this is the same word as the Low Dutch *knippen*, to clip, nip, pinch, which, there is not the least doubt, is—with the elision of the initial *k*—the cognate of the English term *nip*, *i. e.* to pinch with the nails, teeth, or any instrument. But this seems to have not the least connection with drinking; the phrase, however, a "nip of ale," or a "nip of toddy," in which we find the same word used as significant of a sip, or small draught, shows us that there is some intimate connection between the words. The German, indeed, has the verb *nippen*, and the Danish *nipper*, to sip. Still, it is difficult to understand how the action of griping or pinching can be connected with that of drinking, since the one refers to the contraction of the muscles of the fingers, and the other to those of the mouth. Nevertheless, a reference to the origin of the idea of *drinking* itself clears up the philological mystery. In the Gothic language, *dragyan* means to give drink, even as in Spanish and Portuguese, the verb *trager* means to swallow, and the substantive *trago* stands for a draught; and from these words no one in the least acquainted with the principles of etymology, can have a doubt that the idea of drinking was originally derived from that

of *dragging* or *drawing* (for *gg*=*ng*, as the Greek αγγελος is the same as the Latin *angelus*, and the Gothic *laggs* the equivalent of the Anglo-Saxon *long*).

Thus, then, we find that as we speak of a *draught* of beer, and a *draught* of fishes, so in *nipping* and *kneiping* the action of the one set of muscles is naturally transferred to the other; and as to pull with the hands and to pull with the mouth is the same, etymologically speaking, even so to gripe with the fingers or with the teeth or lips, are alike in philology. And hence it is easy to understand how the word "nip," which means a pinch with the teeth as well as nails, should have come to signify a sip or small draught. Thus we come at last to perceive that the university term *kneipen* signifies literally to drink in a vulgar or greedy manner; for in German, a *Kneip-schenke* means a hedge inn or low tavern.

Of these *Kneip*-evenings there are two in each week—the principal one on the Saturday, and the secondary on the Wednesday—and, moreover, an *Ex-kneipe*, or additional drinking-bout, on the Sunday; the latter being generally held at some of the taverns in the suburbs, and the others taking place at the club-room of the society. Such drinking-bouts prevail, not only with the student-clubs, but with the corps also—the "Finks" alone, or those boys belonging to no society whatever, having no such custom.

At each of these drinking-bouts the several members of the society are bound to attend, and to

drink according to the beer-usages before explained, unless they are announced as being "beer-impotent, *i. e.* on the beer sick-list."

In the summer-time, the commencement of the drinking-bouts often takes place outside the tavern-door, a long table being arranged in the street, with forms and chairs on either side, and the whole of the students belonging to the club sitting there, and singing in the open air; while the passers-by hardly think it worth their while to stop and listen to what they have heard a thousand and one times before. As soon as it grows dusk on such occasions, the whole of the company withdraw to the club-room to finish the entertainment by the aid of candle-light, within the Borough Cellar itself.

The proceedings usually commence at eight o'clock, and all are bound to remain and take part in them, until the third song is finished, which is not until ten at night, as a rule; after which, any one is at liberty to retire—though the generality of the members stay until eleven, the hour at which all the public-houses are bound by law to close.

The songs sung upon such occasions are by no means of a light or frivolous character. Indeed, it is part of the laws of each club that at least two solemn or serious songs shall form part of the entertainment of such evenings. These solemn songs are mostly of a patriotic or academic character, and intended to remind the youths of the principles they are sworn to uphold. However, so as to vary the entertainment, the president is at liberty to allow a

"Hospitium," or tavern-song, of a lighter or more convivial turn, to be sung between the others. Still, let us say, in all justice to the Arminian boys, that though we were present at many of their drinking-bouts, we never heard a coarse word, or even an indecent allusion, uttered by one of them; and that such obscene ditties as used to prevail at the "Cider Cellars" and other "fast" places of public resort in the British Metropolis, we verily believe could not possibly be heard in any of the student clubs of Jena.

However, dismissing from the mind all idea of these out-of-door drinking and singing festivities, the reader must now suppose that the huge kitchen clock of the club-room has marked eight; that the long deal tables, before mentioned, have been arranged close against that side of the room where the clock-case stands; that the president of the club has taken his seat next to the clock-case itself; that the *Schrift-wart* (or guardian of the books and manuscripts belonging to the club) has drawn from out of the locker the several song-books of the University boys and distributed them among the company; that those who have come in late have removed the little black mackintosh coverings from their embroidered muffin caps (such coverings being generally worn after dark so as to protect the gold thread from the influence of the night air); that the entire thirty of the boys belonging to the society are ranged on either side of the tables with ourself and our son at one end of them (allowed as a special privilege to form part of the company);

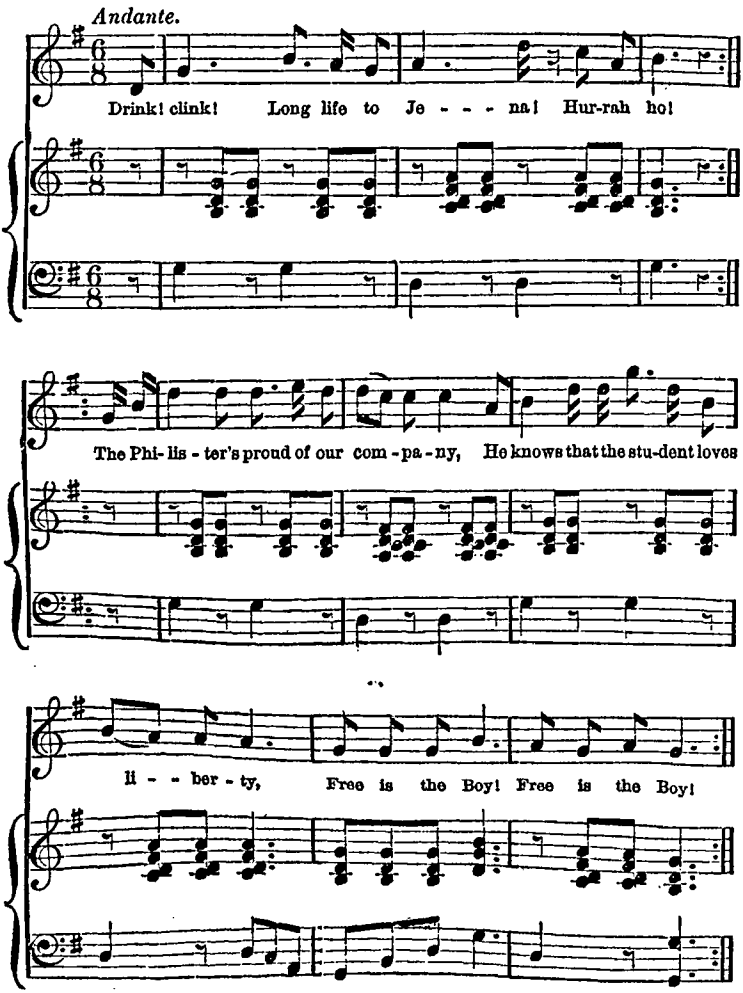
that almost every one of the youths is provided with a pipe as long as a trombone; that the majority have taken off their coats, and appear in their shirt-sleeves, and that each has his wooden can of white beer standing before him; and that every boy, moreover, has come duly provided with the door-key of his lodging, attached to the strap of his waistcoat.*

Then the president cries "*Silentium!* the drinking-bout is opened with the first song." Whereupon he proceeds to give out, after the fashion of a parish clerk at a country church, the title and the number of the strain in which the students are to join.

The following is one of the songs generally sung upon such occasions. It is given in as literal an English form as possible, and the reader who will take the trouble to peruse our version of the lay will have some notion of the semi-religious sentiments which prevail among the youths on such occasions. Nor is the melody in any way paltry or inelegant; and when we heard the entire assembly of boys giving it

* This is the invariable custom with the Jena students. Some few years back, the boys were in the habit of carrying their door-keys loose in their pocket, but it was found, whenever a noise ensued in the streets, that the heavy keys were immediately brought out, and wielded as offensive weapons against those with whom they were quarrelling—for your true German has no sense of making use of his fists in any affray, and always resorts to the weapon nearest at hand, whether it be a knife, or even a heavy key; and if they can lay hand upon no such article, it is customary with the disputants to take off their shoes, and beat their adversaries over the head with the iron-tipped heel. Strange to say, although such modes are considered honourable modes of fighting, it is believed to be cowardly for a person to strike another in the face with his hand—the knife being regarded as a more manly instrument of warfare than the clenched fist itself.

forth, with the lustiest-possible lungs, we must confess we wondered how it was that lads who believed in such high notions could sink in after life to be men so utterly callous to the welfare of their country that they were ready to submit *patiently* to any indignity which their rulers might choose to put upon the people.

LONG LIFE TO JENA!

Andante.
Drink! clink! Long life to Je - - - na! Hur-rah ho!
The Phi- lis - ter's proud of our com - pa - ny, He knows that the stu-dent loves
li - - ber - ty, Free is the Boy! Free is the Boy!

Drink! clink! Long life to Jena!
Hurrah ho!
Who guideth the planets among the stars,
Watcheth over our flag like the ancient Mars!
Free is the boy! free is the boy!

Drink! clink! Flourish the Fatherland!
Hurrah ho!
Strive to follow our forefathers' holy way,
And think of the after-world night and day!
Free is the boy! Free is the boy!

Drink! clink! May our Prince flourish!
Hurrah ho!
Our ancient rights to protect he swore,
And therefore we love him all the more!
Free is the boy! Free is the boy!

Drink! clink! Honour to Woman!
Hurrah ho!
Who honours not virtue in woman, he
Isn't fit to have friend or liberty!
Free is the boy! Free is the boy!

Drink! clink! Honour Man's power!
Hurrah ho!
Who delights not in love, nor drink, nor ditty,
Is regarded by us with derision and pity!
Free is the boy! Free is the boy!

Drink! clink! Honour Plain-speaking!
Hurrah ho!
Who knoweth the truth, and yet speaketh lies,
Is a wretch that all God-loving men despise!
Free is the boy! Free is the boy!

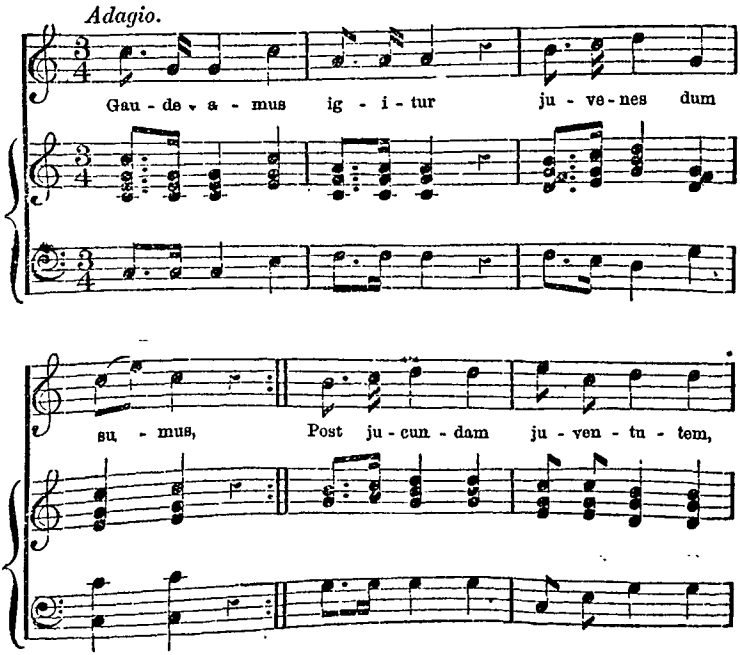
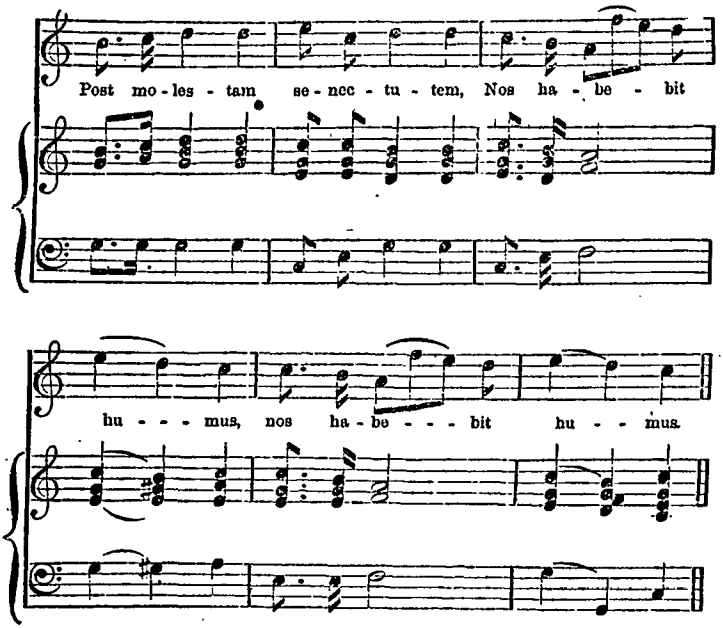
Drink! clink! Honour Brave Deeds, too!
Hurrah ho!
Who weighs before acting each deed's effect,
Shows the Source of All-Power but due respect!
Free is the boy! Free is the boy!

Drink! clink! Long life to Students!
Hurrah ho!
Till the world is destroy'd at the judgment-day,
My boys, then, be true, and chant ye this lay,
Free is the boy! Free is the boy!

It should be noted that the above song is not necessarily the one first sung at such times. Indeed,

there are in the Jena Song-book no less than 118 of such *Lieder* given as those peculiar to the students, and we have selected the one above cited merely as being significant of the principles of the Jena boys.

Often at these drinking-bouts are given out the subjoined Latin verses, which are known throughout Germany as the "Students' Hymn." We have left the words in their original tongue, because any attempt at translation would but mar the classic picturesqueness of the university lay; and the fine solemn strain of the melody, especially when sung by many voices, is a thing that when once heard cannot readily be forgotten.

DE BREVITATE VITÆ.

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos in mundo fuere?
Vadite ad superos,
Transite ad inferos,
Ubi jam fuere, ubi jam fuere?

Vita nostra brevis est, brevi finietur,
Venit Mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur, nemini parcetur.

Vivat academia, vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivat membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore, semper sint in flore.

Vivant omnes virgines, faciles formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Vivant et mulieres,
Bonæ, laboriosæ! bonæ, laboriosæ!

Vivat et respublica, et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit, quæ nos hic protegit.

Pereat tristitia, pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores, atque irrisores.

The song being finished, a pause ensues, and then begins the frolic customary to boys all over the world, distinguished, nevertheless, by such national peculiarities as can be found only among the university students of Germany.

Now one lad cries out to the other, "Mama!" (the nick-name of some student—for the boys are never addressed by their proper patronymics) "I drink a gulp to thee," or "I drink a cow-gulp to thee," according to the thirstiness of the inviting party.

"Swill!" responds the other; and after a few minutes, the one who has been drunk-to cries, "Long One! I drink after thee." Whereupon, the second boy swallows precisely the same quantity as the other has previously drunk to him.

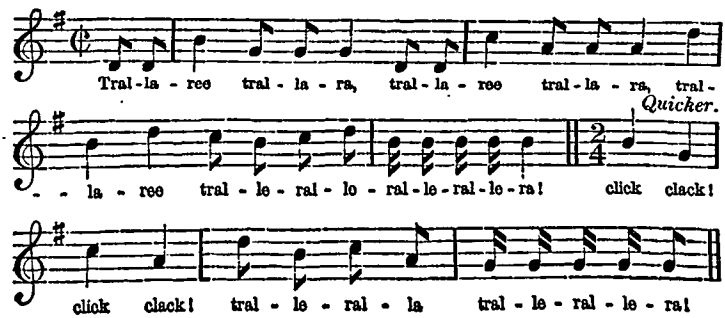
Or, may be, one says to another, who has just had a fresh can of beer brought in, "*Prosit deine Blume!*" (literally, "Bless thee to the extent of thy froth!"—or, as the lads call it, "flowers," upon the top of the newly-drawn beer.) "*Prosit!*" cry the two lads; and then, knocking their cans together, they drink until such froth or bloom has entirely disappeared.

Now general conversation begins, and one lad inquires, "Have you seen Schack to-day? How's his nose getting on?" (This refers to some one of the members, who has received a deep cut on his olfactory organ in the course of a recent duel.)

"*Ja!*" responds the boy, "he's going on nobly (*herrlich*). He had the threads taken out of his nose this morning."

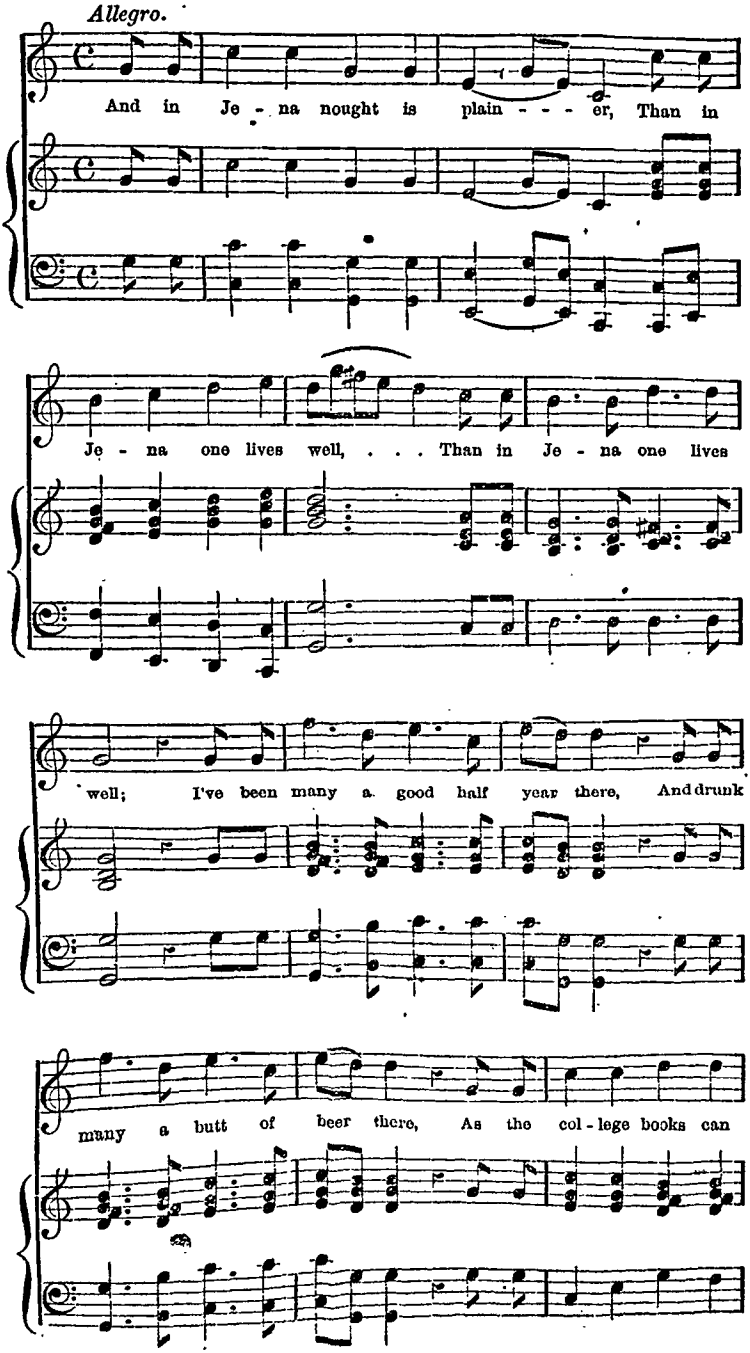
Another says that he has heard from the "weapon guardian" that he is fixed for *his* duel next Monday, and all he wishes is that he may get a crooked cut over the cheek, for that is the scar which he specially delights in (*aller liebster Schmitzchen*).

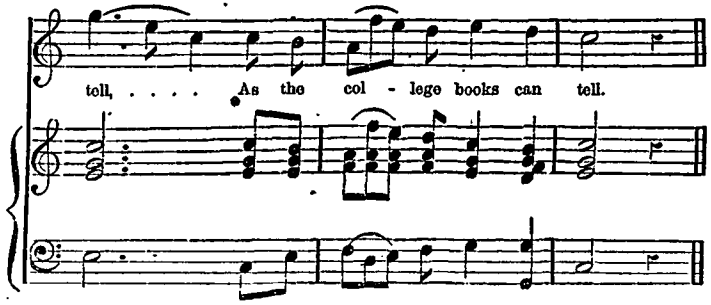
After this, four or five, may be, drink together, and as they do so, they sing the following melody.

DRINKING MELODY OF THE JENA BOYS.

Tral-la - ree tral - la - ra, tral - la - ree tral - la - ra, tral -
Quicker.
- la - ree tral - le - ral - le - ral - le - ral - le - ra! click clack!
click clack! tral - le - ral - la tral - le - ral - le - ra!

When such conversation has been indulged in for some quarter or half an hour, the president again cries, "*Silentium!* for the *Hospitium;*" adding, "*Vivat Beer-Frederick,*" as he calls upon the one known by that soubriquet to lead the lay.

This ditty, as we have before stated, is of a less serious character than the others, and the following may be taken as a type of the class.

HOW ONE LIVES IN JENA.*

Allegro.
And in Je - na nought is plain - - - er, Than in
Je - na one lives well, . . . Than in Je - na one lives
well; I've been many a good half year there, And drunk
many a butt of beer there, As the col - lege books can

* Pronounced *Yana*.

II.

And in Jena the streets are cleaner
Than in many another town;
What though *they're* a little crooked?
That is easily overlooked,
For they're every week wash'd down!

III.

There's a wine grows on the mountains,
And that wine's not *very* sour;
Though perhaps, it's much more valid
For the mixing of a salad—
Still, it's nectar to the Bauer!

IV.

The Philisters they're fine fellows,
And the Publicans as fine;
But, what's dreadfully imprudent!
They are "pump'd" * by every student
Out of cash, and beer, and wine.

V.

If the boys like life *al fresco*,
At the door they take their seats,
While mine host, so very fervent—
Their obedient humble servant—
Brings their cans out in the streets.

VI.

In the streets they sit in summer,
Drinking, singing all the day.
See the rapiers, how they're flashing!
Hark! you never heard such slashing!
Ne'ertheless, it's only play!

* To "*pump*," in the student vernacular, signifies to borrow.

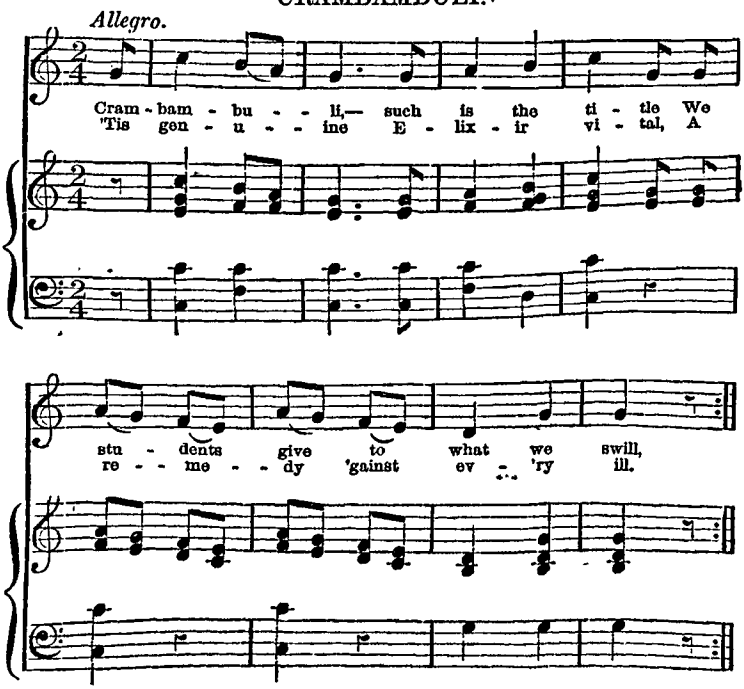
VII.

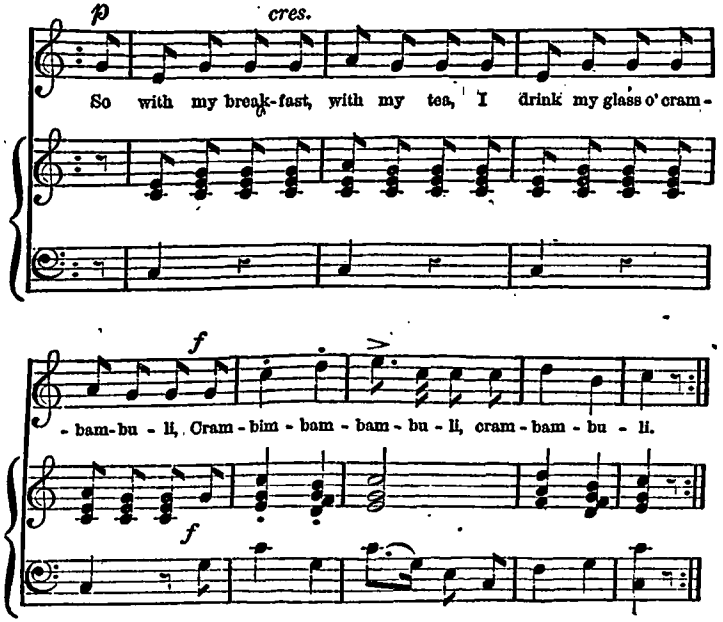
In the streets and in the market,
Students loiter in a crowd;
Girls are watching at each casement,
From the attics to the basement:
Winking at them is allow'd!

VIII.

But the academic freedom
Is in Jena almost dead.
Beards, as yet, though, a'n't forbidden,
Nor need dressing-gowns be hidden—
Further nothing can be said.

Or, for the sake of variety, we here subjoin another of the airs which may be indulged in at such times:—

CRAMBAMBULI.*

Allegro.
Cram - bam - bu - - li,— such is the ti - tle We
'Tis gen - u - - ine E - lix - ir vi - tal, A
stu - dents give to what we swill,
re - - me - - dy 'gainst ev - 'ry ill.

* This is the name of a drink in Jena made somewhat after the mode of the French "*Gloria*"—by burning sugar in spirit floated upon a glass of water until the greater part of the spirit has been consumed.

II.

I never care a pin or button
At taverns, when the swell I do,
For Boniface's beef or mutton,
But call for bottle and corkscrew,
And to the posthorn's "tan-tran-tee"
Toss off my glass of Crambambuli!
Cram-bim-bam-bambuli!
Crambambuli!

III.

Whene'er I've got the diarrhœa,
Or to the snuffles I'm a martyr,
It is the finest panacea,
Surpassing rhubarb—cream of tartar!
So pocket I the physician's fee
And drink my glass of Crambambuli!
Cram-bim-bam-bambuli!
Crambambuli!

IV.

If I'd been destined for an Emperor,
Like Master Louis Napoleon,
O mores! I'd have sigh'd, *O tempora!*
And a new order have begun.

And this the motto then should be:
Bonum est bib're! Crambambuli!
Cram-bim-bam-hambuli!
Crambambuli!

V.

Whene'er I get no money-letter, or
It's useless "pumping" of the Jews,
Or writes some cold maid "Yours et-cetera,"
Or if the post has brought bad news,
Why, then, to drown my misery,
I take my fill of Crambambuli!
Cram-bim-bam-bambuli!
Crambambuli!

VI.

Ah! did but parents know the sorrow
And the hard lives their dear boys led,
How they are forced to sponge and borrow,
They'd cry their little eyes quite red!
But, still, "the hope of the family"
Makes merry with his Crambambuli!
Cram-bim-bam-bambuli!
Crambambuli!

VII.

When money's gone and conscience badgers,
As the Philister "tick" supplies,
Life seems—from students down to cadgers—
But vanity of vanities!
For such is the fine philosophy
That comes of drinking Crambambuli!
Cram-bim-bam-bambuli!
Crambambuli!

VIII.

Must I for sake of honour fight, and
For student weal must woe betide?
Quick gleams the rapier in my right hand,
And, lo! a friend is at my side.
I say to him "*Mon cher ami*,
But first a glass of Crambambuli!"
Cram-bim-bam-bambuli!
Crambambuli!

IX.

Poor fools are ye who love not lasses,
Who drink no beer, who taste no wine,
Ye are not men, but moody asses,
Although ye'd fain be thought divine!
With beasts the water doth agree,
But the drink for Man's Crambambuli!
Cram-bim-bram-brambuli!
Crambambuli!

X.

Crambambuli it still shall please me,
When every other pleasure cloys!
I'll drink it till grim Death doth seize me,
And all my sense of bliss destroys;
And then I'll sip in company
A parting glass of Crambambuli!
Cram-bim-bambuli!
Crambambuli!

XI.

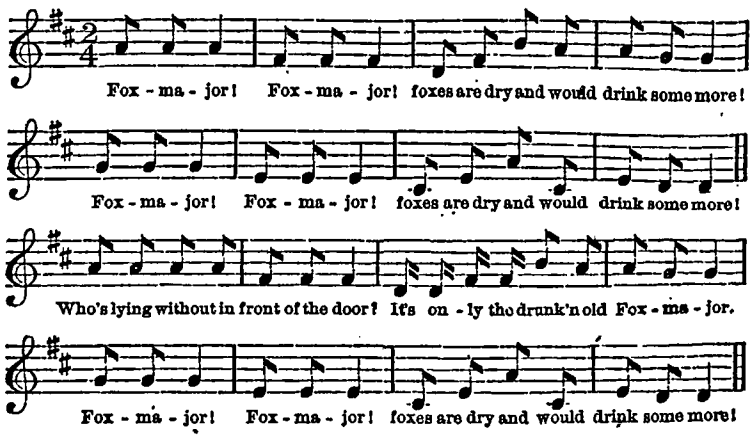
Whoe'er 'gainst us, Crambambulistians,
Curl up their lip, cast down their eyes,
We look upon no more as Christians,
Because God's gifts they thus despise;
And to *them*, in their last agony,
I'd give no glass of Crambambuli!
Cram-bim-bam-bambuli!
Crambambuli!

Now the boys get to be a degree more lively, and consequently to challenge one another to drink larger quantities. So, one cries to the other, "'Little One!' I come thee (that is, I drink to thee) a half" (measure, understood).

"Swill!" cries the "Little One," and in a few minutes afterwards shouts across the table, "'Fat One,' I come after thee!" and thereupon the "Little One" drinks the same quantity as the "Fat One" has previously drunk to him.

Then the Foxes (or those young lads who are passing their first half-year at Jena) become impudent

towards the "Fox-major," an official who is specially elected to instruct the young students in the art of drinking according to the customs of the university; and, rising in a body, they sing to their superior the following words:—

SONG OF THE FOXES TO THE FOX-MAJOR.

Fox - ma - jor! Fox - ma - jor! foxes are dry and would drink some more!
Fox - ma - jor! Fox - ma - jor! foxes are dry and would drink some more!
Who's lying without in front of the door? It's on - ly the drunk'n old Fox - ma - jor.
Fox - ma - jor! Fox - ma - jor! foxes are dry and would drink some more!

And when this bit of merriment has been gone through, the Fox-major himself stands up, and cries, "*Silentium!* Ye Foxes, I drink the fourth, fifth, and sixth glasses!" and then tosses off an entire can as a sign that the young Foxes are to follow his example. Indeed, as a rule, the Foxes can drink only after, and at, the command of their beer-tutor, and they are bound to swallow as many cans as he himself can imbibe.

On one of the evenings on which we were present this same Fox-major compelled the boys to drink no less than fifteen little cans (or pints) of beer; but, said one of the Foxes aside to us (he was a young

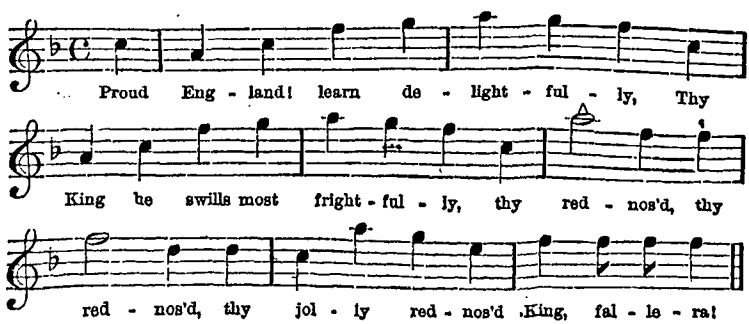
American), "That swindler of a Fox-major does not take half the beer he orders us to swallow."

Then, may be, in the pauses between the songs, you will hear two of the boys discussing across the table, whether the true object of *Kunst* (art) be *beauty* or *power;* and whether the artist is really admirable, on account of the beautiful or the powerful effect which his works produce upon the mind. And as the subject expands in the course of the argument, it takes the usual turn as to the difference between the *real* and the *ideal,* while illustrations are cited by the lads, not alone from the writings of Göthe and Schiller, but even from those of Shakespeare, Bulwer, and Dickens, with which they show themselves to be as intimately acquainted as they are even with the works of their own countrymen—one speaking of the wonderful vividness of the character of "Sam Veller," and declaring it to be quite as ideal in its way as Falstaff himself—and another lauding the "Last Days of Pompeii," as the most elegantly classic work of fiction of this or any other time—till the Englishman listening to the discussion becomes astounded at the erudite knowledge and refined literary tastes of youths whose lives are *apparently* given up to the mere conviviality of "*Kneiping*" or beer-drinking.

At the same time as this is going on, another knot of boys, who are studying theology, will be arguing, most probably, as to the errors of the Nominalists and Realists of the Middle Ages—discussing the respective merits of the Aristotelian

and Baconian methods of philosophy; one standing out for the inductive system, and the other upholding the *à priori* method of reasoning; this boy asserting Law to transcend Experience, and that lad declaring Experiment and the Interpretation of Phenomena to be the only true means of acquiring scientific knowledge; so that as the stranger notes the odd mixture of metaphysics and duelling, of high art, thoughtless foolery, and profound guzzling, he is bewildered as to the inconsistencies of youths, whom he finds marked at once by the loftiest sentiments and the most swinish habits—the highest mental tastes and the very lowest bodily ones.

At this point of the evening the president has, perhaps, occasion to leave the room, whereupon the more jovial of the boys cry out, "Now let us have a song to ourselves!" and they immediately strike up some such strain as the following—especially if a foreigner happen to be present:—

PROUD ENGLAND!

Proud Eng - land! learn de - light - ful - ly, Thy
King he swills most fright - ful - ly, thy red - nos'd, thy
red - nos'd, thy jol - ly red - nos'd King, fal - le - ra!

In the middle of this outburst, may be, the president returns to the room, and cries, "*Silentium!*"

whereupon all is hushed in a minute; and immediately on resuming his seat, he demands to know who was bold enough to give out a song in his absence.

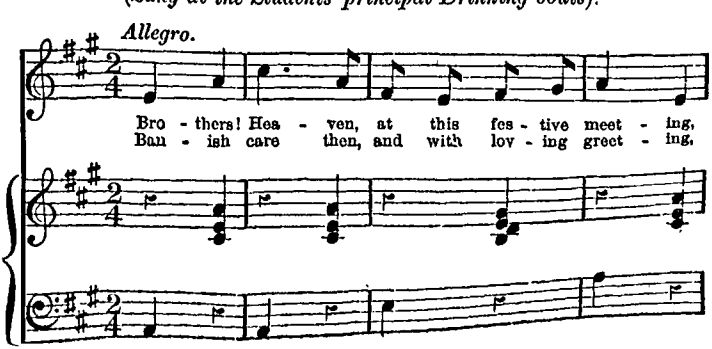
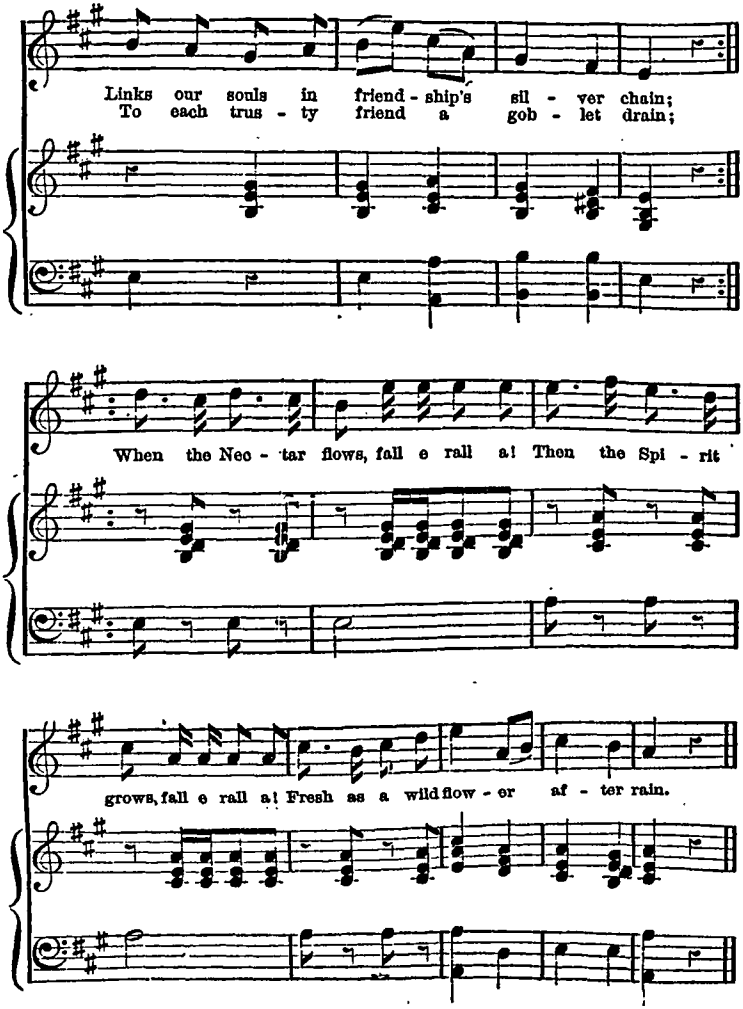
For a time, no one mentions the names of the offenders; but at length, upon the president threatening to fine them a horn of beer all round, the culprits are given up, and they alone are punished to the same extent.

Then the horn is brought in—the said horn being an enormous bull's horn, duly polished, and mounted as a drinking vessel, and filled to the brim with beer—and this is handed round to the company, each saying as he drinks, "*Prosit Horn!*" somewhat after the fashion of the loving-cup circulated at our Lord Mayor's feasts.

This ceremony having been gone through, the president cries "*Silentium!*" for the third and last song of the drinking-bout; and then may be he orders them to sing No. 24 of the *Studenten Lieder*, this being one of the most popular of the university drinking-songs, and of which the following is a literal translation:—

DRINKING-SONG

(*Sung at the Students' principal Drinking-bouts*).



Links our souls in friend - ship's sil - ver chain;
To each trus - ty friend a gob - let drain;
When the Nec - tar flows, fall e rall a! Then the Spi - rit
grows, fall e rall a! Fresh as a wild flow - er af - ter rain.

II.

Dreams the golden time away so dearly
On a friend's warm bosom while we rest;
Glows the bright fire of his heart so cheerly
That the cool wine drinks then far the best!
For the grape's red juice—falleralla!
Hath this lovely use—falleralla!
Like new blood it warmeth every breast.

III.

Sip not, friends, when once ye've dipp'd your lip in,
Timidly at the full goblet's brim;
Who'd the sweets of life by *drops* be sipping?
Wasted are God's bounties upon him!
Drink with heart and soul—falleralla!
Drink, and drain the bowl—falleralla!
Drink till ye sing like the Seraphim!

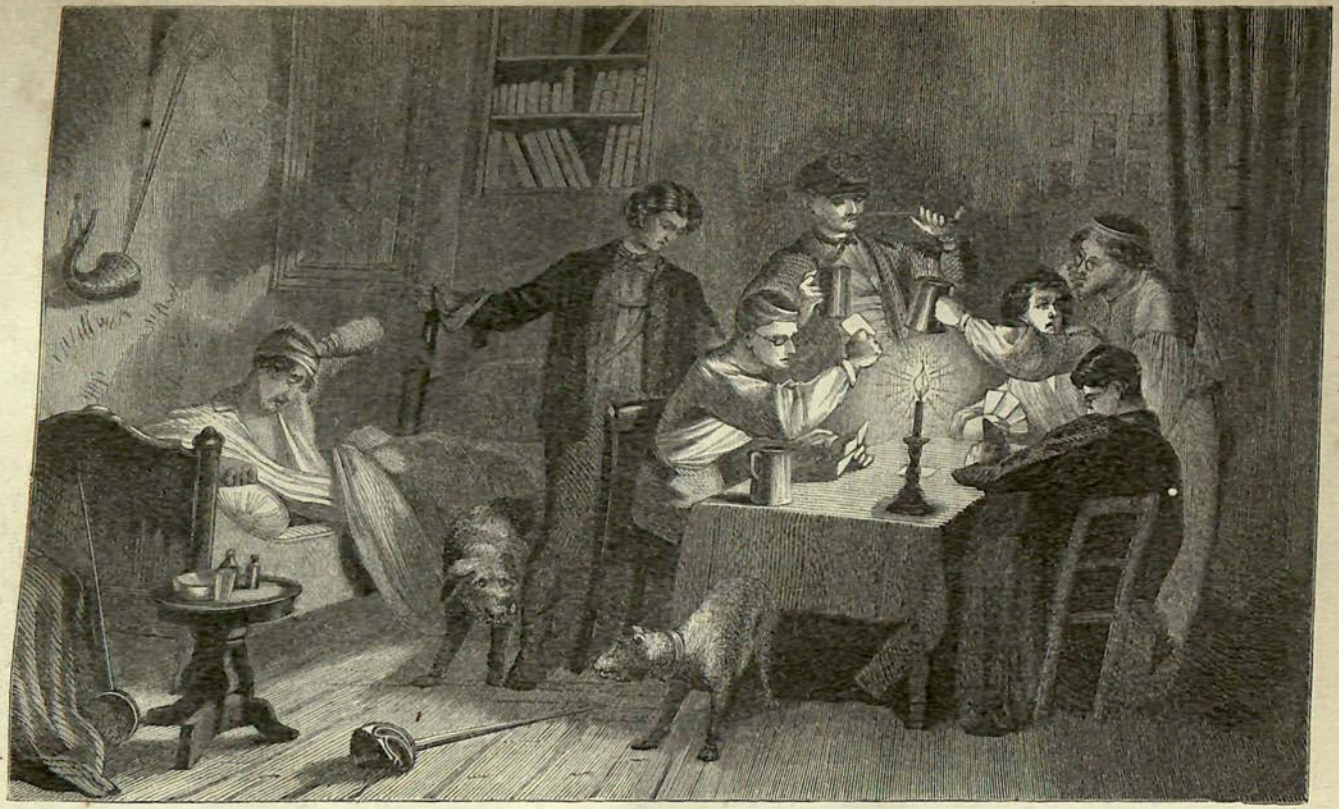
IV.

Rushes youth into the world so boldly,
Soaring, like an eagle, to the light!
Smiles the greybeard at his ardour coldly:
Still, for friends and honour youth must fight;
And I'd have every friend—falleralla!
Till the world doth end—falleralla!
Love the friends I love with all his might.

V.

Honey seek from lips of modest lasses—
Love's the luscious fruit of life's fruitful tree!
Bubbles, like fix'd stars, twinkle in our glasses:
Youth's fires are not "ignes fatui,"
Leading trav'llers astray—falleralla!
But the young light of day—falleralla!
Which the lark upwakes to melody!

Directly this is concluded, the president cries once more "*Silentium!* the drinking-bout is at an end;" whereupon the "weapon-guardian," who has to see to all the arrangements of the duels, orders all those boys who have fights to come off within a day or two to retire to their beds. Accordingly each of the lads who is appointed to "go loose," rises slowly and leaves the room, accompanied by the friend who has been elected as his beer-guardian for the time being, in order to prevent him drinking too much previous to the encounter—it being the duty of such guardians to take the others home at night, and to take care that the boys whom they have under their charge



IN THE "BASKET"

(Or Jena Boys sitting up with a "Brother" who has been recently wounded in a Duel).

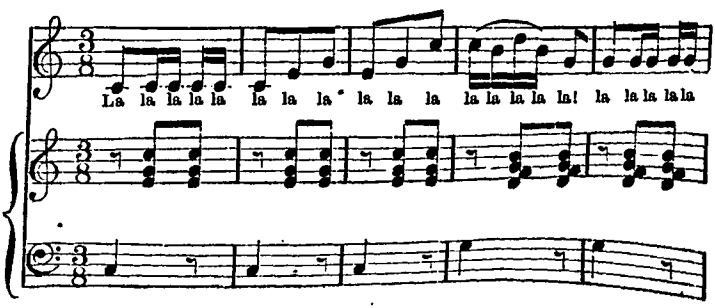
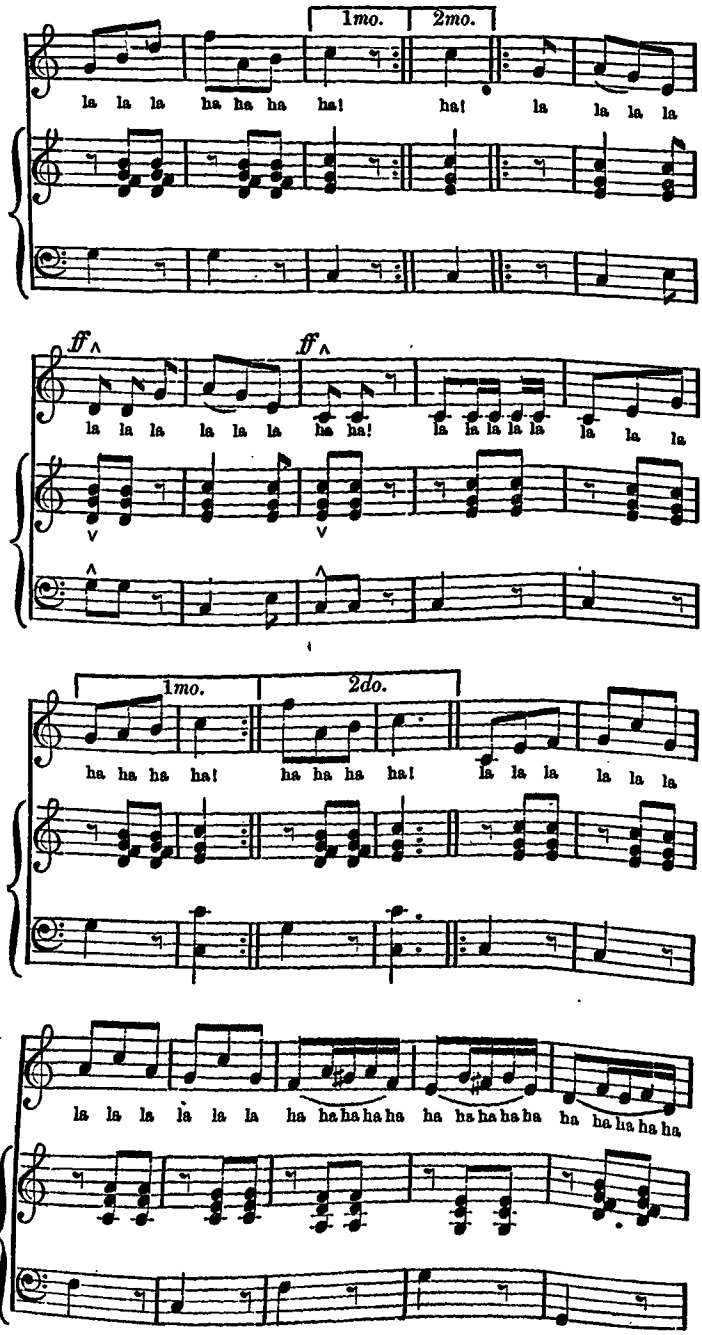
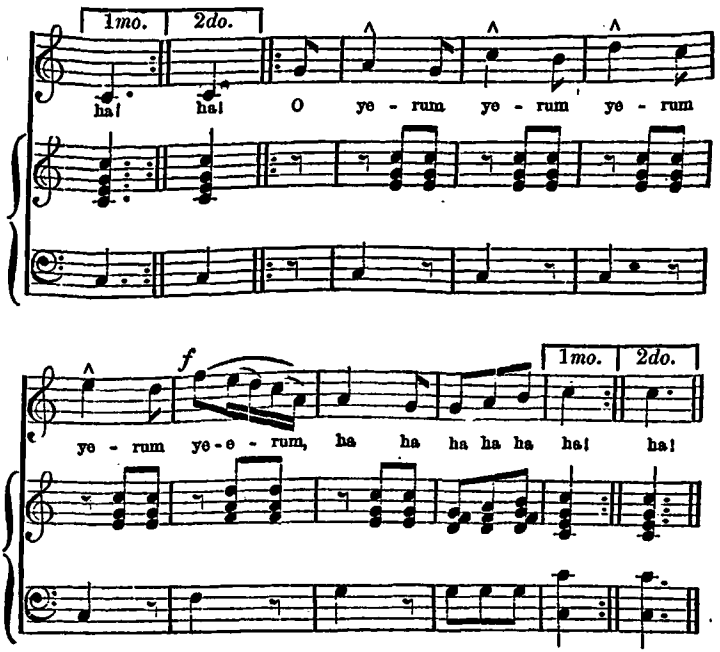
indulge in no more than three little cans of beer in the course of each evening.

After this the "weapon-guardian," who is also the duel-superintendent, demands to know who is willing to serve as the night-watch for the brother-student who has been recently wounded in an encounter.

"I'll go from twelve till two," cries one, and thereupon his name is chalked down on the board over the door.

Another excuses himself, saying, "I was there the night before last, and I've to be at college early in the morning;" while a third cries, "I'll keep the watch from two till four, if some one will come and wake me and bring the cards along with him," and so it goes on until the black board is filled with the names of those who are willing to sit up with their wounded brother.

Now, the evening's formalities having ceased, the boys begin to sing all kinds of merry songs. One that they specially delight to indulge in at such times is called the "Beer Waltz," of which we give the melody (for there are no words), as well as the additional accompaniments in the subjoined formula.

THE BEER WALTZ.

1mo.
2mo.
la la la ha ha ha ha! ha! la la la la
ff
ff
la la la la la la ha ha! la la la la la la la la
1mo.
2do.
ha ha ha ha! ha ha ha ha! la la la la la la
la la la la la la ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

At the second time of singing the above air, the assembled company *whistle* at those bars where the words "Ha! ha! ha! ha!" have been previously sung. This is called the "*whistling tour*."

After this comes the "*sneezing tour*," in which they all sneeze at the parts where they before had whistled.

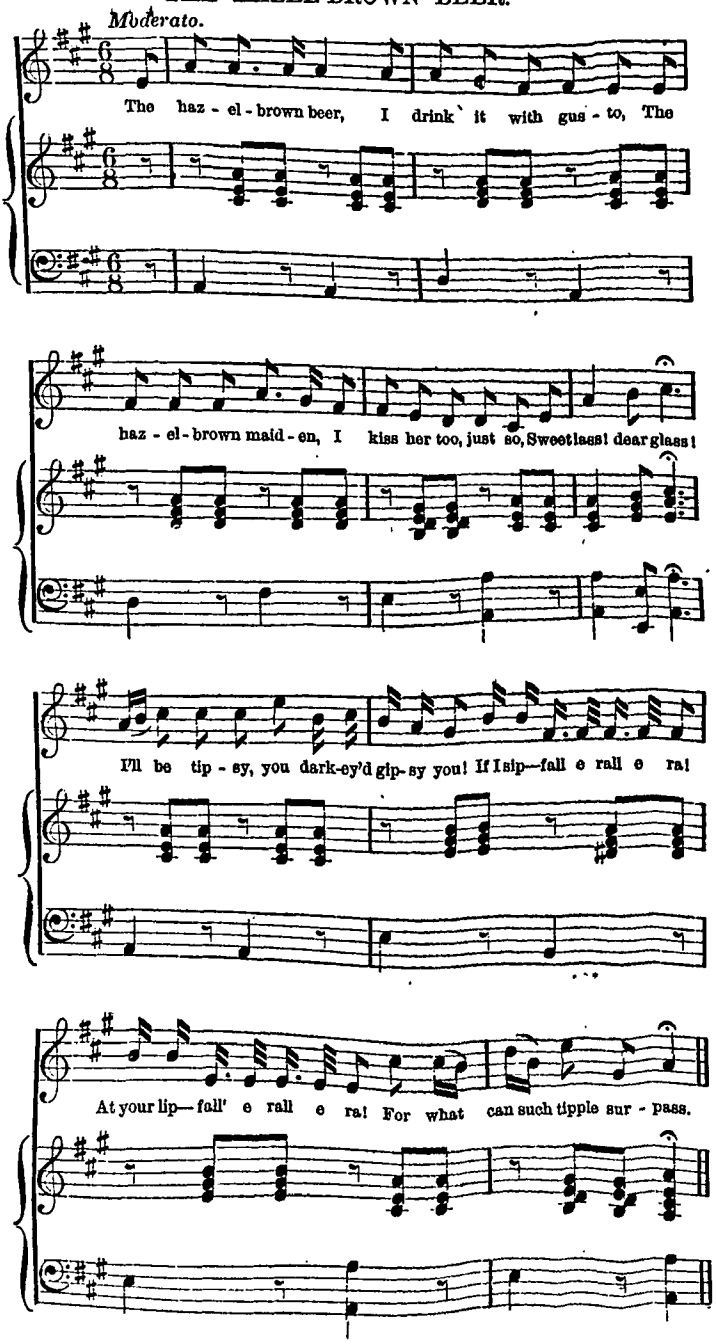
The next is the "*laughing tour*," when they all laugh loudly at the same portion of the music.

Then is performed the "*house-key tour*," wherein they knock at the sides of their glasses with their street-door key.

Sixthly, they do the "*table-knocking or foot-stamping tour;*" that is to say, they all thump on the table as hard as they can with their beer-cans, or else knock with their feet upon the floor.

And the air concludes with the "*clap-hand tour*," in which they mark the time of the music, at the same parts of the air as before mentioned, by all striking their palms together.

Or else, may be, those who remain till the end of the entertainments sing together the following pretty drinking-song:—

THE HAZEL-BROWN BEER.

Moderato.
The haz - el - brown beer, I drink it with gus - to, The
haz - el - brown maid - en, I kiss her too, just so, Sweet lass! dear glass!
I'll be tip - sy, you dark-ey'd gip- sy you! If I sip—fall e rall e ra!
At your lip—fall' e rall e ra! For what can such tipple sur - pass.

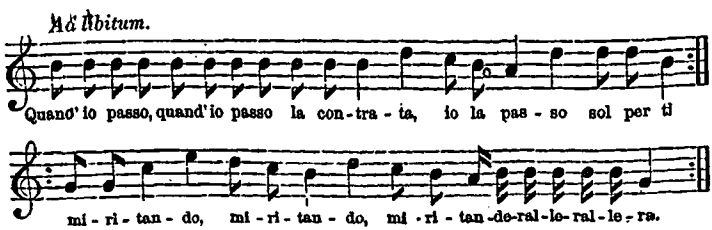
II.

Who cares for champagne, or for Rhine-wine, or sherry?
I can be, with my beer and my dear, just as merry!
Charming beer! lovely dear!
Let's be jolly now! here's to Molly now!
For this is—fallerallera!
Like her kisses—fallerallera!
And they're better than nectar, I swear! *

By this time the boys are sufficiently heated with what they have drunk to be ready for any irregularity. So one jumps up and says, "Who'll go *bommeling*" (that is, dangling or loitering) "in the streets?" And no sooner are the words uttered than the boys, who know well enough the meaning of the phrase, rise in a body and sally forth ready to pick a quarrel with any other of the student-clubs or corps whom they may chance to encounter; for the reader will perhaps remember that it is part of the laws of each student-club that none of their members shall mix themselves up in idle brawls; and therefore the word "*bommeling*" is used, so that the club itself may have no previous knowledge of the riot.

"Now," said our American friend to us, "if you want to see how the duels are brought about at the German universities, you had better go after those boys; for, in the state they are in, there will be no end of challenges to-night." And before we could get our hat, we heard sung in the street the following air, which is known by the title hereunder given :—

* In the original the refrain is merely "*Ei du! Ei du! Ei du! Scharmantes Dudel Dudel dei! Juvi! fallerallera! Juvi! falleralla!* &c., &c., &c. These words, however, are utterly unmeaning to English ears—for what is *fun* to one nation is utter nonsense to another—therefore, we have been obliged to give another turn to the burden of the song, as above.

CHALLENGING SONG OF THE ARMINIANS.

II.

Se io tocco, se io tocco la mamilla,
Ubi sento respirar—miritando, &c.

III.

Qual piacere! Qual piacere far l'amore,
Col la figlia del Dottore—miritando, &c.

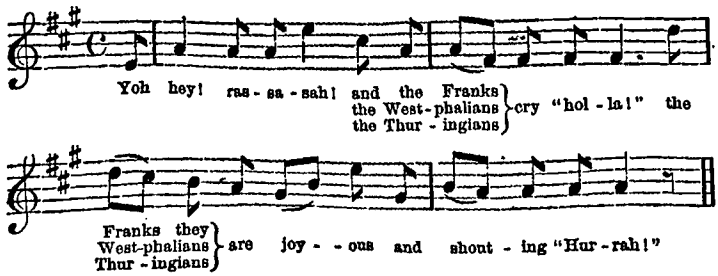
IV.

Welch vergnügen! Welch vernügen! zu büssiren,
Unsers Doctor's Töchterlein.*

By the time we had left the tavern, we could only see the boys, in the glimmer of the expiring oil-lamps (for gas is yet unknown in the Saxon seat of learning), walking six abreast down the narrow streets of the university-town, and hear their melodious challenging-song floating upon the night wind.

Presently, in the distance there was heard the following musical response to the defiant chant of the Arminians:—

CHALLENGING SONG OF THE JENA "CORPS."


Yoh hey! ras - sa - sah! and the Franks / the West-phalians / the Thur - ingians } cry "hol - la!" the
Franks they / West-phalians / Thur - ingians } are joy - - ous and shout - ing "Hur - rah!"

* The words above given are the remains of an air that the students picked up from an Italian-Swiss once resident in Jena.

"Now," said the light-hearted American lad who accompanied us, "you'll see something of the Jena ways;" and scarcely were the words uttered, before we came up to a crowd of students wrangling each with the other; for it is the custom with the boys, who are anxious to distinguish themselves in the art of duelling, to walk six or more abreast, so that no party similarly spread out can possibly pass them without jostling together; and immediately the challenging-song of one club is heard in the streets, the boys of the other societies go out in a body to meet them, intent upon picking a quarrel with the others.

By the time we had reached the crowd, we heard the words "*dummer Junge!*" (Stupid youngster!) flying about on every side.

In all the university towns of Germany such an expression is sufficient to provoke a duel; and every one of the students assured us that these words are the means of preventing many an unseemly brawl in the streets, since, immediately they are uttered, a

So far as we can understand, the meaning of them is, "When I pass through the country, I pass there only for thee;" the burden, "*Miritando*," signifying "being filled with admiration." (2.) "If I touch thy bosom when I feel it beat I am filled with admiration." (3.) "Oh, what pleasure, oh, what pleasure, to make love to our doctor's daughter—being filled with admiration!" while the fourth or last verse is merely a German translation of the third Italian one. The air however, is "catching" enough; and as we walked over with the students from the *Felzen-keller* one Sunday evening, after their ex-*Kneipe*, they sang their challenging song for a greater part of the way home, and despite the nonsense of the words themselves, it had, in the stillness of the night, a very beautiful effect.

challenge is the consequence, and the whole dispute is at an end.

Then one says to another, "Give me your card;" and the other replies, "Oh, yes! you want it to stick in your looking-glass, to show that you have got at least *one* gentleman among your acquaintance."

"Very well," cries the first; "I shall send a friend to you in the morning."

"Thank you," replies the second one, "for the information. I'll give directions to my servant to have all the spoons locked up, so that none of the plate may be missing when your friend leaves."

And so the noise goes on. "Who's in the second *Semester?*" "Who's in the third *Semester?*" shouts first one and then another.

"Here! Here!" respond some of the opposite party.

"Can I have the pleasure of hanging (fighting) with you?" inquires the previous speaker.

"Oh, certainly! I am at your service," says the other.

And thus the duels of the Jena boys are brought about and arranged.

May be, at this point of the affray, Herr Knoblauch (literally, Mr. Garlic), one of the beadles and night-watchmen of the town, makes his appearance, done up in a hackney-coachman's huge greatcoat, and carrying a thick stick and lantern in his hand, whereupon he is immediately surrounded by the whole crowd of boys, each anxious to shake hands with

him, and crying, "Oh, beloved Herr Knoblauch, how goes it with you?"

"It's an age since we met," says one.

"I've had longing pains to see you, darling Knoblauch," adds another.

"And how goes it with the sainted Mrs. Knoblauch?" asks a third.

"She was looking divinely last time I saw her, in the very hat and feathers I meant to have bought her myself," chimes in a fourth.

"And the sweet little Knoblauch-chens—I trust, my good friend, that your father's heart is not wounded with any distress on their account?"

And so it goes on, each poking his fun at the good-tempered beadle, who cannot help laughing at the boys, even while he pretends to be angry with them on account of the disturbance in the streets at so late an hour.

"Now *do* go home, my good young gentlemen," he says; "I shall have to report some of you as it is. I *must* do it in the morning, but I shall make it as light as I can."

"Yes, dear Knoblauch; we were holding a prayer-meeting, that was all. Will you, beloved Knoblauch, be so good as to conduct us to the nearest pump, for we haven't moistened our lips, dear Knoblauch, for the last twelve hours?"

"Do you want a godfather for your next child, respected Knoblauch? If so, you may command me," adds one of the more uproarious of the boys.

At length, however, by dint of long persuasion on

the part of Mr. Garlic, the boys are dispersed. Some go home to their rooms, where they remain singing out of the windows and across the street to one another. One of the songs usually indulged in upon such occasions is as follows:—

Napoleon du Schuſter Geſelle——Schru-um!
Du ſtehſt nicht feſt auf dein'm Thron!
In Deutſchland da war'ſt du ſo Strenge——Schru-um!
Und in Ruſſland bekammſt du dein'n Loha-loha-lohn——Schru-um!*

The word "*Schrum*" at the end of the alternate lines, and which forms the refrain of each verse, is, of course, shouted out at the top of each of the singers' voices, until the streets ring again with the echoes in the dead of the night.

Others of the boys go off to indulge in some "*Nacht-scandal,*" as it is called (or night offence), and then practical jokes are indulged in by the small-beer-elated youths to an indefinite extent—the principal of such jokes consisting in transferring the signs of the liquor-shops to the apothecaries', and those of the medicine-stores to the houses where more palatable potions are supposed to be retailed.

Of course, all such matters have to be duly reported by the watchmen to the senate the next day, when the offenders are summoned before the heads of the university, and sentenced to certain terms of imprisonment in the "*Carcer*" (pronounced "kartzer") or lock-up, by the college authorities.

* A free translation of the above nonsense is appended:—
"Napoleon, thou cobbler's apprentice——Schru-um!
Unstable thou sitt'st on thy throne!
In Germany wast thou so savage——Schru-um!
But Russia repaid thee thine owa-owa-own——Schru-um!"

Some few years back, it was customary with the several student-societies, whenever any of their members were condemned to be confined for a term in the university lock-up to form a procession, and accompany their brethren through the streets to the place of "durance vile"—each of the culprits being decorated with what is called the "prison-band." Such processions, however, are now forbidden.

This prison-band, nevertheless, continues to be carried by the boys who are sentenced to imprisonment. The colours of the said band are brown, white, and black—*brown* standing for beer, *white* for innocence, and *black* for revenge; and the motto being, "*Bier, Unschuld, und Rache.*"

We have before explained, that none of the members belonging to a particular club or student-corps will fraternize or even speak with those connected with another society, unless the two unions happen to be (which seldom occurs) upon what is termed "*Freundschaft-verhältniss*" *i. e.* upon friendly terms. But when the members of the different clubs chance to be imprisoned together, all such asperities cease; and then, no matter whether the fellow-prisoners be "Finches" or not, brotherly love prevails among the incarcerated.

Another curious custom at such times is, that all the university forms are reversed—the evening drinking-bout being held in the morning, and the *Frühkneipe*, or morning revel, taking place in the evening, and so forth. Moreover, it is a rule with the incarcerated students never to wash themselves, nor comb their hair, nor brush their clothes, so long as they are

in the "lock-up," those who do so being heavily fined by their fellow-prisoners; so that the boys who are sentenced to eight or more days' confinement in the "*Carcer*" make their appearance in the town at the end of the term in a state of dirt and untidiness that is regarded with the highest admiration by their brother members on their return to the club.

The most wretched lot, however, is when one boy is confined in the "*Carcer*" alone, for then he is left to give forth smoke-rings, while he vows vengeance against those who have imprisoned him—as represented in the characteristic engraving (on the next page), which is a literal transcript of a Jena print, and will give the reader a better sense of what occurs on such occasions than any words of ours.

Under the guidance of Herr Knoblauch, the university beadle, we were taken to inspect the College Prison. This is situate at the back of the College church, in an old building that was formerly a cloister, in connection with the church itself. Here are some half-dozen quondam-monkish cells, the ceilings, floors, walls, and doors of which are literally covered with the names of the students who have been imprisoned therein. The names on the ceiling have mostly been printed with candle smoke, and those on the flooring and the door carved with a knife, while on the walls they are painted, and generally accompanied with some rude device, as well as an inscription recording the date and term of the writer's imprisonment. The several chambers here have different titles, given to them by the students on account of certain marked peculiarities. There is,

ORDINARY OCCUPATION OF THE JENA BOYS WHEN CONFINED ALONE IN THE UNIVERSITY LOCK-UP.

for instance, the "*Wappen-zimmer*," or escutcheon-chamber, the walls of which are decorated with the coats-of arms of each of the different student-societies, with a list of the members underneath who have been confined therein. Then there is the "*Billiard-zimmer*," so called on account of the enormous square wooden bedstead placed in one corner of it, and which certainly is more like a billiard-table than an ordinary German bed. Here, when the other chambers are full, some two or three boys are put to sleep together, each of the inmates having to bring his own mattrass and covering. Further, there is the "*Pepita Chamber*," or that in which the figure of a ballet-dancer, almost the size of life, has been painted on the wall by one of the imprisoned students; and lastly, the "*Ladies' Chamber*," but why so designated we do not exactly remember.

Moreover, all along the passage leading to the several cells the walls are ornamented with curious caricature drawings, among which we may mention a rough sketch of "Bacchus in the Carcer;" while in the cells themselves the dates attached to many of the names on the wall extend as far back as the end of the last century; for the authorities will not allow the place to be whitewashed, on account of the curiosity of the inscriptions.

Facing the University Justice-Room in the same building (where the offenders of the previous night are examined and sentenced to certain terms of imprisonment, according to the character of their

offences), there is another small cell, which is no longer used as a place of durance, owing to the excellent comic cartoons with which the walls are scribbled over. These were done by one Distelli, a Swiss student, and Ruge, a German (the latter of whom is now an exile resident in England), in the year 1812, and considered so remarkable by the late Grand Duke, Carl August, that he gave orders that the chamber should be kept in its present state as long as possible. The drawings, though certainly clever, are by no means such extraordinary efforts of genius as the Jena folk generally believe them. They are sketches in charcoal, representative of Marius weeping over the ruins of Carthage; of the Rape of the Sabines; and the Devil pitchforking the Pope into the infernal regions—all executed with considerable freedom, and no little humour.

The boys confined in the lock-up are allowed to have in two bottles of beer per diem (at their own expense). It is customary with the students, however, on entering the place, to take as many bottles of wine with them as they can carry in their pockets (for the turnkeys have no power to search them), and for their friends to bring them a further supply daily during their imprisonment; so that card-playing and drunkenness invariably prevail in the *Carcer*, so long as any *two* boys are fellow-prisoners there. Whenever one is confined alone, however, the hours do not fly quite so swiftly—blowing smoke-rings, as we have said, being then the chief amusement.

CHAPTER X.

OF THE DUELS AT JENA.

THERE are but a few other college customs to be mentioned before we come to that which—after beer—forms the principal one, viz. duelling; for small beer and small swords are the main delights of Jena boys.

In these days, when everything is supposed to be learnt in six lessons, and handbooks are written to make the public acquainted with the whole science of physiology or geology in ten minutes, authors are expected to cram the experience of a college-life within the compass of a few hours. We have, in our time, studied the ins and outs of many a vocation, as rapidly as here and there one, writing the results of our investigations in cabs as we went, and finishing our day's labours at the office of a morning newspaper, where we continued scribbling by gas-light till 4 A.M.; and seeing then the very words we had written but a quarter of an hour before, and the ink of which was hardly dry, printed and published in the office below, by the time we had washed our hands and face; after which we have ridden home with the wet copy of the paper in our pocket, and read our work as we ate our five-o'clock morning meal, *previous* to going to bed.

Nevertheless, it is utterly impossible to obtain, in a week or two, the knowledge that requires a year or more to become acquainted with; so, as we make it a rule never to deal with matters upon which we are insufficiently informed, and there still remained certain Jena ceremonies which had not come under our notice during our stay in the town, we wrote to a young American, who was studying at the college, and was a member of the Arminian club, to favour us with an account of those matters which had not come within the narrow circle of our experience, and we now append the answer.

First, then, he says, "A commerce is, as you know, a Jena drinking-bout, to which other than members of the student-club are invited. Of such commerces there are six every year. There are, of course, two *Semesters* annually; at the beginning of each of which there is an 'entrance commerce,' and a 'departure commerce' at the end of them. In June, moreover, there is a 'foundation commerce,' and another commerce also at Christmas.

"The four commerces (that is to say, those at the beginning and those at the end of the two *Semesters*) are inferior ones, lasting only one day and being something like a *Kneip-abend*, but on a larger scale. I will describe, as well as I can, what occurred at our foundation commerce.

"The elder members of the society, as well as the boys belonging to the University of Erlangen, having been invited to attend, we made preparations to receive them; some went over to Weimar to welcome the Erlangen students, and escort them to Jena.

This occurred on the 11th of June, and the weather was wretched in the extreme, for it rained 'flint-stones,' as the Germans say, all the time. A number of us Arminian Boys walked out to the 'Oil-mill,' but the rain came down so heavily that we were forced to return before long. At length our guests made their appearance, and then a cry for dry clothes and quarters was raised. I opened my heart, my wardrobe, and my bedroom-door, and took one hard-looking individual in; and I think he was much more satisfied than I was during his stay.

"Everything having been done for the comfort of our new friends, the *Vor-kneipe* (that is, the introductory drinking-bout) commenced, and by half-past 11 P.M., we were as merry a set of young fellows as any one but a temperance-man would wish to see.

"The next morning we had *Früh-kneipe* (*i. e.* the early drinking-bout), at which beer and herrings disappeared at a marvellous rate. In the evening the commerce-proper began—a large number of professors and others being present on the occasion. Then speeches, songs, and bad white beer were indulged in, until the professors and Philisters retired; after which the ceremony of the *Landes-vater* (fatherland) commenced.

"Two long tables were ranged round the hall, whereat the boys were seated. At the end of each table stood two presidents, so that there were eight in all, every one of them being in hat and feathers, with white gauntlets, and with rapiers at their side. I should add that two members of the Germanian club were present at this ceremony, they having been sent

as delegates to our society; for the Arminians happened to be on friendly terms with them at the time.

"Then the presidents all stood up on the chairs that were made vacant by the boys immediately in front of them rising from their seats, and each holding a naked blade in the left hand, and a goblet of beer in the other, while something was sung, the words of which I have forgotten. The swords were now taken hold of by the lads standing up in front of each of the presidents, and as they held the rapiers in their left hand, they proceeded to pierce their caps, every one at the same time, while they drank and sang as follows:—

"Seht ihn blinken
In der Linken,
Diesen Schläger nie entweiht!
Ich durchbohr' den Hut und schwöre,
Halten will ich stets auf Ehre,
Stets ein braver Bursche sein."

"Then the swords were handed on to the lads next to them to do the same, the cap of each being passed down the rapier-blade till they had the appearance of so many muffins on a toasting-fork; and so it went on until the whole of them had been perforated in the same manner."

The following engraving (copied from one of the many Jena prints illustrative of student manners) will give the reader a more definite notion than any words can possibly convey.

"After this," continues our young American friend, "came the baptism of the Foxes, when the Kaiserin, or Empress (who is represented by one of the boys duly attired for the occasion), was seated on a barrel, both ends of which had been previously knocked

out, and the cask being so arranged that the head of it was behind the scenes, while the bottom of it was turned towards the stage. We (the Foxes)" says the American, "had to crawl through this barrel, amidst all kinds of unearthly noises, and then we were taken

CEREMONY OF PIERCING THE CAPS
(*As performed at the "Foundation Feasts" at Jena*).

charge of by the Court midwife and the bishop. The midwife hustled us into a large tub, while the bishop poured beer over our head, the accoucheur, at the same time, kindly rubbing us down with straw. The bishop then read a verse, and wound up by giving us each a nickname, saying, for example, concerning myself,—

"Viel weiſs ich nicht, doch das gewiſs
Das Kind iſt aus Indianopolis.
Bis dahin nennen wir dich in Gnade
Doppelt-Americanniſche-Fortſchritt's-Pomade.*

* The meaning of the above is, briefly, that the bishop declared

"After the baptism of the Foxes, the Boys commence drinking for beer-honours, and he who can drink the most at one time is entitled to receive a

PORTRAIT OF THE GRAND-DUKE OF LICHTENTAIN
(A title conferred upon the greatest beer-drinker among the Jena Students).

he didn't know much more about the American than that he was from Indiana, and therefore he was baptized with the name of the Double-American-Progress-Pomatum—a title that, of course, was too long to cling to him; so that during our stay at Jena we found the American known by the name of "Shanky Tootle," which was the nearest German rendering of the words Yankee Doodle, the air of which Brother Jonathan delighted to play to the German students on the flute.

medal.* The Grand Duke of Lichtenhain" (whose portrait, in his robes and beer honours, copied from a photograph taken by Herr Schenk, of Jena, we here subjoin) "is elected upon such occasions for his extraordinary drinking powers.

"The ceremony being concluded," continues our American friend, "we scattered; but my guest had (as we say on the other side of the Atlantic) 'a good lip for liquors;' so on his account I helped him in looking after the punch, until it was all gone—by which time it was five o'clock in the morning, and we were both ready for bed.

"But," he adds, "there is no rest for the wicked; for at eleven the next day the *Kater-frühstück*" (literally, the seedy or 'hot-copper' breakfast) "com-

* These "beer-honours," as they are called, consist of certain stars and crosses, &c., cut out of tin and painted with the colours of the club. They are rewards for drinking a "double battery" (which is equal to six abbots, or half-pint measures), at one draught—a "single battery" (or half the quantity of the double one)—a double abbot (or pint)—a single abbot (or half-pint)—a can (or quart) and *Cannchen* (or half-can). On such occasions as that above described, it is the practice with the members of the club to challenge each other to drink given quantities, and whichever swallows the stated quantum first, becomes entitled to one or other of the honours above mentioned, according to the amount taken down. We were told of two of the "boys" challenging one another to drink off a double battery, *i. e.* six half-pint measures, one after the other. One of the lads broke down in the attempt, and had to retire from the room to be ill, after swallowing the fifth measure; whereas the other *did* manage to get down the sixth half-pint, but had no sooner done so than he was sick out of window. We saw the envied beer-honour, thus won, hanging against the wall at the lodging of the winner.

menced. For this we assembled at the Borough Cellar, and then wine only was partaken of. Last evening," the American goes on, "I did not see a single drunken person; to-day (I refer to my diary and write as if it were now happening) I can conscientiously affirm that of our company I did not set eyes upon a single sober one. To tell the truth, after three o'clock I myself was not in a state to distinguish any one whomsoever. I woke up during the night, and found myself in my own bed; but how I got there is, to this day, a mystery to me. In fine, of the whole party there was none sober enough to conduct the others to their lodgings.

"The next morning there was a *Spritze* excursion to Dornburg, and the boys all came back in the same condition as they went to bed the day before. After that, the examination of the Foxes went on. This consists in three of the Boys resolving themselves into a Fox justice-court, and proposing questions to the younger students. If the Foxes cannot answer them they are punished by having to order in a certain number of glasses. While this was going on, Braisecke demanded a court of appeal to try the Fox-judges; but as he had to be taken home before the time came for trying them, and as there was no other person sober enough to act as prosecutor, the matter was dropped.

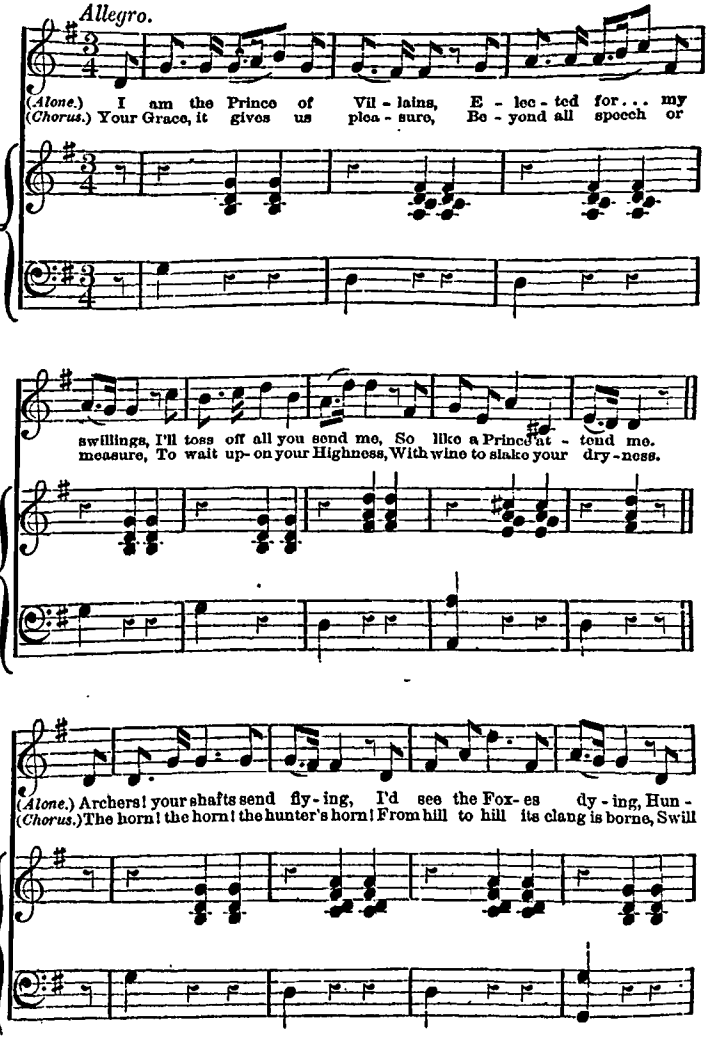
"Next day the beer state-officers were elected, of which the club have already presented you with the picture." Whereupon the young American breaks off, saying, that what with dinners and visits in

Dresden (whither he had retired in the vacation), he is about "played out."

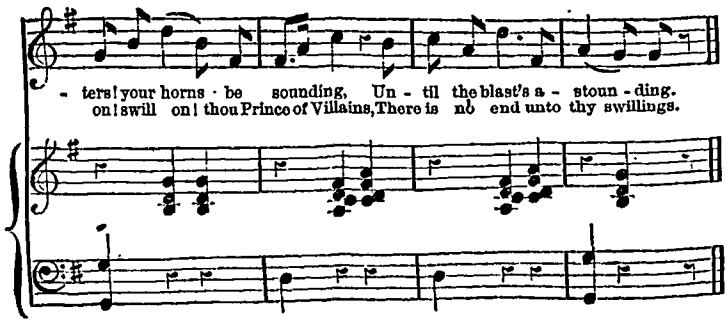
The English reader has now as full a sense of the Jena customs as we and our friends can give him. There is, however, one other usage which our American correspondent has forgotten to mention, and that is the election of the Prince of Villains (*Prinz von Thorn*)—a ceremony at which we do not profess to have been present, though, from what we have heard from the Jena boys the subjoined engraving and accompanying song will give our countrymen a sufficient notion of the fun.*

THE PRINCE OF VILLAINS
(*An acted Musical Farce prepared by the Jena Boys*).

* The subjoined song is sung in turns by each member of the club; for all have successively to play the part of the Scoundrel

THE PRINCE OF VILLAINS.

Allegro.
(Alone.) I am the Prince of Vil - lains, E - lec - ted for . . . my
(Chorus.) Your Grace, it gives us plea - sure, Be - yond all speech or
swillings, I'll toss off all you send me, So like a Prince at - tend me.
measure, To wait up- on your Highness, With wine to slake your dry - ness.
(Alone.) Archers! your shafts send fly - ing, I'd see the Fox- es dy - ing, Hun -
(Chorus.) The horn! the horn! the hunter's horn! From hill to hill its clang is borne, Swill

Prince, and to drink to each of the attendants who, as they pass before his Highness, hand him respectively their cans of beer. It is only the most seasoned of the old hands who can go through the performance without becoming helplessly drunk before the end of it.


- ters! your horns · be sounding, Un - til the blast's a - stoun - ding.
on! swill on! thou Prince of Villains, There is nò end unto thy swillings.

(*Alone.*)

Of what avail this royalty,
These troops so full of loyalty?
This crown and sceptre I resign,
Farewell; my throne! farewell, my wine!

(*Chorus.*)

Your grace, it gives us pleasure,
Beyond all speech or measure,
To state, without much shyness,
There's no more wine for your Highness

We now come to speak of what, after all, is perhaps the principal institution among the Jena students, *viz.* the duelling, which goes on almost every day of the week.

Such encounters are *supposed* to be forbidden by the senate, but if they are not directly allowed, at least they are winked at, by the college authorities.

True, it is customary for the heads of the university to send out their beadles to the fighting-halls once or twice in the course of each *semester;* whereupon, the whole who are taking part in the encounter leap out of window, or run off and hide themselves in the loft, or get away as best they can. But, though the beadles *are* occasionally sent out, and the time at which the duels are to come off is pretended to be

kept secret, this is merely a matter of form; since hardly a fight occurs between the boys but every citizen in the town (and there is not the least doubt every professor at the college also) is almost as well-informed as to the day and hour when it is to take place, as even the members of the two conflicting societies themselves.

"Would the Herr like to see a nice duel to-day?" the waiters at the hotels will say to you as you eat your broiled ham in the morning. "Very pretty affair coming off in the forenoon, sir. Two of the best fighters of the Germanians and Thuringians are going loose, and I was told by one of the Corps last night that one of them is certain to lose his nose, at least. Would the Herr like to have a carriage to take himself and the young gentlemen over to the tavern where the fights take place? Only a short drive, sir: and there'll be excellent sport to-day, depend upon it. You can see it all, and get back nicely in time for dinner, sir."

Nevertheless, though the waiters at the hotels have full information on such subjects, the members of the Jena Senate pretend to have no knowledge of the matter. When they send their beadles out only those boys can be punished who are caught with the "fighting breeches" on, while the seconds must be taken with their embroidered aprons about their body in order to be brought within the law. If, however, the duellists can manage to remove their paddings before the beadles come up, nothing can be done to them—even though they are found with their faces covered with blood. Should they, how-

ever, be caught *in flagrante delicto*, the punishment is generally six weeks' imprisonment for the one who sent the challenge, and fourteen days for him who accepted it—the seconds being merely reprimanded and admonished not to mix themselves up with such matters again; while every rapier-blade that the beadles can lay hands upon has a heavy fine put upon it (between 2*l.* and 3*l.* if we remember rightly), which the club to whom it belongs has to pay. Hence, directly the approach of the beadles is announced by the scouts outside, the first thing the boys do is to collect every weapon lying about the room, while the others attend to the combatants, and either hasten to strip off their paddings or else to carry them up to the loft, or to some other place of secrecy.

"Suppose," said we, "a boy was to be killed in a duel, what would be the punishment then?" "Oh!" replied the student, coolly, "he would be locked up for six months, that would be all. But it's almost impossible for such a thing to happen now-a-days, for every mortal part is so thoroughly protected with bandages that no serious accident can occur."

But, notwithstanding the Senate deals thus lightly with the boy-duellists, the college authorities, and even the members of the student-clubs themselves, show no mercy to any one striking another in the face with his hands; for though the university lads are at liberty to slit each other's faces half open, and, indeed, to slice off the tips of their brother students' noses, if any boy is hasty enough to give another *even so much as a box on the ear*, he is immediately expelled, not only from the col-

lege but from his own club also, with every indignity, and unable to enter any other German university!

The present mode of fighting in Jena is what is termed *schlagen*, that is to say, *striking*, while the weapons they use are called *Schläger* (striking swords), in opposition to rapiers, which are, literally speaking, thrusting weapons. A few years ago, what is termed the *Pariser Stossen* (or French mode of thrusting at the body with small swords) used to prevail. But this was found so dangerous, and proved fatal in so many cases, that it has been almost entirely laid aside for the less perilous *Schläger*-fights. In the olden time, it was also customary to fight with *krumme Säbeln* (crooked sabres) fashioned like the heavy swords of the cavalry. But this proved also to be such dangerous work—the weighty blades often cutting through the skull, and many a time carrying away the greater part of a man's cheek—that it has been laid aside of late. Meetings with pistols, on the other hand, occasionally, though but rarely, take place. We heard of none in Jena; but during our stay in Eisenach, a young German baron, who was studying at the Forest-School, picked a quarrel with one of the officers in the army while they were hob-a-nobbing at one of the common beer-houses of the town. (Fancy an English nobleman and an English officer and gentleman meeting at a pot-house and getting to words over their glass of small-beer!) However, the Deutsch nobleman challenged the officer to meet him with pistols on the morrow; and then the usual pot-valiant farce was enacted, for the

nine hundred and ninety-ninth time—the offended one firing as wide as possible at his antagonist, so as to avoid hitting him, and the offender discharging his pistol at the branches of a tree; whereupon the wounded honour of both the tom-noddies was declared to have been duly salved and healed, and they returned home, each pluming himself on his bravery upon the occasion.

The reason of the duels occurring almost daily among the Jena boys will be readily understood by any one who will take the trouble to refer to section 3 of the before-given laws of the Arminian club; for there it will be seen that the boys bind themselves to combat, by word and deed, with every union opposed to the aim and objects of their own guilds—especially, say the laws "with the so-called Husbandmen and Corps, who are the type of a base and unpatriotic life among students." Of course, when such feelings prevail among young men at the outset of their student-career, and the lads are sworn to carry out the principles which bind them together, no great amount of brotherly love can exist among the members of the different university-societies. Certain it is, however, that the boys of the same club are never allowed to quarrel with one another; for before they are admitted into the select circle, their habits and tempers are tested by a six months' probation, and even after that, if any words were to occur between the brother members of the same society, the heads of the union would be sure to arrange the dispute in an amicable manner. In the heat of their cups, however, it is impossible to say what may not happen;

but even then, let the boys be as inflamed by liquor as they may, they know that the rules of their society allow them to call any one whom they may fancy to have offended them only a "*Rapier-junge*," that is to say, a novice in duelling—a challenge which renders it necessary for the boy using the words to go through the form of a sham duel with the other at the fencing-loft; when they are both provided with thick felt caps and wire masks to protect them, the rule being that he who gets the most cuts over the head in a given time has to pay for a barrel of beer to the society. At the time when we gave our feast to the Arminians, the young American before spoken of called the whole of the members *Rapier-jungen*, and how many barrels of beer he had to pay for his rashness it is difficult to recount.

Moreover, each society is, as it were, the guardian of the honour of every one of its members; and if any one of their body hesitates to accept a challenge, or does not behave himself in a brave and honourable manner while fighting a duel, he is dismissed with ignominy from the club. A case of this kind came under our own personal observation. A lad, whom we had known at Eisenach, while he was a scholar at the Real-Gymnasium, went afterwards to finish his studies at the Saxon University. At the commencement of his college-career he was a member of one of the student-clubs; but getting involved in a noise, his first duel had soon to come off. At this, however, he fought so timidly and awkwardly, that in the midst of the encounter he gave his

adversary a blow which even the most skilful could not possibly have expected, and which had the effect of laying his ribs open. Whereupon the youth was tried by the members of his club, for unmanly conduct; and we saw the lad, whom but a few weeks before we had noted in Eisenach in his bright-coloured cerevise-cap, wearing the black "*Mütze*" of the Finches during our stay in Jena, as a sign that he belonged to no club whatever.

As a rule, the grand enmity exists between the members of the boy-guilds and the corps. The "Finches," or those who belong to no club, are allowed to go free by the others, as persons utterly unworthy of their notice. The corps, we have before explained, comprise the more aristocratic portion of the students; while the student-clubs or boy-guilds—as we have called the *Burschenschaft*—consist principally of those lads who have more democratic, or, as they style it, more patriotic ideas. But though the members of the student-clubs may *occasionally* fraternize, *as a rule* those belonging to one society never speak with another. During the time that we were in Jena, the Arminian club was on friendly terms with the Germanians, and therefore the members of the one body could not fight with those of the other, unless in some extraordinary case; whereas with the Teutons the Arminians held no converse whatever, for they were in *Pauck-verschiss* (duel-excommunication), and the Arminians would not allow any one of their society to accept a challenge from them; for we were told that these same Teutons had behaved in some dishonourable manner in con-

nection with a late duel, and therefore the Arminians had refused to notice the others in any way, until the matter was cleared up. Hence, the members of the Arminian club had only the corps left to quarrel and fight with; and during our stay in Jena the duels which came off were merely with them.

Every Fox, or young student, is *bound* to learn fencing—the course consisting of twenty lessons, and there being a fencing-master kept especially for such a purpose. For the course of lessons the Fox has to pay from four to five thalers (12*s.* to 15*s.*); and even when he is considered to be a proficient in the art, he must contribute three shillings each half-year towards the rent of the fencing-loft and the support of the fencing-master,—the income of such fencing-master being greater than that of the head professor at the university itself. Moreover, each student in connection with any of the clubs or corps, is expected to provide himself with a fencing-hat and mask, and with fencing-gloves and rapier, the cost of the fighting outfit being from four to five thalers also (12*s.* to 15*s.*) Further, in the course of practice at the aforesaid fencing-loft, the blades are continually being broken, and these cost twenty groschens apiece; and our young American friend assured us that he had given out a matter of four shillings in one week solely for such articles. Every member of a club or corps, is *bound* by the rules of his society to attend this fencing-loft for one or two hours in the course of each day, so as to practise continually, in order to be ready to meet any challenge he may receive.

The fencing-loft itself is a bare building in one of

the by-streets of Jena, and immediately adjoining the laboratory of the college. Long before you reach the place you hear the clink of the clashing swords; and this goes on through the entire day. The windows are all wired, like those of a tennis-court, to prevent the panes being broken by the springing blades. Inside, the rooms are like malting-floors or corn-stores, being utterly destitute of furniture, and with merely lockers ranged round the walls. Here the boys keep their fencing-hats, with wire-masks attached, their old coats, their swords, and their fighting-gloves, all of which are fastened together by a chain, and duly padlocked against the wall. At the time of our visit we counted upwards of one hundred of these fighting accoutrements, and that on one floor only. Those who have seen the diver at the Polytechnic Institution have only to imagine that some half-dozen couple of such ugly-looking monsters are lashing one another at the same time with the swords that are not so broad, and almost as pliant, as penny canes, and they will understand almost as well as we do what goes on upon such occasions. The boys keep an infinity of old rags with which to bind up their arms, so as to protect them from the sting of the blows; for they belabour one another as earnestly as if they were fighting for dear life, and such hard work is it that after every five minutes they have to remove their hat and mask in order to get a breath of air.

In the midst of the practising, one of the fencers cries aloud, "Halt, I've caught one over the breast!" and then, making a wry face, he adds, as he stamps

about, "Thundering weather! but that *does* hurt." Whereupon he opens the bosom of his shirt, and there is seen a long red wheal right across the breast.

"I didn't mean to strike so low, Walter," exclaims the other, "but, you see, I was afraid of cutting you in the face."

"Oh, no, never mind," returns the injured one, still biting his lip; "but we must wait a while till the pain is over."

In the meantime, maybe, the unscathed boy calls one of the young hands to him, and says, "Now let's see what you could do if you were going loose. One—two—three! one—two—three! *Prim! Second! steile Terz! tief Terz! steile Quart! tief Quart!*" he cries, as he exemplifies each of the cuts to the young Fox, adding, as he gives the last blow, "There, you see, you'd have had your cheek cut in two!"

The blow, however, fell upon the throat of the young fellow, and set him coughing and trying to spit blood for the next two or three minutes.

"It was only with the flat edge of the blade that I struck him," explains the other to us.

Every boy has, as a rule, from four to five challenges on hand, and it is the duty of the "weapon-guardians" of the one club to arrange with the "weapon-guardians" of the others when the encounters are to come off. At the Burg-keller there was a small room adjoining the drinking-hall, where the weapons of the club were kept, and to the mysteries of which we were duly inducted during our stay in

the university-town. These weapons, which are far more expensive articles than those used at practising, are duly sharpened on the occasion of a duel, and sent out in a bag to the fighting-hall in the suburbs, together with the silk masonic-like apron (on which is embroidered the monogram of the club), which the seconds invariably wear at such times.

So far from the students objecting to such encounters, they seemed to us to be ambitious of having their faces tattooed in the same manner as a Red Indian, as a sign of their bravery during their student-life; and as a general matter, it may be said that each boy connected with a student-club or corps fights one duel every half-year during his stay in Jena. One club, consisting of thirty members, we were told as a great thing, had fought a hundred duels in one half-year; and the young doctor before referred to had had from fourteen to seventeen duels (he could not tell us the exact number) during his stay at the university. Others said there was not an artery in his head or face that had not been cut in two, although he was one of the most experienced fighters at the college; and to look at him, his face was like a bit of scored pork.*

If a boy is challenged before he knows how to

* We were informed that there are generally about 120 duels every half-year—though, as a rule, a greater number of encounters occurs in the winter term than the summer one, because the Foxes come to the University mostly at Easter, and none are allowed to fight during their first semester. The Armins told us that each of the elder members of their club usually "went loose" twice in the half-year. The "Finks," as we have before said,

fight, he is allowed from four to six weeks to make himself acquainted with the art. During our residence in the university-town, a little fellow, not bigger than an English drummer, who was the nephew of one of the professors, was called upon to go out; and it was pleasant then to note the fatherly care of the other boys concerning the smallest member of their society. "Oh," said they, "he shall be led off (*abgeführt*) at the first heavy blow!"

However, in the morning there came a message from his uncle, who was the professor of natural philosophy at the university, that he was forbidden to take part in any duel. Another rule with the members of these societies is, that no one can be allowed to participate in an encounter while the plaisters, covering the wounds of a previous duel, are still on his face.

During our stay in Jena an incident occurred which will give the reader a good sense of the feeling which exists between the boys of the several German universities. One of the Jena students had fought a duel with a boy whose face, in the words of our informant, he had cut to shreds. After that, the boy had gone to Heidelberg, when the students, hearing how severely he had been treated by one of the Jena lads, sent their best swordsman over to the

seldom or never fight, nor do the Husbandmen (*Oekonomen*), generally speaking; so that the Burschenshaft and the Corps furnish by far the greater proportion of the fighting men. The 120 duels, therefore, in each half-year (which is at the rate of nearly five per week) occur among the 160 odd members belonging to those societies.

Saxon university to challenge the offender; and the encounter ended in the Heidelberg boy cutting the Jena student's nose literally in two. Indeed, during the whole of our time in the town he was confined to his bed, being obliged to have fresh ice put every hour to his olfactory organ; and we saw him, only on the last day that we were in the city, with his nose strapped-up (good-looking fellow though he otherwise might have been) as though he were suffering from some terrible disease.

The time and place of the duels are arranged by the weapon-guardians of each club. Immediately a boy has challenged another, he has to give in the name of himself and his adversary to the aforesaid officer of the society, who enters the two in a book, and arranges with the weapon-guardians of the other clubs when the encounters are to come off.

We ourselves waited in Jena ten days before such an affray took place, although we were assured, before going there, they were of daily occurrence. True, we heard, in the meantime, of many such an encounter between the corps; but, said the Arminians to us, "That is poor work, for they fight with their caps on; and as you have come over here to see a true German duel, it is better that you should remain until one of us and the corps go loose, when no such child's play is allowed; for then you will have some idea of what such an affair is like."

Accordingly, we bided our time. At length the Arminian boys told us that everything was arranged for the morrow; and we should here state, so as not

to interfere with the current of the narrative, that, at the time of such duels, peasants are hired to stand on the hills and act as "telegraphs," as they are called, so as to signal when the university beadles are coming; that the boys always make it all right with the ferry-man across the Saale to take as long a time as possible in carrying the beadles over the river; and that, indeed, every obstruction is offered to their progress.

As an instance of the peculiar feelings these duelling institutions beget, even among strangers to the country, we will cite a little anecdote that was related to us in the course of our stay in Jena. Two Americans who were alike studying at the college, but who belonged to different societies, happened to meet at one of the commerce-evenings before spoken of. "You're an American, I hear," said the one to the other, the latter being the young Jena student whose letter we have quoted. "That's right, I guess," returned our friend. "From what State?" inquired the first speaker. "I'm from Indiana," answered the second. Well, I'm from Carolina," added the other, "and you're a *dummer Junge!*" Whereupon, according to the customs of the Jena boys, the Northerner and the Southerner had to slit one another's face open in order to wipe away the insult.

CHAPTER XI.

THREE FIGHTS IN JENA.

At many of the German university-towns, such as Heidelberg and Bonn, you are in the habit of passing boys in the street minus one ear. Such deformities, however, are seldom met with at the Saxon "seat of learning," owing to the precautions which will be hereafter mentioned.

It is customary with the students who are about to fight to ride out to the place of meeting in a *Spritze*, or one-horse chaise, and it is generally so arranged that as many duels as possible may come off on the same day. Others walk out, as we did, across the meadows, on the other side of the Saale river; and it was curious to see how the path over the fields was dotted over with the long procession of pedestrians on that day, as if they were so many village geese returning to their homes in the evening.

True, but few of the Jena citizens think it worth their while to stir over their doorstep to see such matters. Nevertheless, all the friends of the boys who are about to fight make a point of attending, and the entire members of the club are bound to be present. So that, as there were no

less than four societies about to "let loose," as the phrase runs, on the day to which we refer, the narrow path across the marshes was studded with the long file of persons who were anxious to witness the affray.

The usual fighting-place is a small roadside inn, situate in the suburbs of the college city, and about half an hour's walk from the town. Each of the combatants has to pay the landlord of the inn five groschens for the use of the fighting-room; and as, on the occasion to which we allude, no less than six couples "went loose," it will be seen that the landlord, for a German one, did not drive so bad a trade.

When we reached Wöllnitz, we found a party of "Finks" in their black caps, and a good assembly of peasants seated under the broad-spreading branches of the linden-tree in front of the inn, the ground beneath which was boarded over, so as to form an *al-fresco* dancing-floor for the boors and booresses of the neighbourhood.

Indeed, the tavern at Wöllnitz is one of those suburban hostelries which abound in the neighbourhood of every German city, and whither the servant-maids of the town delight to resort and waltz with their sweethearts every Sunday evening; the Jena boys taking pride in telling you that the stains of the blood which is spilt on the Saturday (for that is the favourite day for duels, owing to there being no lectures in the afternoon at the end of the week) are

danced out of the boards by the peasants and serving-maids on the Sunday.

While we were seated under the shade of the huge tree in front of the Wöllnitz inn, the young Armi-nian doctor, of whom we have before spoken, and who had to act as the surgeon at all their duels, sauntered up and seated himself next to us; and no sooner had he ordered his can of beer than he drew forth the case of instruments with which he had come provided, eager to let us, as strangers, see what was necessary on such occasions.

Then, as he opened the pocket-book-like appa-ratus, he showed us, with no little pride, the silver boothook-like instrument which he said they used for taking up any arteries that might be divided in the course of the encounter, as well as the nippers which were required to clip together the ends of the blood-vessels, so as to prevent them pulsing forth more blood than the boy could afford to lose. After this he drew forth the short, bent needles, each ready threaded with a piece of bright-coloured silk, that were used to sew up any severe wound that might be inflicted. These needles had thick, triangular-shaped shanks, and were bent into a semi-circular form, so that with the threads attached to them, they seemed more like clumsy fishing-hooks than any surgical instrument. Next he took out of his coat-tail pockets a bottle of collodion, with a camel's-hair brush fastened to the capped stopper, after the manner of the patent gum-bottles of our

own country; and drawing forth, at the same time, a few strips of linen, he said that he found them when brushed over with the solution of gun-cotton, the best-possible plaister that could be used on such occasions.

Then those who were grouped about us began to tell stories of celebrated encounters,—one narrating how a boy had had the end of his nose cut off, and the dog of the club had eaten it up before the surgeon could pick it off the floor and put it in his mouth, according to the usual custom, to keep it warm till he could sew it on. We should here remark that connected with the Arminians there was a fine intelligent black hound of the name of "Tell," who would follow none but the members of the club or their friends, and who struck us as being the counterpart of the firemen's dog in London. We noted him even at Wöllnitz, as if he knew instinctively that something was "loose," as the Germans say.

Thus the time passed in listening to celebrated duels that had occurred in that town, some telling us how, in the encounter which is represented in the frontispiece of this book, young Steiben, who is now a lieutenant in the Saxe-Weimarish army, and who was one of the principals in the affray (an affray between the Franks, of which Steiben was one of the principal fighters, and the Thuringians, with the Saxons—a defunct corps—for umpire), cut out the eye of his antagonist so clean, that it lay like a boy's marble on the floor, and that since that time the regulation had been come to that the

duellists shall, one and all, wear eye-guards when engaged in their encounters with small swords.

"There'll be fine work to-day," says one. "They are going at it on both floors—the Franks and the Teutons on the basement, while our boys and the Westphalians have got the first-floor all to themselves. But do you come up and see the rooms now that the place is empty."

Following our student-guide, we found the fighting-hall to consist of a small, square, and bare apartment, which was about the size of a London police-court, with a tiny raised stage at one end of it, that was meant for the orchestra when it was used for a dancing-hall, and to which purpose it was, as we have said, applied almost every Sabbath evening. Indeed, the duelling-room was nearly similar in all its arrangements to that which is represented in our frontispiece—with the exception that it was a few paces smaller; for the scene of the encounter represented at the beginning of this book was in the neighbourhood of the Oil-Mill, where the dancing-rooms are somewhat larger. With this slight difference, however, the room, the fittings, and the furniture, depicted in the frontispiece, will stand well enough for the Wöllnitz fighting-hall.

The only point peculiar about the place was the marks of blood upon the ceiling, which was sprinkled all over with red spots, as if it had been "marbled" with the *gouttes* thrown off from the tips of the blades; while the floor itself was blackened at either end with the remains of the stains of the different encounters that had taken place within it.

Next, our young Arminian friends, who were delighted to initiate us into the whole of the duelling mysteries, escorted us into another room at the opposite side of the passage, where they told us that the members of their club were to be bandaged previous to fighting, and to have their wounds dressed afterwards.

Here we found a long table arranged, with basins and a stable-boy's huge sponge set out upon it, while on the floor stood a large watering-pot, full of water, and in one corner an old square piano. By the time our inspection of the premises was at an end, and we had rejoined the company under the lindens, the boys cried out, "Here they are!" and instantly four *Spritzes* dashed up to the door, each filled with the youngsters who were to fight that morning.

"Do you mark," said the friend next to us, "they've all got brown-paper parcels with them. Those contain the clean shirts they have brought, in case of emergency; for when a boy is wounded he cannot wear the same shirt again, and it has either to be burnt or given away to the persons belonging to the inn."

"Now, you had better come inside," said one of the Arminians, "and we'll pick you out a nice place, where you can have a good view of the whole proceedings."

Then, having re-entered the fighting and dancing-hall, our friend placed us at the extreme end of the orchestra, nearest the windows, saying, "That was

the best place in the room;" and hardly had we taken our seat before the people began to flock into the hall, and the porters made their appearance, carrying upon their back a large potato-sack, filled with the weapons and other fighting paraphernalia of the club. The Arminian boys began unpacking these at once, and drawing forth a huge leathern case, like a gigantic "house-wife," in which some twenty or thirty sword-blades were thrust, after the fashion of the scissors, bodkin, &c., in a lady's work-case, they commenced fixing the blades into the large globular hilts.

While this was going on, the Westphalian party, who had now entered and taken up their station at the end of the room facing the orchestra, began to make arrangements for bandaging the right arm of their man, who had already taken off his coat and waistcoat, and appeared in a coarse shirt for the purpose. Then two of the Arminian boys came forward and proceeded to measure off twelve feet in the middle of the room, the one supporting the other as he went staggering along with heel to toe. And when this space had been portioned out, a broad chalk line was drawn at either end of it, to mark the limits within which the duellists must keep. Next the Arminians proceeded to flourish the monogrammatic device of their club in large chalk letters on the boards, at that end of the room where their party was to be ranged. There was no necessity for the Westphalians to do the same on the other side; for the device of their club was already chalked upon

the floor, they having been engaged in a similar affray the day previous, and the letters being still visible enough to mark the quarters of their society.

Now nothing was heard but the hammering of sword-blades into their big iron hilts, and as fast as the nuts which fastened the blades into the handles had been screwed firmly on, the boys on either side began trying the fitted weapons by brandishing them in the air, until you could hear them whistle again, as they whisked them to and fro above their heads. Others pulled single hairs from out their head, and proceeded to test the sharpness of their edge as a barber does that of a razor. And when this preparatory work had been gone through, some six or eight of the small swords were placed in a row against the wall, so that in case of any blade springing in the course of the fight another such implement might be ready for immediate use.

Our attention, however, was engrossed in watching the bandaging of the Westphalian boy, which was going on at the opposite end of the room; for as every apartment in the inn was occupied by some one of the clubs who were to fight that day, the Westphalians were constrained to dress in public. This bandaging consisted in winding yard after yard of strips of old black silk round the long and thickly-padded cuff of the fighting gauntlet—such cuff reaching right up to the shoulder (so that the entire arm in which the weapon was to be held might be protected from any blow), and the bandages being of silk because that is less readily cut through than any other material by

the blades. And after the arm of the Westphalian had been thus bound up, an extra yard or two of the same strips of old cravats was wound round the wrist to protect that also against injury. When the operation was complete the arm had more the appearance of a swollen gouty leg, or a roll of brawn, than the ordinary limb; and the weight of the swathed member was so great that a friend had to stand by and support it on his shoulder while the other part of the attiring for the fight was being performed.

Next a thick, padded cravat was fastened round the neck. This was not unlike the deep stock that used to be worn by the late George the Fourth, and which extended so high that the chin was almost covered by it. Then a pair of leathern spectacle frames, into which the glasses of the boy—for he was short-sighted—were fitted, and with thick iron rings to protect the eyes from any blow, was strapped round the head in such a manner that the leather at the sides might cover the ears, and thus prevent them from being cut off—as frequently happens at those universities where no such guard is worn. Indeed, these spectacle-frames, as we have before mentioned, are comparatively novel appliances at Jena; they were introduced only after the encounter represented in our frontispiece, and which ended, as we have said, in one of the duellists having his eye whisked out by the tip of his opponent's *Schläger*.

The spectacle-frame being duly fitted, the friend of the one about to fight proceeded to adjust the

"fighting-trousers" for him, such fighting-trousers being like a pair of jockey's breeches, with the entire back of the body and legs cut away, so that only the front half of the article remained. They are made of padded wash-leather, and reach from the waist down to the knees, so as to protect the entire bowels and thighs against any blow of the sharp small-sword.

This part of the fighting-gear is the property of the club to which the combatant belongs, and has been used in so many previous encounters, that the front of it is stained brown all over with clotted blood; and when we saw it strapped on to the Westphalian at the other end of the room, and beheld him completely accoutred for the fray, the boy looked as hideous and almost as inhuman an object as one could possibly behold. The only image, indeed, that we had ever seen like him was the diver at the Polytechnic, as he walks about with his helmet off, previous to going down into the tank.

Presently, the Arminian lad was brought in, attired after the same grim fashion, and with his bandaged arm stretched out at full length, and supported on the shoulder of some member of his club. The seconds, got up in their bright-coloured, masonic-like aprons, embroidered with the monogram of their respective clubs—and each wearing a padded gauntlet and a cap with a long projecting peak, so as to protect their arm and face against any stray blow—also made their appearance at the same time.

It was curious now to see the two boys, who were about to slash and gash each other's faces, look at one another from the opposite ends of the room. One would have fancied that only the hottest and fiercest passions would have been depicted in their countenance; but not the least sign of enmity was displayed by either of them. Indeed, it was clear that the silly lads were about to spill each other's blood merely for the "honour" of the thing, as if blood-shedding was the noblest act in the world; and they would as readily have fought with a tailor's dummy, if there had been any honour in *that*—so little malice did they bear one another.

The Westphalian "boy" was a podgy little dark man, of some three or four and twenty years of age, with a bullet-head, and short-cut, scrubbing-brush-like hair, and with a pair of eyes so intensely black that they were like those of a terrier rather than a human being. The Arminian lad, on the other hand, was a fair-complexioned and good-looking youth, who seemed to be some five or six years younger than his antagonist. Still, he was somewhat taller than the Westphalian, but hardly slimmer in his build.

Then the seconds, and those who were supporting the arms of the bandaged men, led them each up to the mark drawn on the floor at the opposite ends of the room, while others of their friends proceeded to chalk the palms of their gloves, and then gave them a weapon to try; and with this they set about cutting the air, so as to see whether the

weight and the working of it suited them. Then a handkerchief was passed over the lowest strap at the back of the fighting-breeches, and being tied there, the ends were given to the "boy" to lay hold of, so that he might thus keep his unbandaged arm securely behind him—out of the way of all stray blows.

All being now ready for the encounter, the coloured caps of the two combatants were placed on their heads, and the seconds took their places, each with his sword in his hand, beside his man, while the umpire (chosen by the challenger) came forward and stationed himself in the middle of one side of the room, holding his watch in his palm.

Whereupon the one seconding the Westphalian says, "*Un-parteiischer! bitte um Silentium für Gang Schläger mit Mützen und Sekondanten.*" (Umpire! I beg for silence for a *Schläger*-bout, with caps and seconds.)

The reason of the words "caps and seconds" being used is, that in case of any accident occurring, the umpire can declare to the university-authorities that the duel was given out as being of such a character,—this mode of fighting being less dangerous, and therefore less heavily punished, than duels of other kinds; the caps acting, of course, as a certain protection to the skull, whilst the seconds in the olden time had the right of warding off any of the more serious blows levelled at their man. But though this custom on the part of the seconds has now ceased, and their duty is at present limited merely to knocking up the swords of the assailants after the word

("Halt!" has been called, nevertheless, a duel with such seconds is regarded by the College Senate as being of a less serious character than any other.

Then the umpire cries aloud, "I beg silence for a *Schläger*-bout with caps and seconds," and immediately afterwards not a word is heard in the room.

Then the second of the challenger says to the umpire once more, "*Un-parteiischer! bitte um's Commando*" (Umpire, I beg for the command). Whereupon the umpire exclaims, "*Auf die Mensur!*" (To the measure or duel!); and no sooner are the words uttered than the second of the challenger cries, "*Bindet die Klingen!*" (Join the blades!) whereupon the second of the one who has been challenged calls aloud in answer, "*Gebunden sind!*" (They are bound!) and as these words are spoken, the combatants and seconds all stand with their swords raised and stretched out, so that the tips of the four blades meet in the middle of the room, waiting for the command "*Loos!*" (*i.e.* Let loose!) to be given; and immediately this is pronounced, the seconds draw back a step or two, while the principals prepare either to strike or guard, as the case may be.

But before there is time for either to give a blow, a cry of "Halt!" is raised by the two seconds, and the coloured caps are then removed from the heads of the duellists. After which, the same command to "Bind the weapons!" once more is given, the same answer returned, that "They are bound!" followed by the same cry of "*Loos!*" and immediately after this the two assailants fall to striking

one another, till the blades whistle in the air like whip-cord, and the blows fall on the bandaged arm of either so thick and fast, that the place sounds like a barracks where the soldiers are busy beating the jackets with canes; and the seconds keep dodging about watching the men, and with their swords ready to arrest the blade of each adversary at the shortest notice.

By this time the open doorway, and the passages without, were crammed with spectators (for there was not the least attempt to make the exhibition in any way a private one), boys even of eight and ten years old being allowed to come in and witness the performance, some of the spectators standing on chairs, so as to be able to look over the heads of those in front of them, and others perched up the staircase, and leaning over the balusters. Peasants and students, publicans, butchers—people of all kinds, indeed—were there, each with a wooden can of beer in his hand, and almost all with pipes or cigars in their mouths. Indeed, this smoking was so general, that the Westphalian second himself indulged in it throughout the duel.

If the duellists are both equally-expert fighters, so that neither receives a wound immediately, and the blades are of good stuff, the fighting goes on uninterruptedly for thirty seconds, or a minute maybe, without any cry of "Halt!" to stay it for a time. On the occasion to which we allude, the first bout lasted rather longer than usual, and after a minute

and a half perhaps had expired, and each had been lashing the other all that time, as if he were horse-whipping him rather than attacking him with a sword, there was a call of "Halt!" owing to one of the weapons having become bent in the encounter, and a blow from such a crooked blade being far more dangerous than any other; so the minute either of the duellists or the umpire perceives that such an accident has happened, the command to stop is given by them, and both of the seconds rush in with their swords raised, so as to prevent another blow being struck after that.

None but the persons fighting or the umpire are allowed to cry "Halt!" and as some one in the room had done this first, the Westphalian second appealed to the umpire, and begged he would maintain silence for the *Schläger*-bout.

During the pause the blade is either straightened or a fresh weapon brought forth, and as this is going on, the friends of each of the duellists advance and chalk the palms of their gloves once more, while others give them a sip of beer—for even though the first bout had lasted but little more than a minute, both the opponents stood puffing and blowing as if utterly exhausted with the labour, and with the perspiration streaming down their faces, till the blacking from the leather of the thick padded stock about their neck was dissolved by it, so that their cheeks came to be grimed with it as black as sweeps', and they looked more hideous than before.

"They fight well, both of them," said one of the Arminians near us. "It's as good a match as I've ever seen."

When all was arranged once more, the command was given, as previously, to "Join the weapons;" and no sooner had the words "Let loose!" been repeated, than the two silly young men went at it again, belabouring one another as hard as they could, after the fashion of some drunken costermonger pounding away at the hide of his donkey.

So another minute passed; and then another cry of "Halt!" was raised by the Westphalian boy, and instantly the doctor of the society, who was waiting in attendance at the table behind, together with the other members of the club, grouped about their man.

"He's got it," said an Arminian lad next to us; "I thought our boy would give it him, though the other fights as prettily as here and there one."

Then we could see the leathern spectacle-frame removed from the head of the Westphalian, and the doctor examining his eye.

"Do you understand what's the matter?" asked our Arminian friend; "he's been fighting with his own spectacle-glasses fitted into the frame, and our man has smashed one of them for him. Had it not been for the guard he'd have had his eye cut out as sure as death. Pretty slash, that, indeed!"

When the doctor had assured himself that none of the chips of the glass were sticking in the eye of the Westphalian boy, the head-gear was re-arranged, and hard at it they went once more.

After a few seconds, however, another cry of "Halt!" was heard. One of the swords was broken.

"There goes a thaler ten," whispered our friend; "we always lose some two or three of those blades every time our boys come out to fight."

The fatigue of the two combatants (though but little more than three minutes had elapsed) now appeared to be so overpowering, that we fancied that neither would be able to fight out the appointed time; for, though the weather was by no means sultry, it was evident the bandages and paddings were so stifling that each seemed as "blown," and in the same state of profuse perspiration, as a racehorse after a three-mile heat.

And thus the affray proceeded, with a short stoppage at almost every thirty or forty seconds, for some reason or other, until seven and a half minutes had elapsed, whereupon the umpire cried, "*Silentium! 7½ Minuten ist gepaukt*" (Silence! seven and a half minutes have been fought); adding, "*Die Corona magen während der Pause abtreten*" (The spectators can retire during the pause).

Then the members of each of the clubs proceeded to congratulate their boy upon having fought through the half of the appointed time without getting so much as a scratch from the other.

"Thundering weather!" we heard one of the Arminians say; "but thou art fighting delightfully to-day, Thick One. But thou'lt give it him yet, *I* know thee; and I shouldn't wonder if thou slit'st his tongue in two before thou'st done with him."

"But come," said the young student to us, "the room is close, and they want air; and the Franks and the Teutons are at work down below."

So, leaving the combatants to have their faces washed, and to be refreshed with beer during the pause (which lasts for five minutes), we withdrew to the ground-floor of the fighting and dancing establishment, to see what was going on there.

But here we found such a crowd gathered round the door of the fighting and dancing hall, that it was impossible, not only to enter, but to see even so much as the tips of the steel blades flashing in the air; though we could hear them clicking away as if it had been a stone-breaking yard, and the same cry of "Halt!" shrieked out a few seconds afterwards, but for what reason we could neither learn nor discover; for the landlord of the inn stood close against the door, with a huge watering-pot full of beer, filling the wooden cans of those who were eager for the washy refreshment.

Accordingly, we retired to the open air, so as to get a mouthful of the fresh atmosphere without; and here we found a crowd of yellow-haired and blue-smocked village boys perched on top of the palings round about the inn, and craning their necks forward, so as to have a peep through the windows, while they said to one another, "*Donner schock!*" (Sixty claps of thunder! the favourite exclamation with the German boors) "but the Frank got a bloody one (*ein Blutiger*) over the forehead then!"

Before the five minutes' pause was up, we returned

to the fighting and dancing hall on the first floor of that elegant establishment, so as to be able to keep the orchestra-stalls which we had occupied at the former part of the entertainment. There was still time to speak a few words with the Arminian boy, who was seated at the table, with his stock off, and his heavily-bandaged arm resting on the edge of it.

He told us that his adversary fought well, but still he thought he would give him a "deep fourth" over the cheek before he had finished with him, adding that no one who had never worn the fighting-gear could imagine what hard work it was, or how the bandaged arm ached long before the fifteen minutes were fought-out.

At the end of the pause, the umpire, seconds, and spectators all returned to the room as before, and, the umpire having once more cried, "*Silentium! die Suite geht weiter*" (the duel proceeds further), the two lads let loose again at each other, both seeming more determined than ever to mark their opponent.

But, though each of them hit well, they both guarded as well; and so, with the same cries of "Halt!" directly either blade became crooked or broken, and the same brief stoppage until the defect was remedied, they fought-out the second seven and a half minutes without either giving the other so much as a scratch—a feat which but rarely occurs ;* and so tired did they

* Bloodless duels are very unusual. We were informed that the rule is, in 50 duels, may be two such harmless encounters

become towards the close of the appointed time that at each halting they kept privately asking their friends about them how many minutes they had fought-out now.

At the end of the fifteen minutes, the umpire cried, "*Silentium!* 15 *minuten ist gepaukt*" (the fifteen minutes have been fought out). "*Der Suite ist ex*" (the duel is at an end). And then the two were led off by their friends to undress and give their bandages and fighting-trousers over to the next couple.

While the succeeding pair were getting ready, the crowd went below once more, and there you heard at the door how one of the boys had had an artery cut through, and had been obliged to be led off. You also learned during this interval the several laws of honour, as they are called, customary on such occasions, and how the combatants can say, if they please, after fighting for ten minutes (but not before),—"*Ich biete Ihnen Satisfaction?*" (I ask you whether you have had satisfaction?). To which, if the other replies "*Angenommen*" (Accepted), the duel is also pronounced to be "*ex.*" Further, you are informed, if either is so wounded that he is blinded by the blood streaming into his eyes, or if the doctor pronounces the

occur; or that in 100 fights, at least 95 are "bloody ones." On the other hand, the number who have to be led off (*abgeführt*) on account of serious wounds, may be estimated at very nearly 10 per cent. In 50 duels in one semester, the Armins told us that two of *their* men had to be led off, and seven of their *opponents*. Further, one in every ten may be said to fight the fifteen minutes out

cut to be too dangerous for his man to proceed, then the umpire declares in like manner the affray to be finished, and the wounded lad is, as it is called, "*abgeführt*" (led off) to have the gash dressed.

In about ten minutes after the first fight, another couple of lads were ready, "got up" for the next encounter; while the Arminians about us said, "Now you'll see some bloody work."

These two youths could not have been more than eighteen years old each; and directly the order to "Let loose!" was given, blood was drawn in the very first bout. Immediately the wound was felt, the one receiving it cried "Halt!" and the doctor came forward and examined the gash. It consisted of a long slash, across the cheek of the Westphalian boy, which seemed at first like the wheal left by the stroke of a whipcord lash. In a few seconds the blood began to flow from it in long crimson lines, trickling down the side of the boy's face, and dripping into his stock and shirt until they were nearly saturated with it. The doctor, however, bathed the wound with the stable sponge, and pronounced it of no moment.

"I knew our boy would give it him finely," said the Arminian at our elbow. "He deserves all he'll get, for he thrashed a Fink the other day with a stick—the coward!—and he will have to leave the university for that directly the matter is brought before the senate." (To say the truth, this Westphalian lad did not seem to be the most pleasant-natured youth in the world.) "Our boy," continued

the gossiping Arminian, "knows how to give the deep fourth cut beautifully; and you'll see he'll make a beef-steak of the other's face before the fifteen minutes are over."

In another second, the blades of the two lads were whistling in the air once more; but in less than a minute after, the cry of "Halt!" was again raised, and the Arminians round about us said exultingly to one another, "He's got it nicely this time, just over the eyebrow! It's as pretty a cut as ever I saw in my life!"—and the words were hardly uttered before the blood came streaming forth, running down the wounded man's nose, and trickling on to his shirt until the front of it was nearly as red as a sailor's flannel one.

Despite this, after the wound had been once more inspected and washed as before, orders were given for the two to go "loose" again; and then, after another minute's slashing, the Westphalian received a third wound from the Arminian, the tip of whose blade was now like a bit of crimson tinsel-foil with the gore of the other.

And so it went on every other minute—a fresh gash and a fresh stoppage; until the Westphalian boy's face seemed positively as red as a skinned sheep's-head, and on the floor where he stood there was a pool of blood as if a pig had just been slaughtered on the spot, and which rendered it difficult for the wounded man as he stood in it to prevent slipping about while he fought.

Still the boys fought on; even though the lads

about us said the Westphalian would want no end of needles to sew up his hide—for it is the custom with the students to speak of the wounds inflicted as being so many needles long, according to the number of bits of silk that are required to be inserted in order to draw the flesh together.

Despite this hacking of the Westphalian's face by the Arminian boy (every one of whose deep "fourth" cuts told with fearful force on the cheeks of his adversary), the two continued fighting for the full quarter of an hour. Nor would the wounded man ask the other if he had had his satisfaction at the end of the customary ten minutes. And while the fight went on, the Arminians round about us were wondering how the other could lose so much blood without being led off—an event which they seemed to look forward to with the highest pride. Nor were they the less delighted with the idea that their boy, although he had cut the Westphalian's face almost to mince-meat, had not so much as a scratch upon his own.

After this came the third and last pair of boys to have their faces hacked about in a similar manner.

It is idle now to continue the disgusting details of such silly and barbarous affrays. Suffice it that this Arminian boy fought left-handed, which, of course, was a great disadvantage to his antagonist.

Nevertheless, both suffered alike in the contest, several heavy blows being given on both sides, and

the Arminian receiving, towards the end of the encounter, a cut on his nose that nearly divided the nostrils. Still, they both kept on to the end of the appointed quarter of an hour.

At the end of the "entertainment" the other Arminians took us into the room appropriated to the dressing of their boys' wounds, and there we found the lad who had taken part in the last encounter, perched on a stool, and in front of him the doctor, with one of those ugly crooked needles in one hand, and the tip of the poor lad's slit nose in the other, as he proceeded to drive the triangular instrument slowly through the flesh—while the wounded youth did not so much as wink his eyes with the pain of the not-particularly-dexterous operation. As this was going on, another student sat at the piano before-mentioned, and played on the old cracked instrument Weber's "Invitation to the Dance."

The nose of the boy having been duly sewn up, the doctor proceeded to dress the tip of it with strips of linen, and then to brush them over with the collodion of which we have before spoken—an operation which brought the tears into the lad's eyes, owing to the biting of the ether into the raw flesh of the wound.

While this was going on, one of the Westphalian boys came to the door to know how many cuts and of how many needles long the Arminians had received in the course of the day; all of which details these stupid boys think it worth while to record in a book

kept by each of the clubs. And while the Arminian doctor was dressing the wounds of his patient, he begged of us to stand round, or else to keep the door shut, so as to prevent the people outside seeing the damage that their man had received.

Such is the folly of the Jena duels!

Admitted that there is no better lesson which can be implanted in the mind of youth than that honour is preferable to life; nevertheless, it will be seen that at Jena every possible means is adopted to *prevent the sacrifice of life* in such encounters; so that the honourable result is confined merely to shedding the blood, and scarring the faces of the duellists — a result which assuredly might be as readily gained by the disputants tossing up as to which should open the veins of the other with a lancet.

In the olden time, when the continual supervision of an All-wise and All-just Providence formed a special part of the faith of the knights-errant, and of that chivalrous spirit which embodied the principles of the Church Militant of the Middle Ages, the ordeal by battle was something more than a mere passage-at-arms; it having been regarded by all as a religious rite, or trial, at which the Almighty Himself was supposed to preside, and to punish the guilty by "defending the right." But though this same chivalrous creed has long since died away, and that man would be regarded as a lunatic who now-a-days believed that in the fight between Sayers and Heenan,

for instance, Providence had in any way influenced the result, still the savage form to which the religious *creed alone gave a barbarous and romantic beauty* remains; and German "boys" are sentimental enough to fancy that they are acting CHIVALROUSLY when they submit to have their faces hacked by the small sword of another—whereas every person, who is able to distinguish between external forms and internal principles, sees that they are merely playing the part of brutal pugilists, *armed with more cowardly and unnatural weapons than the fists themselves.*

In our own country, such a silly and savage mode of redress for injury as the duel has fallen into abeyance for many a year; for where, in the name of common sense, could be the "*satisfaction*" of giving a man who had wronged you the chance of killing you into the bargain? Whereas, if, on the other hand, the injured one found his "*satisfaction*" in the opportunity which the duel afforded him of taking the life of his enemy, without rendering himself amenable to the laws for murder, then, assuredly, it was only a cowardly method of escaping the highest legal penalty for one of the basest crimes.

In these wiser times, gentlemen who have been injured, instead of resorting to a stupid encounter as a means of obtaining redress for wrong—and an encounter, moreover, which cannot possibly *prove* who is in the right—appeal to those tribunals of justice (over which the Almighty may be said more truly to preside through the eternal principles of right upon

which the laws themselves are based) as a means of clearing up their character; so that almost every session, now-a-days, we find some nobleman or veteran officer, who is, like the Chevalier Bayard of old, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," vindicating his honour before those immaculate judges who act as the impartial arbiters of right and wrong in this country, and producing *evidence* of his uprightness and integrity, rather than having recourse to the mere braggadocio and intimidation of pistols.

In our own land, personal encounters, at present, are luckily limited to prize-fighters. True, the latter disfigure one another's faces for money, and the Jena "boys" do so for what they are pleased to call "honour." But, as we have said before, honour, in the chivalrous sense of the word, is the *risk of life for the attainment of some noble end.* And surely there is no nobility in a "boy's" cutting off the tip of his enemy's nose, when the most cowardly precautions are taken in the shape of fighting-gloves, bandages, padded stocks, and fighting-breeches, against the possibility of any *mortal* wound being inflicted upon himself; for certainly a bout with single-sticks would be quite as "honourable" in the brave sense of the term, and quite as "chivalrous," romantically considered, as a mode of fighting in which the wounds are limited merely to *harmless* gashes on the least dangerous parts of the body. In Germany, however, the Englishman finds, even at the "seats of learning," the follies and superstitions of the dark

ages still flourishing, as though the several enlightenments of modern times had been found of no avail for the advanced civilization and happiness of mankind.

The present chapter, though for the sake of orderly arrangement placed in the middle of these volumes, was the last of the book written by us; and immediately on the completion of it we prepared to start for our own country, *viâ* the Oberlahnstein railway to Coblenz, thence by the Rhenish line to Cologne, and so, through Belgium and France—*home*.

No one can imagine, however, what were the impositions to which we had to submit in Eisenach before leaving that city. The old hag from whom we had borrowed our furniture, and for which we had continued to pay her at the rate of ten thalers the month for three years (though the whole stock of her tables, chairs, and bedsteads could well have been purchased for twenty pounds at the utmost) sent us, on the eve of leaving, a bill of one hundred thalers (15*l.*) for damage done to her old goods and chattels; and, on consulting an advocate, he advised us to settle the matter as "amicably as we could," saying that if the woman chose to go to the justice-house and declare that we owed her double the amount, she could prevent us leaving the town until we had either paid her, or deposited the sum claimed in the hands of the authorities to abide the decision of a law-suit in our absence. We had seen sufficient,

however, of the righteousness of the Saxon judges and laws to know that the latter proceeding would be simply submitting to a long course of useless vexation to no good in the end. Accordingly, we had to shrug our shoulders, and make the extortioness a present of nearly all she demanded.

Again, the landlord of whom we rented our apartments, towards the end of our stay in the town, *by the month*, claimed from us, immediately before leaving, sixty thalers (9*l.*) as the rent due, not alone for the last month of our residence there, but for the new quarter upon which we had entered—though but a third of the amount demanded was really his due. And when we told him that we were not exactly sheep enough to allow ourselves to be fleeced in that manner, the same threat of having us stopped at the railway-station was uttered, and we had ultimately to give the fellow forty thalers (6*l.*) more than we owed him, in order to leave the town quietly.

Indeed, it is idle to detail the several legal robberies to which we were finally subjected. However, it was worth any money to get out of the land of beggars and pilferers; so we paid some score and odd of pounds beyond what we should, in order to be quit of the miserable "mouse-hole" (as the Germans were wont to term the "robber-castles" of the olden times), and made the best of our way to that most pleasant of Rhenish abiding-places, the *Hôtel de Trèves* at Coblenz.* And here, among the old

* Those of our countrymen who wish to pass a few months

friends, whose acquaintance we had formed during our previous residence in the Rhenish capital, we passed—after our three years of long-suffering in the comfortless and semi-barbarous region of Eisenach—one of the happiest weeks of our lives. Here we found the Prussian elections going on, and not only every citizen voting against the Government candidates, but one and all looking forward to the next spring-time, with the hope that Louis Napoleon might take it into his head to send his army to invade the Rhenish provinces; while each person with whom we conversed frankly confessed to us that there was hardly a Rheinlander on the left bank of the river who would not be ready to welcome the French back to his country with open arms—saying that the Code Napoleon left them by their Gallic neighbours, was the only little bit of liberty they knew; and that so

on the Rhine cannot do better than make the Hôtel de Trèves at Coblenz their resting-place; for there is not a better-conducted establishment in all Germany, nor one in which the kitchen, the attendance, and the apartments are of so superior a character. Moreover, Coblenz itself is one of the prettiest and liveliest of the Rhenish cities, and situate in the neighbourhood of the chief beauties of the river. At this Hotel the Englishman can contract to board and lodge (and excellently too) for five shillings a-day in the summer, and four shillings in the winter time, including a pint of wine at dinner. It is but due to ourselves to add, that the above recommendation is written merely in return for many civilities received from the landlord while we were resident in his house; and we can vouch, after many years' acquaintance with Herr Maas, that there is not a more worthy, obliging, and honest host to be met with throughout the Continent.

utterly worthless were the Prussian laws, there was not a single capitalist in Coblenz who could be induced to advance any money upon property on the other side of the river, where those same Prussian laws had sway.

SECTION VIII.—ANCIENT LIFE AND CUSTOMS.

CHAPTER I.

ANCIENT RELIGION OF THURINGIA.

To comprehend the old Easter-customs in Eisenach, it is necessary that the reader should first be informed as to what was the character of the belief and worship among the Thuringian peasants in the Middle Ages; for the local historians tell us that many heathen existed round about Eisenach, and remained unconverted to Christianity even down to the end of the fifteenth century.

Well: the primitive religion of almost every country is the adoration of the principle of *Time*, as being the element out of which all things proceed, and in which they have their being. "To TIME, THE ONE PRIME CREATOR," the ancient people painted on their altars. "THE GREAT OMNIPRESENT '*I am*,'" said the pagan priests, "FOR-EVER CHRONICLING THE IRREVOCABLE RECORDS OF THE PAST, AND ORDAINING THE INEVITABLE DESTINIES OF THE FUTURE."

In ancient Thuringia the *chronic* principle of nature was worshipped under the name of the god

"*Sater*," the day at the end of the week, which we still term Saturday, being the one specially consecrated to that deity, as Wednesday—the "*dies Mercurii*" of the Romans, and Mercredi of the French—was originally Wodenes-day, or that devoted to Woden (the Saxon equivalent of the Latin Mercury); Thursday—*dies Jovis*, or *Jeudi*—that given to Thor (the same as the Roman Jupiter); Friday—*dies Veneris*, or *Vendredi*—to Freia (the Venus of the north), &c.

This *Sater*, who was the Saxon equivalent of the Roman *Saturn*—the father of all the pagan deities—Sharon Turner tells us, in his Saxon History, was the chrono-mythic deity, adored by the lower Germanic tribes under the name of *Crodus*, which is obviously a corruption of the Greek term *Χρονος*. An account of the figure of the ancient Saxon idol is preserved in one of the Brunswick chronicles. It is said to have been that of an old man, clothed in a white tunic, with a linen girdle that had floating ends. The same old man was called by the Thuringians *Eckart* or *Eckhardt*, and was regarded as the guardian of the day and night, who sat for ever by the cleft in the rock on the Hörselberg. The head of the Saxon idol, we are told, was uncovered; his right hand held a vessel full of roses and other flowers swimming in water (as typical of the plants brought into existence by the rains of summer); his left hand supported the wheel of a car (indicative of the revolutions of the seasons); and his naked feet stood on a rough scaly fish, like a perch (to symbolize that his empire reached even to the

lowest depths of the waters)—*Albinus, Nov. Sax. Hist.*, p. 70. This image, which was raised on a pedestal, was found on Mount Hercinius, in the ancient fortress of Hersburg, which was formerly called Saturburg, or the fortified hill of *Satur* or *Saturn.*—(*Montfaucon, Ant. Exp.* c. 10.)

But the chronic principle of existence is essentially of a twofold character—it is *destructive* as well as *creative.* Time, mythically regarded, is not alone the Progenitor of all things, but he is the Annihilator of all things likewise. If every entity—every little summer insect, and every frail summer flower—spring forth in time, they pass away and are consumed in time also. Hence the mythologists of old, who told the stories of the various phenomena of nature in the most cunning and poetical fables, represented Saturn not only as the great Father, producing everything, but as the great Ogre too, devouring everything—the "*edax rerum,*" indeed—whose love of destruction was such that, according to the fine old fable, he ate his own offspring.

Accordingly, with the view of appeasing the savagery of the destructive principle of the great pagan deity, all manner of sacrifices came to be offered up to him, and horses and sheep, together with every hundredth man among their prisoners, were immolated, as Herodotus tells us, every year by the ancient Teutoni, so that the blood might serve to mitigate the blood-thirstiness of a being who was regarded as the great God of Battles and Slaughter. Again, Lucian informs us that the god of the old

Germanic tribes delighted in human gore; that his image was carried into battle by the troops, who drank to his honour the blood of the first foe they conquered; that they scalped all whom they slew in the fight, and made drinking-cups out of the ornamented skulls of their greatest enemies. "Indeed," concludes Sharon Turner, "the most formidable feature in the ancient religion of the Teutonic tribes was its separation from the pure and benevolent virtues of life, and its indissoluble union with war and violence."

On the column of another Saxon idol, described by the brothers Meibomii in their learned "History of German Things," which represented the figure of an armed warrior of old, and which was long preserved in the Monastery at Corbey—in the district of Paderbourn, not far from Cassel—was printed the following inscription:—

"I WAS THE LEADER AND GOD OF THE SAXONS.
PEOPLE OF WAR ADORED ME.
THE NATION WHO WORSHIPPED ME GOVERNED IN THE FIELD OF BATTLE."

The crest of the helmet of this figure was a *cock;* on its breast was engraven a *bear;* and the shield on its shoulders was emblazoned with a *lion in a field full of flowers.* In its right hand it held a banner, on which a *red rose* was conspicuous, while from its left depended a *balance.* "The military," says Henry Meibomius (*Rerum Germ. Hist.*), "clothed in armour, and brandishing iron cestus, rode round this idol on

certain solemn days, sometimes dismounting to kneel before it, and bowing down as they murmured out their prayers for help and victory." In the hour of battle the priests took the favourite image from its pedestal, and carried it into the field. Twice in the twelvemonth the chief judge (who was called *Gravius*) and the youngest (who was styled *Frono*) went to the temple of the deity—which was without a roof, like that of *Jupiter Fulminans*—and there made a placatory offering of *two wax lights and nine pieces of money*, these ceremonies being performed in the months of *April* and *October* in every year.—(*Meib.* c. iii. p. 10.)

The astronomical explanation of the above symbols and ceremonies it is not very difficult to perceive: the crest of the cock was used as the well-known type of the herald of the morning; the figure of the bear referred to the constellation of that name, which always remains above the horizon during night; the lion in the field full of flowers was indicative of the sign of the zodiac, which the sun enters in the summer solstice, when the meadows are covered with blossoms; while the balance depending from the left hand was obviously in token of the other zodiacal sign *Libra*, which the sun reaches at the time of the autumnal equinox, when the days and nights are of the same duration. Moreover, the two lights, which the judges presented as placatory offerings to the idol, would seem to have been symbolical either of the sun and moon, as the two luminaries by which the days and nights are reckoned, or else of the morning and

evening star. The reason of these offerings being made in April and October was because the great changes in the seasons occurred in those months, at which time the sun *used* to reach the vernal and autumnal quarters: for though the equinoxes fall at the end of March and September now-a-days, it is demonstrable, from what is termed the "precession" of them (by which the sun is made to arrive at the signs *Aries* and *Libra* 20 minutes and 23 seconds earlier each year than it did in the preceding twelvemonth), that, some 1500 or 2000 years ago, the commencement of spring and autumn must have occurred about twenty or thirty days later than it does at present.

The name of this idol was *Irmendsul*, or *Hermendsul*, or *Hermansaul* (for it was variously written), and the title, according to Sharon Turner, signified *Saul*, the pillar—of *Herman* or *Herr-Mond*, the lord the moon, whom the Germans of old worshipped as a male deity—typifying the nocturnal luminary as a great hunter, and making him the presiding deity of war and slaughter, probably because such excursions were generally carried on in the night. The title of the god Herr-Mond came, in course of time, to be abbreviated into that of Hermann—for we have seen above that the idol's pillar was called both Hermendsul, and Hermansaul. This name the Romans latinized into Arminius, and hearing that the ancient Teutoni fought under such a leader (the image, as we have said, being taken off its pedestal on the eve of war, and carried into battle by the priests), Tacitus

describes the idol as a living personage, speaking of him as being a Cheruscan, and a great general who lived at the time of Tiberius.

There is a picture of this old German war-god given in the Chronicles of Magdeburg. It is very nearly the same as that described by Meibomius, with the exception that it is represented as standing defiantly, with the legs wide apart, in a field of flowers that reach nearly to the knees, and it is there styled the *Saschische Ab-gott Mars.*

Now in Thuringia we are told that the blood of slain *horses* was offered up to the god of Time on the tops of hills, because the simple folk believed the chariot of the sun had fiery *steeds* harnessed to it; whilst the Thunder-god Thor (the equivalent of the Roman *Jupiter Fulminans*), who was merely a personification of the destructive attribute of the Time-deity, had many a sacrificial altar erected to him on many a mountain summit—the *Thur*-ingian people having originally been called, it is said, after the name of the god *Thor* whom they specially worshipped. Moreover, it was popularly believed, when the snow flakes fell thick and fast, as if they were the fragments of some shattered white cloud descending from heaven, that the *Frau Hölle*, the goddess of death, was shaking out her bed from the peaks of the Hörselberg; and that the noises, which were heard in the air at night during storms, were but the yelping of the hounds, and the sounding of the distant bugles of the "Wild Huntsman" and his foresters, who then came sallying forth from the base of the

long chain of barren hills beside the Hörsel stream, mounted upon horses, many of which, runs the legend, had only three legs, whilst not a few of the demon huntsmen carried their head under their arm or had their face turned towards their back. —*Thüringer Chronick*, p. 244.

The Frau Hölle in the ancient religion of Thuringia was regarded as the goddess of death, and every Christmas-time she was said to come out of the Hörsel Mountains, and to go through Thuringia rewarding the busy spinners and threatening those who broke their threads, or were lazy at the wheel. Every year, too, sacrifices were offered up to the Thunder-god Thor on the tops of the highest hills, where horses were slaughtered in honour of the chief deity of the air; and cakes were baked at the same time in the shape of the sun's rays, the crumbs of which were strewn over the fields to make them fertile. Moreover, the Pagan priests taught the simple forest-people that the earth was a giant, whose name was Ymer, that the running streams were the blood circling in his veins, the rocks were his bones, and the stones his teeth, while the plants and the grass of the fields were his hair, and the firmament his brain. They also fabled, that out of the poplar and the ash the first man and woman were formed.

But the phenomena of nature consist of something more still than merely *creation* and *destruction*. There is a principle of *regeneration* also for ever at work in

the world: the trees and plants, whose branches are like the bones of skeletons at the end of one year, become round again in form, and gay with their brilliant blossoms at the beginning of the next; the winding-sheet of snow, in which nature has lain so long shrouded, is at last cast aside, and the young earth in the spring time seems to rise from the tomb, like a maiden after a long trance, smiling again with new life and beauty; the rivers and the springs, which had been as stagnant as dead men's blood throughout the winter, begin to pulse and circulate anew, on the breaking-up of the frost, through the blue veins of the fields; and the snowdrops are seen peeping out of the hedge-rows, at the return of the spring, white and beautiful as the morning star, as it twinkles in the dusk and tells of the coming sun.

Hence our pagan forefathers came, in the course of years, to temper the crude savagery of their ancient creeds; and Time got to be no longer merely worshipped and reverenced as the Creator, or dreaded and sacrificed to as the Destroyer, but grew at length to be welcomed, and had feasts consecrated to him as the Regenerator; so that the old bi-partite principle of good and evil, in the Manichæan-like faith, ultimately assumed a triune arrangement, after the fashion of the Hindoo Chrono-myth, which is made to consist of *Bramah*, the Creator, *Seva*, the Destroyer or Avenger, and *Vishnu*, the Preserver and Regenerator.

Then more hopeful creeds began to be spread among mankind. Pythagoras commenced teaching that the souls of men and even brutes, instead of

being annihilated after death, transmigrated from one sentient body to another, in a long chain of spiritual life; and strange theories, as to the existence of man in an immortal state, after his decease, got to be propounded by the priests of Egypt, where huge pyramidal piles, honeycombed with tombs, were built up for the garnering of the bodies of the departed against the promised resurrection. Then, even Paganism grew to be no longer a matter of despair and terror on the one hand, or of blood and slaughter on the other, wherewith to appease the god of thunder and turn aside the wrath of the great Avenger; but it became, comparatively speaking, a thing of gladness and the subject of continual feasting and holiday-making. Then *wassail*, or, more properly speaking, *wechsel*-songs* were sung at every Christmas-time,

* Some etymologists, in their anecdotage, pretend to explain the term "wassail" by a cock-and-a-bull story about Rowena offering some Christmas drink to Edwy, one of the Saxon kings, and exclaiming, as she knelt before the monarch with the cup in her hand, "*Was hæl!*" (Health be to you!). This is as philologically absurd as the tales invented to account for the word "sirloin" or that of the phrase "Hobson's choice," &c. Such old woman's gossip, indeed, is more fit for the wash-tub than worthy of a place even in the most puerile of etymological dissertations. The fact is, that the Saxon word "wassail" is merely a corruption of the German term *wechsel*, signifying change or alteration—a *Wechsel-gesang* being an alternative song, *i. e.* a song in which the parts are continually changed or alternated. The same phrase would also signify any song sung at a particular *change* of the year, or, in other words, a wassail song. Indeed, it is probable that Christmas-time, before Christianity, was called the *Wechsel-zeit*, or change-time of the year, and thus the bowls and songs indulged in at this season got to bear the name of *wechsel*-bowls and *wechsel*-songs, and these to be afterwards corrupted into

because that was the great change of the year, the sun reaching the winter solstice towards the latter end of December, after which the days begin to lengthen, and thus to give signs of the return of spring. Then great fires were made, and "*yule* feasts" held round every hearth, in honour of the coming sun; the halls of high and low were decorated with the sacred plant of the old Druids, the mistletoe, and with such other bright green leaves and berries as the season afforded, as reminders that the flowers and fruits were soon to come again; while merry-makings and revelry abounded in every Saxon home. Then wassail-bowls of spiced ale and apples were drunk, and carols were chanted within and without the houses by the old "gleemen," who journeyed from homestead to homestead with their lutes, either singing of the joyous love-time that was soon to

"wassail" ditto. The German word for Christmas is *Weih-nachten*, but this means, literally, the consecrated or holy night or season, from *weihen* to consecrate—the Latin cognate of which would seem to be *ven-eror*, I venerate; so that the German term must obviously have been coined subsequently to the introduction of Christianity. Of the French word for Christmas, *Noël*, it is difficult to discover either the affinities or the fundamental meaning. The old Saxon word used for Christmas was *Jule*, or *Geohol*, and this was the dialectic form of the Welsh *gwyl*, a holiday. The Hindoos have the same word written *Huli*, and applied to the feast or holiday kept at Easter to celebrate the beginning of the year at that season. This old word *Jule*, or *Gwyl*, is allied to the English noun *gala*, the root of which appears in the compound verb *re-gale*, and is another form of the Italian *galare*, to exult, and the Russian *jaluyu*, to regale. It is likewise connected with the English terms *gal*-lant and *jolly*, as well as the Greek α-γαλλ-ιαω.

gladden the earth once more, or else hymning the praises of the brave warrior Wodin, who had battled with the elements, and put the northern or wintry host to flight. Then, too, the mummers went about dressed up as the goddess of death, with a sack at her back, and attended by her train of wild sportsmen, to carry off the wicked children from their homes. These were, and are still, called in Saxony the *Morz-menschen* (literally, the death-folk); and close after them came the good spirits, to save the pious boys and girls, who prayed to them, from the clutches of the Evil One, and to scatter apples, nuts, and all kinds of homely sweets as a reward for the prayers of the little ones.

But the great pagan feast of all throughout the twelvemonth was that of Easter, for this (most people now-a-days have to be reminded of the fact) was really the festival of the new year in the olden time; since it was not till A.D. 1751 that New Year's Day was, even in England, appointed to fall by Act of Parliament, on the 1st of January, previous to which date the year always commenced on the 25th of March. So that the Novennial festivities which are now celebrated in every continental city, were, before the calendar was changed from the "old style" to the "new," always carried on at Easter, seeing that at that time Sylvester fell, not upon the eve of the 31st December, but upon that of the 24th March instead; and it was on Easter midnight that the church bells rang out a peal, once a twelvemonth, to welcome in the new year, and that molten lead

was then cast into a bowl of water so as to foreshadow what would be the fortunes of the different members of the household in the coming twelvemonth. It was at Easter, too, that the folk appeared in the new clothes that were to last them through the year —a custom, indeed, which prevails in Saxony to the present day. Then bonfires were lighted on every hill-top to welcome the advent of the spring, and burning wheels sent rolling down the mountain-sides in token of the coming of the fiery chariot of the sun; whilst a straw figure was made up to represent the spirit of darkness, or the old god Thor, whose reign had come to an end; and after being carried through the highways and the villages, was ultimately cast, amid general rejoicings, into the nearest river. Then garlanded poles were set up in the market-places, round which the girls and boys danced for very joy at the return of the sweet spring time; whilst others in motley paper dresses sported about, and others got up as "wild men," as they were called, rushed hither and thither habited in a dress of green fir-twigs. At the same festive season, moreover, came the German *Minne-sängers*, the wandering love-singers, with their guitars in their hands, to tell, in the halls of nobles and in the homesteads of the yeomen, of the joys and charms of the deity *Eostre Ostrea*, or *Ostera*, the Saxon goddess of love and beauty, in whose honour the feast was celebrated, and whose praises it was their special office to sing.

The German *Minne-sänger* is described in the dictionaries as an erotic singer, *i. e.* one who sang love-

songs; the word *Minne* being equivalent to *Liebe*, love, the root of which appears in the French *mignon*, a darling, and in the Welsh *mwyn*, tender, gentle. The English word *min*strel, which comes to us from the French *menétrier*, or *mene-strier*, belongs to the same radix—the affix *-strier* being merely a dialectic mode of writing the Saxon termination *ster*, as found in pun-ster, game-ster, spin-ster, lob-ster, web-ster, &c. The *Minne-sängers*, it is said, were so called because their songs were originally dedicated to the *Liebe-frau*, or Blessed Virgin; but, unfortunately, this explanation goes only half-way to the source of the title. This same *Liebe-frau*, to whom the Catholics have always paid such high veneration, was nothing more nor less than the pagan goddess of love, *Ostera*, the *Magada*—the maiden deity, Easter, adapted to those old papal rites, which may be described as a kind of transformed paganism. For the early priests, finding that the ancient Saxon people were wedded to the great Easter festival, which constituted the principal holiday-time of the year; and that the young maiden goddess of love was the deity to whom their songs, their dances, and their revels were dedicated, soon took care to give the pagan orgies a kind of Christian rendering. They converted therefore the Saxon goddess, *Ostera*, the love-maiden, who was merely the mythic personification of the beauty and joys of the spring, into the *Liebe-frau*, the virgin-mother of Christ—even as the ancient Romans had changed the Teutonic *Wonne* into the Latin *Venus*.

It seems probable, we may add, that the tourna-

ments of the Middle Ages had also their origin in these ancient Easter festivities. The Queen of Beauty, it is well known, originally presided at the chivalrous contest, and she was, doubtlessly, intended as the type of the beautiful maiden *Ostera*, the goddess of love and delight; whilst the tournay itself would seem to have been emblematical of the mythic battle between summer and winter, such as was formerly enacted, though in a different form, at the Thuringian festival called "the summer's victory"—the sun himself being often personified as a handsome young minstrel knight; even as we find him fabled in the old Thuringian legend of the loves of Tannhauser and Venus. Moreover, may not the romantic institution of chivalry itself have had the same mythic origin, and the knights-errant, who went forth with their lances, ready to do battle for love and beauty, have been primarily symbolical of the sun fighting with the spirits of darkness for the sake of the young maiden goddess of delight? In after-years, of course, a semi-Christian turn was given by the priests to the objects of the chivalric order; still, it would seem as if the old tradition of King Arthur himself, and the "Knights of the *Round* Table" (probably another symbol for the sun) referred to some such mythic allegory.

Again—the papal legend of the *Wandering Jew* is only another Christian rendering of the mythological fable, which spoke of the sun under the name of *Abaris*, as one destined to wander over the earth till the end of all time. Indeed, in the ancient

system of fire-worship, the sun was always typified as the great wanderer; and hence wandering, whether for the sake of minstrelsy, chivalry, or even pilgrimage, or beggary (as was the custom with the mediæval minne-singers, knights-errant, mendicant friars, pilgrims, and *bacchantes*), came to assume a noble and sacred character, and to be ultimately intermingled by the Papists of old with the forms of Christianity itself.

This Saxon goddess of the spring bore also the name *Magada* (Gothic *Magath*), a title that was given to every young unmarried woman, so that the name of "the maiden," or "Maid" *par excellence*—which was afterwards abbreviated into simple May—came to be applied to this season of the year.*

In the old Chronicles of Magdeburg is a picture of this same Saxon goddess *Ostera*, who was also called *Magada*, the virgin deity, in which she is represented as standing on a car, drawn by two white swans and two doves. She carries a rose-bud in her mouth, and has a wreath of myrtle and roses on her head. In her left hand she bears an orb typical of the world over which she has supreme power, and in her right she holds three golden apples as a symbol that she is bringing fruit to mankind, while behind her stand the three graces, Kindness, Love, and Gratitude.

* See the Chronicles of Magdeburg, a town which was originally built on the site of an altar dedicated to Ostera the Maiden, or Magada, and which afterwards, when fortified, came to be called the Maiden's Fortress, or *Magde-burg*.

The month in which the spring festivities were held was termed *Wonne-monath*, or *Wonne-mond*, the time of love and delight; for the young maiden deity of the spring was called also *Wonne*, the goddess of love, a name which, as we have said, was changed by the Latins into that of Venus; and as it was the original vocation of the *Minne-sängers* to frame verses in honour of the lovely young vernal-divinity, all kinds of fanciful allegories came to be invented by these ancient poets (who were to the Saxon priests what the bards of old were to the British Druids) as to how the beautiful golden-haired young sun-god was enamoured of the budding charms of the fair virgin spring—tales which the ancient Romans rendered as the loves of Venus and Adonis, and the less poetical Germans those of Tannhäuser and Venus.

In the Thuringian capital, moreover, Easter-tide is, to this day, the time in which the return of the spring is welcomed, with three successive "rest-days"—as they are happily called—for then all work ceases, even down to bread-making by the baker; and this season and Whitsuntide (the old Roman May-day) are still the principal periods of the year for making excursions into the country, and enjoying the new beauties of the earth.*

* Our heathen forefathers would seem to have kept two spring festivals: the one at Easter, which, as we have already shown, was that dedicated to *Ostera*, especially a Saxon institution, intended to celebrate the beginning of the year, at the latter end of March; and the other feast seven weeks or fifty days after

On the Sunday called in the calendar *Lætare*, which is a Latin word signifying to rejoice, and which falls always three weeks before Easter, the

the first (as in the old Jewish *Pentecost*), to welcome the return of the month of May, or rather the commencement of summer. This latter feast, on the other hand, was of Roman origin; for we know that at this season it was the ancient Latin custom to offer sacrifices to the goddess Maia, whose name we before said was cognate with that of the Gothic *Magada*, the original of the English word *maid*. It was in the May-time, indeed, that the tribunes and magistrates of the seven-hilled city used to go in procession to the grotto of Egeria; and from these old Roman customs, scholars are agreed that the May-day games and sports, once so general throughout Europe, have been mainly derived. To the same mythological source may be traced the holidays at Whitsuntide; for this was originally called "White Sunday," not because the newly-baptized persons, or Catechumens of the early Christian Church, used to wear white garments at that period, but simply because the hedge-rows and the fields were then white with the May-blossoms. Whitsuntide is what is called a movable feast, and often falls, even now, in the month of May. The old Roman year, however, began at the latter end of March before the time of Numa Pompilius, and consisted of only ten months, or 304 days; so that fifty days from Easter then would have extended to the second week in May. Moreover, what Catholics call Holy Thursday falls always ten days before Whit-Sunday; and the week in which this occurs is styled *Rogation Week* (from the Latin *rogatio*, a supplication), on account of the extraordinary prayers which the early Catholics are said to have offered up at this period for the fruitfulness of the earth. This week is called also, in some parts *crop-week* and *grass week*, and must have fallen at the beginning of May in every year before the Council of Nice made Easter a movable feast. Consequently, there would appear to be little doubt that Easter and Whitsuntide were, among our heathen forefathers, feasts instituted to celebrate the beginning of the spring-time and the advent of summer, and to have had their present Christian significance given to them by the Catholics of old.

little town of Eisenach has, from time immemorial, been a scene of merriment and holiday-making; for then and there has ever been, and is still, held the peculiar spring festival entitled *Sommer Gewinnung* —the Victory of Summer.

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD PAGAN FEAST OF SUMMER'S VICTORY, AS IT IS KEPT AT THE PRESENT TIME IN THE THURINGIAN CAPITAL.

THE art of periodical merry-making has been lost in our nation for many years. We befogged Englishmen have only one really joyous day in the entire 365, and even that comes at the end of December, when the elements are diametrically opposed to everything like happiness *al fresco*. May-day has long ago been given over to our chimney-sweepers, and the Easter Greenwich Fair has at length disappeared from the British calendar; while Midsummer-day, in the same record, is set down merely as the season when "rents become payable," and "insurances fall due." Better housing, perhaps, has made our folk less dependent than foreigners upon the sunshine and the fields for their enjoyment; for certain it is that the seasons come round without the least sign of public exultation in England. With a snug English hearth, crimson with its glowing sea-coal fire, a thick velvet-pile carpet spread all over the floor, and the warm and heavy woollen curtains drawn close before the windows, winter is no longer regarded, by the Saxons in

England, as the season over which the goddess of death and the spirits of darkness have special sway; any more than the return of spring needs to be publicly welcomed, in a country where green peas and strawberries are to be had all the year round, and the footmen on bridal-days carry nosegays as big as cauliflowers, made up of the choicest Damascus roses and lilies of the valley—ay! even though the snow lies as thick as lamb's-wool on the ground.

In the still primitive region of Thuringia, however, the great periods of rejoicing among the people are principally in celebration of the advent of the more pleasant seasons. Christmas, in Saxony, is regarded as a feast comparatively secondary to that of the New Year; for though there are three days' holidays connected with the Nativity, still the feast of *Weihnachten*, which signifies literally the holy or consecrated nights, from *weihen*, to dedicate to sacred purposes (Latin *ven-eror*) is by no means of the same joyous character as with us. Whereas New Year's Day in Germany, as in France, is regarded as one of the chief holidays of the twelvemonth. There is no doubt, however, that our merry-makings at Christmas are merely the remains of the festivities in which our Saxon forefathers were wont to indulge at the change of the year; even as the "wassail songs" and bowls customary with us on such occasions, and concerning the meaning of which so much philological nonsense has been written, were merely verses and drinks dedicated to the principal *change* in the length of the days at that period—the German

word *wechsel,* as we have said, having come in the course of time to be thus corrupted.

True, Christmas-trees are general in all Lutheran families throughout Germany; but such trees, we know, are comparatively modern innovations, and the gifts which with us are usual on "boxing-day," are in Germany invariably reserved for the first day of the New Year. So, again, instead of any feast being held on Christmas Eve, the orgie is reserved among the Germans for the last night of the old year, when everybody thinks himself called upon to eat lentils and herrings, and to sit up drinking wassail-bowls till midnight, so that the New Year may be duly welcomed in; while on the morrow, all who can in any way afford the expense, think themselves bound to make a "*Partie,*" as it is called, or, in other words, to join in some excursion into the country.

So again at Easter and Whitsuntide, the national rejoicings are more connected with welcoming the return of the spring than those religious rites with which they have been associated by the Fathers of the Church; for on "Green-Thursday," or the day before Good Friday, it is customary to collect the greenest moss to be found in the woods, and to shape this into birds' nests, or hares' nests as they are sometimes called,* which, after they have been secretly

* We would suggest, for the edification of those who delight to puzzle their heads about the meaning of apparently unmeaning idioms, that the incomprehensible phrase of "finding a *mare's* nest," current in our language, may originally have come from some such obsolete Easter custom among us; and that the

filled with the sugar eggs that every confectioner's shop is crammed with at this period of the year, are hidden in all kinds of bye-places and corners about the house for the young children to find. Of the mythic meaning of this old pagan custom—and indeed of the Catholic Easter Eggs themselves—we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. At the same season it is usual for all manners of cakes to be baked, as well as dough images of little hares to be placed in the nests, together with bright-coloured or sugar eggs, for the little ones.

At the same period, too, long excursions are made into the country, and the highest mountain-tops visited, so that the sun may be seen to come up from behind the great chain of hills at day-break.

Moreover, on Easter Eve the curious custom prevails among the girls of Thuringia to fetch water from the nearest brook (for unless the stream be a running one, the fluid it is said is of no avail) wherewith to wash their faces; for the belief

present saying has either been corrupted from finding a *hare's* nest, as is common to this day in Germany, or else that our Saxon forefathers were formerly in the habit of placing little dough images of colts in such nests for the children to find at this season of the year. For the forms made out of dough, and sold by the Eisenach bakers at Easter, are not restricted to those of leverets, and may at one time have included tiny horses also; since it is recorded in the ancient chronicles of Thuringia that not only was it customary for the people to strew the crumbs of cake over the ground at certain seasons with the view of making it fertile, but also to offer up the blood of *horses*, as typical of the steeds attached to the chariot of the sun, to the presiding deity Thor, after whom the country of Thuringia came to be named.

runs that if the water be collected as the clock strikes twelve, on the night before Easter Sunday, without a word being spoken either at the brook-side or on the way home, it has the wonderful charm of beautifying all those maidens who may bathe their cheeks in it. Further: at Whitsuntide the holidays have more to do with the approach of summer than any movable feast of the Christian Church; for then large branches of newly-budding birch-trees are sold in the market-places, and these are stuck in pots in each corner of the room as a sign that the earth is once more bursting into leaf and blossom. At this season, too, almost all the families go out with their children long before day-light into the woods, so as to eat their breakfast there at sunrise, within some newly-made natural bower. Then the students flock to the Thuringian capital, and the hotel or inn at which they put up is made a mass of green for the occasion; while the University scholars set out in a long procession with banners flying and music playing to the top of the Wartburg Hill, there to make the woods resound either with their student hymn of "*Gaudeamus igitur,*" or else to make the air reverberate with some other fine student-choral. Indeed, from almost every hill-top, for miles round about the city, the sounds of song and rejoicing are heard at this season of the year.

Nor should we omit to state that at this period the same dancing round about a garlanded pole goes on in the Thuringian capital, as was formerly customary in our own country at May-day; for

outside of the Jörgen Thor (George Gate) in Eisenach, the people, till within two or three years ago, used to dance in dresses decorated with bits of bright-coloured paper and tinsel, after the manner of our chimney-sweepers to the present day. But though the paper dresses have disappeared, the waltzing still continues; and we ourselves went there with our family to see it but a twelvemonth back, when the master of the ceremonies, in a cocked hat, was polite enough to inform us (after we had drunk to the people's health to the sound of a flourish of trumpets, and paid proportionately for the honour), that if our daughter would like to join the dance, he would find her as nice a young man as he could for her partner. But though we ourselves have taken part in a Costermongers' Ball, we respectfully declined allowing the young lady herself to make her first appearance in public among such a company.

Next: at summer, there is *Johannis-tag*, literally St. John's day, when the little children are taken out to dance at some of the beer-gardens in the country; and in the autumn there are the *Kirmes*, or village rejoicings, immediately the harvest is finished, when dancing goes on under the linden trees from morning till night—when the peasant-girls are dressed in all their new clothes, bought especially for the holiday—and the peasant-boys have fastened to their button-hole the long bright-coloured neck-scarves that their sweethearts have presented to them on the occasion; while some of the village Don Juans make their appearance with two or three such gifts, dangling from

their coats, evidently proud to show how many a maiden is anxious to win them. At such times crowds flock over to the villages to witness the sport; for then sheep are ridden for by the peasant-boys mounted on all the cart-horses of the neighbourhood; and when the animal is caught, it is killed and roasted for the feast; while every visitor who attends the festival is expected to drink to the health of the villagers, the band giving a flourish of trumpets the while, and the peasants shouting "*Lebe hoch!*" (Live well!) as the glass of sour "double beer" is quaffed—a donation of some few groschens towards the expenses of the entertainment being expected from the visitor for the honour thus paid to him.

Finally, as the days draw in, and the falling snowflakes tell of the coming winter, the *Morz-menschen* (literally the death folks) come round and visit the houses at night. These generally consist of a party of lads dressed up for the occasion. One is attired as an old woman, to represent the Frau Hölle, the old Thuringian goddess of death, who was said to inhabit the Hörsel Mountains hard by, and, as the fable ran, to be shaking out the feather bed on which she had slept through the summer, immediately the snow began to descend; while another is costumed as Eckart, the guardian of day and night, in flowing robes and long grey beard. It is customary, during this November mummery, for the lads who accompany old Eckart and the Frau Hölle to the house, to throw apples and sweetmeats on the floor for the good children; and when the old death frau seeks

to prevent the little ones getting them and to pick them up for herself, the others beat her off, and seek to drive her from the house, saying, "she is not wanted there." Then she asks if there are any naughty children in the family, and if so, she says she has come to carry them away in her sack to the dark hole in the Hörsel hills, never to see their parents again. The hag, however, is generally assured that none but good children are to be found in that house; whereupon she is in a measure appeased, and ultimately dragged by the others from the dwelling.

This ancient mythical comedy has at present sunk into a mere mumming farce, of which many of the Thuringian people themselves are utterly ignorant as to the fabular meaning; and it is now merely customary for the lad whose name can be guessed in spite of his disguise, to stop and take his supper with the family who have made the discovery, so that at last it has lapsed into a mere game and frolic rather than a fine old seasonable allegory.

The above account includes all the principal feasts and ceremonies observed on the high-days and holidays at the different seasons of the year throughout Thuringia. True, many of them, at the present day, occur at the periods with which some Christian rite has come to be connected; but history teaches us that such public rejoicings existed long before the introduction of Christianity, and that they were essentially connected with that kind of paganism or mythology which consisted in the worship of the different brute forms and powers of Nature, rather than

the omniscient God of Creation Himself. And we know, moreover, that it was the custom of the early Fathers of the Catholic Church to give to those feasts and holidays, to which they found the heathen people of every country too strongly attached to be induced to forego them, some Christian rendering, or some religious connection or other; so that, while the old forms of rejoicing were maintained, a new meaning was attached to them. And thus the old Saxon Yule-festival at the change of the year, came to be translated into the feast of the Nativity; the worship of the Saxon maiden-goddess Eostre, at the beginning of the spring-time, to be changed into rites in commemoration of the Crucifixion and Resurrection of the Saviour; even as the old heathen holidays or rejoicings at Whitsuntide, in celebration of the approach of summer, came, in the course of time, to be connected with the feast of the Pentecost.

We have, however, in the above enumeration of the several Thuringian feasts, purposely omitted the mention of that curious relic of Saxon paganism which forms the subject of the present chapter; because it affords us too profound an insight into the manner and faith of the ancient Saxon race to be passed over with a mere cursory notice. Moreover, within the last few years, it has been so stripped of the mythical ceremonies that were formerly connected with it, that it is sinking rapidly into a mere fair and scene of unmeaning revelry and riot; so that some record is required as to the customs prevailing at present, and, moreover, as to what

they were even in the time of the youthful days of the oldest residents still living in the Thuringian capital.

This ancient pagan feast, which is called in Saxony *Sommer Gewinnung*, or *Sommer Gewinn*, and which, literally translated, means Summer's Victory, is held every year, on the Sunday which, in the old "Volks' Kalenders," bears the name of *Lætare*. In Eisenach, however, among the people, the day is familiarly known by the title of "Dead Sunday," because, as we shall see hereafter, it was customary to carry the effigy of the defunct Winter-God through the streets of the town, and to bury him with all kinds of rejoicing, on that day. This "Dead Sunday," or *Lætare*, occurs three weeks before the movable feast of Easter, and the festivities, therefore, always take place somewhere about the month of March, according as Easter falls early or late in the year; and it is not until some three or four hours after the mid-day meal that the festivities are supposed to begin. The afternoon service, however, has no sooner ceased in the churches, than the streets at the one end of the town are comparatively deserted, while at the other they are thronged with the number of men, women, and children, peasants and soldiers, workmen and shop-boys, who are all wending their way in a body, packed in the narrow thoroughfares as if they were a flock of sheep, panting along to the same fold.

All the morning through, the peasant-women have been pouring in from the neighbouring villages—

the younger ones in their turbaned head-dresses and their short, closely-plaited skirts, and the old wives in their stiff, black, and tight-fitting "snout-caps," as they are called—from the fact of their having a long, thin peak on the forehead, reaching almost to the bridge of the nose. Others have come in long, narrow wagons, not unlike large pig-troughs, made in wicker-work, and with the peasant boys and girls packed in them as close as children in an excursion van. Some of the village wives have trudged in with their chiffonier-like baskets strapped to their back, and with one or two tiny heads of little children peeping over the top of the corb, and with the invariable bright-red cotton umbrella, too, stuck in the basket beside them. Gotha women are there, wearing high black silk coronals, ornamented with black feathers and lace, and with long, broad, black ribbons, reaching from the crown of the head almost to the heels; while the peasant-men thronging the streets are almost all in high jack-boots and habited in long, duffle, dressing-gown-like coats, with leg-of-mutton sleeves and the shortest possible waists, and with fluffy beaver hats that have been in their family, and worn only on Sundays and at funerals, for centuries.

As the visitor approaches towards the Jörgen Thor, the crowd grows thicker and thicker, and the streets are lined with serving-maids, in shawls and bare heads, like the lower order of Irish girls with us, and with dim, dingy-looking, stunted boys of foot-soldiers, in their faded spinach-green and mustard-trimmed uniforms, and looking about as seedy and unwarlike

as so many fire-brigade men off duty. Then there are the post-office clerks or secretaries, "got-up" like French Polytechnic boys (*minus* the cocked hat), with swords at their sides; and railway officials, in suits of bright azure blue and silver, and students of the "Forest-School," in Garibaldi hats and light grey *Juppen* (a kind of short paletôt, drawn in at the back, and befrogged and braided with no end of bright green trimming). And as this motley and peculiar crowd jostles along down the narrow Jörgen-strasse that leads to the site of the fair, rows of heads are thrust out of all the windows on the shady side of the street; and here, at every casement, lines of young ladies are to be seen lolling upon cushions ranged along the window-sills, and watching the mob of citizens, soldiers, peasants, and serving-maids with their swains, on their way to buy at least a *Küchelhahn* (a bantam cock) for their children or their sweethearts.

On the opposite or *sunny* side of this same George-street, a far different custom prevails. There not a head is to be found at any of the windows; and as you pass by the casements of the ground floors, you cannot help seeing the rooms filled with company, to whom coffee is being served out of the gaudy "presentation cups" that are kept only for high-days and holidays; while the tables are strewn with all kinds of biscuits and cakes for the regalement of the guests. At these dwellings, time out of mind, it has been the custom to keep open house, as it were, on this particular Sunday, and to invite all manner of people to join in the coffee-drinkings which

then take place in every room on every floor of every one of the houses on that side of the street enjoying a southern aspect. These *sunny-side* houses, moreover, have the privilege of selling at this season any kind of "bake-work," as it is called—that is to say, such cakes or confectionery—as they may for the time being, please to deal in; the sale of such articles being, at other times, restricted solely to the licensed bakers and confectioners of the town. This strange privilege was granted to them in return for the eggs which each house was obliged to contribute to the friars during Lent; and accordingly, as you wend your way, you see trays of biscuits and cakes and sweetmeats set out at doors on this day where the business at other times is restricted to the sale of ironmongery or saddlery, or, maybe, of sausages and butcher's-meat. At some of the houses here, again, you find a live cock in a magpie-cage dangling from the end of a pole out of the first-floor windows; while at others apples are let down by a string into the crowd for the boys to jump and bob at. And only a few years ago, we were assured by an old couple who lived in this street, that it was usual for all the persons on the sunny side of the way to ornament their houses with branches of fir, decked out with bits of bright-coloured chintz or paper, and with stained eggs attached at intervals to the boughs; and these were festooned upon the walls until the houses were nearly covered with them. At the time of our visits to the scene, however, in the years 1862 and 1863, no such fir decorations were to be seen.

Beyond the Jörgen Thor, as it is still called (though the George's Gate that once stood there has long since been removed), stretches the broader thoroughfare of the "fore-town." And here, again, on the sunny side of the way—and on the sunny side of the way only—are arranged, at the edge of the narrow foot-path, a long line of stalls and tiny booths for the sale of the different articles which are, for the most part, to be bought only at this time of the year. And as you elbow your way down the narrow path between the booths and the houses, the crush and the rush of unruly peasants and riotous boys remind one somewhat of the scenes at an English fair. Here you find one little table set out with a display of paper flowers in earthen pots; then you come to a grander booth for the sale of sweetmeats, coloured eggs, and cakes in the form of true lovers' knots, as well as raw ham and sausage sandwiches, together with bright-tinted drinks for the regalement of the lads and their sweethearts. Here, too, you will see a large, bright, brass urn, for the supply of glasses of hot grog for the more extravagant and uproarious of the visitors. Further on, is a small stall, covered with models of bantam-cocks (in natural feathers) of all sizes—from little things that are not nearly as big as humming-birds to great toys that are the size of full-grown thrushes. Subjoined is a photograph of one of the largest as well as the smallest of these birds, which we purchased for our servant, and for which we paid a matter of fourpence for the one, and a halfpenny for the other.

The purchase of these same *Küchelhähne,* or bantam cocks,* constitutes the principal "fun of the fair"

at the present day. Every lad, who is old enough to have a sweetheart in the town or villages round about, thinks himself called upon to buy one of these toys for the damsel at the *Sommer-gewinn;* and you will see the apprentices and *bauer*-boys strutting along with the mimic birds attached to their button-hole, or stuck into their cap, as a sign they have not forgotten the looked-for present on such an occasion.

Now, time out of mind, this same bird has been reverenced as the herald of the morning, and there cannot be the least doubt that, taken in connection with the other mythical symbols which are sold at this time (and at this time only) in Eisenach, these

* *Küchlein* signifies a chicken, so that *Küchelhahn* would mean a cock no bigger than a chicken; for the German word *hahn*—though the cognate of our word hen—is applied to the male kind of barn-door fowl.

same feathered images are there merely as types that the darkness of the winter-time has been dispelled, and as emblems that the light of the summer's sunshine is about to gladden the earth. To the modern boors of Thuringia, however, the meaning of the pagan fable has long been lost, and the custom of welcoming the herald of the sun into the houses, has lapsed at length into a mere rude and stupid jest. In our own country we know that the custom formerly prevailed of throwing at the cock at Shrovetide, but what was the meaning of such a practice it is difficult to conjecture. The very custom, however, proves that this same bird was supposed to have some mythical connection with the season; and probably the moral of the fable was that, owing to the darkness which prevails at the beginning of the year, old Chanticleer had become in a measure a useless creature, and was therefore fit only to be knocked off his perch at the commencement of the season of long fasting and penitence.

Another peculiar article, that was purchased at such times, consisted of small decorated fir-boughs, hung with gilded nuts and glittering toys, as well as sugar ornaments and gaudily-coloured eggs, for the special delight of the children to whom they were given.

"The inhabitants of the town," says Johann Wilhelm Storch, who wrote an "Historical Account of Eisenach" in the year 1837, "buy fir-boughs at the feast of *Sommer-gewinn*, decorated with toys, sweetmeats, and other ornaments. To these decorated boughs the name of 'Summer' is given; and laden

with them the Eisenachers return with their joyful children to their homes" (p. 211). These ornamented fir-branches used to go by the name of "*Sommer*," and it is obvious that the evergreen boughs of the pine tree were used merely as being significant of the verdure that was shortly to cover the entire earth; while the bright-coloured toys and sweetmeats told merely of the beauty of the flowers and the delights of the coming summer-time. For as in Rome, the myrtle was dedicated to Venus who, there is no doubt, was but the Roman form of the Saxon virgin-goddess Eostre—the "Maid," or *Magath*, as she was called in the old city of Magdeburg (a city which derives its name from the same deity from whom, indeed, springs the name of the lovely month of May itself—that month which the Germans term expressively *Wonne-monat*, that is to say, the month of love and delight, or in other words, Venus' month—for there is not the least doubt that these same deities Venus, Eostre, Magath, and Maia, had but one common origin)—so, we say, as the myrtle was dedicated to Venus in ancient Rome, it was but natural that the principal evergreen, the *Tanne-baum*, of Saxony should come to be consecrated to a cognate goddess of the same season. And that such was really the case, the old legends of Venus and Tannhäuser (the word Tannhäuser meaning literally one who lives in an evergreen house or bower) places the matter beyond the possibility of dispute.

Here is a picture of such an ornamented "summer bough," with its egg-garlands, and cakes, and bags of

sweetmeats dangling from it, as used to be sold, a few years ago, at the Eisenach feast of the Summer's Victory.

But the most peculiar of all the mythical toys still to be found on the stalls at this *Sommer-gewinn*, and which we believe are to be met with in no other part of the world, are the pith figures and dolls which are to be purchased at almost every other booth, ranged beside the footway: These figures consist of grotesque images of birds with two necks; of models of Easter eggs; and of puppets bearing either baskets of flowers on their head, or else carrying tiny nosegays in their hand. They are all more or less decorated with gold-leaf and pieces of bright-coloured paper, and cost but a few groschens apiece. Such toys are made by the poor people of the town, and though modern innovation

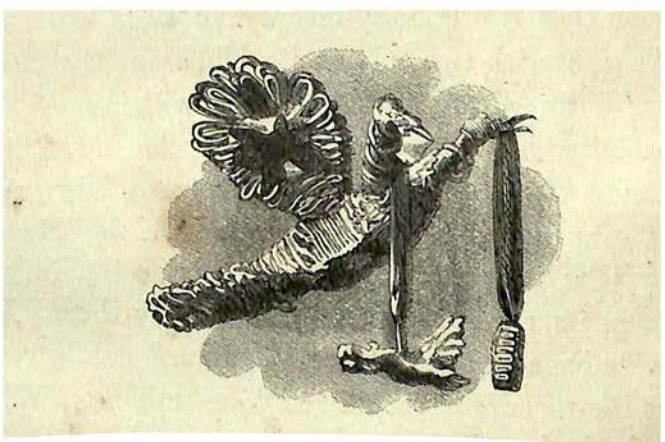
has led to the manufacture of many other such figures out of the pith of the elder tree (we saw one that was said to be a model of the Emperor Napoleon on the stalls last year), it is beyond question that only a few years back such articles consisted solely of the old mythic emblems of the seasons.

Here, for, instance, is a copy of one of the pith figures we bought last year, and which we were assured was meant for the image of summer. Of

course, in mere black and white it is impossible to give the reader a notion of the tinsel and colour with which the little doll was decorated. It cost us a matter of three-pence to obtain possession of it, and was for such simple handiwork by no means a clumsy performance.

Still by far the more curious and illustrative of

these pagan idols remains to be explained. These are the flying birds with two necks before spoken of, which even in this Lutheran country bear the irreverent name of "Holy Ghosts." In the first house in which we lived in Eisenach there was one of these ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and for a long time after taking possession of the premises we were under the impression that it was merely a rude form of fly-cage placed there for the preservation of the furniture. A laundress girl, however, who came to iron at the house, no sooner saw it than she informed us we did well to have that image of the "Holy Ghost" hanging in our rooms, for that so long as it was kept there, no harm could possibly befall any person under the roof. With the same view the images are purchased by the more



superstitious of the peasants and people of Thuringia year after year, and kept dangling from the ceiling of their sitting-rooms until the next twelvemonth comes round.

Now, before proceeding to explain the significance of such emblems, let us refer the reader to the preceding picture, which is a copy of one of the most elaborate of the symbols that we could obtain at the last spring fair—merely adding that the original was of about the size of an ordinary shoe, and highly emblazoned (though it cost but sixpence) with all kinds of colours and gold-leaf.

The figure when first seen appears so utterly unlike the remains of a pagan idol, that it requires some little patience, as well as knowledge of the ancient mythical allegories, to be able to unravel its significance. In London there is an old tavern-sign called "The Swan with Two Necks," and because learned philologists were unable to understand the meaning of such a phrase, they jumped to the conclusion that it originally meant the swan with two nicks (*i. e.* with two cuts on its bill, from the Saxon *nican*, Latin, *necare*, to cut), urging with some little plausibility in support of the assumption, that it is still customary for the Court of Aldermen, when they go "swan-hopping," as it is called, on the Thames every year, to place such nicks or cuts on the bills of the cygnets, as a mark whereby to identify them. But here we have the same two-necked bird exhibited to us as the remains of an old religious emblem. What then is the key to the mystery?

Now, we have before shown that the early religion of the Thuringian people was merely a modified form of fire-worship, or rather that deification of the different heavenly bodies and invisible powers of the

air and revolutions of the seasons which lay at the very foundation of all heathen mythology.

Throughout Germany it is known to scholars that the moon was worshipped as a male deity, rather than under the form of the chaste goddess Diana as among the ancient Romans; and that sacrifices were offered up to him under the title "Herr Mond," the lord moon, the presiding god of battles and hunting —probably from such excursions having taken place in the night-time. From the title, Herr Mond came, that of the great German myth Hermann or Arminius, as the Latins rendered the name, and Herminsule, as he was afterwards called by the Saxons—the great Teuton warrior, who led his followers on to battle and conquest (and whom Tacitus ignorantly describes as a Cheruscan); for it was inscribed on the pillars of this same Saxon idol that he was the leader of the people in battle; and it is known that it was usual for the early German tribes to carry the wooden figure of Herminsule always with them to the field. In Greece and Rome, moreover, the sun was deified under the name of Apollo and Adonis—the gods of love, poetry, music, youth, regeneration, and indeed, of all that was graceful and perpetually young on the face of the earth. We know, moreover, that as the early religion of almost every race scattered over the globe, with the exception of the Jews, was merely a fabular and allegorical form of astronomy, so it was customary with the priests of old to keep everything secret from the vulgar; and that the wonderful fables and apparently miraculous myths which they

preached to the people were merely the stories of the seasons and the stars told in mystic language. For instance, it was current among the Greeks that one Abaris was doomed to wander to all eternity all over the earth without ever growing old, or without even tasting either food or drink. But Abaris was another name for the sun, and here we have the key, not only to this mystery, but even to that Catholic legend in which the early fathers transformed this same Abaris into the wandering Jew. Even so the ancient Hierarchs taught the people that there was one bird—and only one bird of its kind—which, after being burnt, was re-created from its own ashes. This was the Phœnix, said they; but the Phœnix, again, was only another title of the same luminary—from φαινω, I shine or appear.

It would require many a page were we to recount all the wonderful stories in which the courses of the heavenly bodies were metaphorically, and therefore, as it were, miraculously, described to the people. Suffice it to say, not only was the movement of the sun in the air symbolized as that of a bird; or deified as the God of Music, because at the dawning of his beams the groves always resounded with the warbling of the feathered tribes; but he was also typified under the name of Adonis, as the principle of regeneration, because at the spring-time his rays were the means of clothing the earth once more with verdure; or else it was described as a ship sailing in quest of the golden fleece. Indeed, there is hardly a beautiful type, or elegant symbol,

in which the course of this same luminary was not mystically spoken of to the vulgar. So that when we come to consider all these things, we find but little difficulty in solving the mystery of the old pagan emblem of the bird with two necks, which is to this day sold under the name of the "Holy Ghost" to the superstitious peasant-folk at the feast of "Summer's Victory" in Thuringia.

The bird with two necks is then thus simply rendered into the twin luminaries, the sun and moon; while the smaller bird with but one neck, pendant from one of the beaks of the double-necked bird, is symbolical merely of the morning or evening star, which heralds the coming either of the orb of day or night. The egg hanging from the other bill is nothing more than the type of those same Easter offerings, which, under all kinds of colours, still prevail among the Catholics, and, indeed in many primitive countries.

What was the myth in connection with the gift of such eggs at Easter, or, rather, spring-time, is not immediately apparent. At first, we were under the impression that the little ball dangling from the left beak was typical of the globe itself, over which these twin birds are destined to hover; but then we remembered that in the ancient mythology the earth was considered to be a flat plate, with its corners resting on mountains, and the whole supported on the shoulders of the giant Atlas below. Next we thought it might be the symbol of eternity, for the words *ovum* and *ævum* are etymologically connected in all lan-

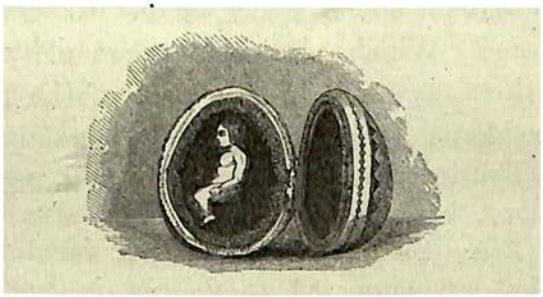
guages. Still, we had no recollection of eggs being used, and reverently regarded, as such symbols.

The simpler explanation is, therefore, that the egg, particularly at Easter or spring-time, is the one special type of the new generation that is shortly to follow; and for the celebration of, and rejoicing over which new generation, we know that the spring feasts dedicated to the virgin goddess Eostre were principally instituted. We have seen, moreover, that the custom still prevails in Thuringia of hiding about the house birds' nests, filled with bright-coloured or sugar eggs, or else with little hares, made out of cake, for the delight of the little ones. And all this appears to us to prove, that as the evergreen fir-boughs were reverentially regarded at this season of the year as the emblem of the coming regeneration of the earth itself, and as a token of the universal verdure and brightness which was to succeed the long snow and darkness of the winter-time; so these same Easter eggs came to be held in the same reverence by the people of old, as being significant of the new generation of birds which the warmth of the sun was shortly to call into life, and the sounds of happiness and song which were once more to waken up every grove and thicket in the country round.

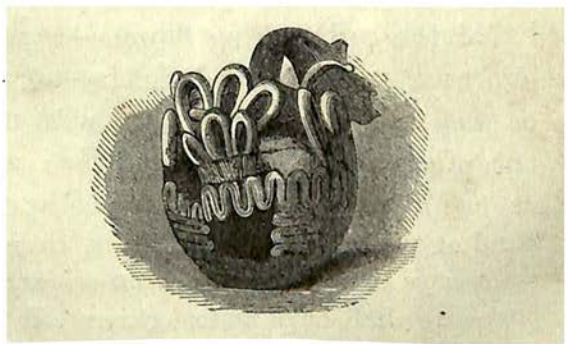
It is customary at the fair of the "Summer Victory" for the still superstitious peasantry of Thuringia to purchase hard-boiled eggs of all colours of the rainbow, and also eggs made out of sugar, from the size of the tiniest birds' eggs up to those of geese, and even swans. Many of these sugar eggs are

tricked out with ribbons of the most vivid dyes, and made to open and reveal either a case of trinkets or figures of little dressed-up dolls.

Annexed is the picture of such a sugar Easter egg, purchased in Eisenach, with the figure of a little baby inside.



The more expensive articles cost not unfrequently over a thaler, while the cheaper commodities may be had for even less than a farthing. The more common and curious models of the Easter eggs, however, are sold at the fair, and made out of the same pith as the tokens before described, and ornamented with gold and bright colours after the same fashion. Here is a literal repre-



sentation of one, for which we gave a farthing at the last "Summer's Victory."

One other point still remains to be cleared up for the perfect comprehension of the symbol of the two-necked bird, before described. The reader on referring to the illustration at page 357, will (or rather, should be able to) discover in the shadow at the under-part of the bird's body, a tiny glass window, and the head of a little man peeping behind it. What can this mean? Which particular pagan deity was it meant to typify? Upon this part of the problem, however, little doubt exists. The presiding deity of the Thuringians, we have before said, was Thor, the Saxon equivalent of the Roman Jupiter, the Greek *Zευς*, the great thunder-god inhabiting the air, who was supposed to delight in hurling his bolts upon the earth. And hence this little effigy of the old Thuringian deity is placed in the body of the two-necked bird, symbolical of the orbs of day and night that were continually floating through the heavens.

Such is a faithful account of the more peculiar of the articles that are still to be purchased at the stalls of the *Sommer Gewinn* festival in Eisenach; and if we add that the early spring flowers—such as hyacinths, crocuses, snowbells and violets—are also sold there, as well as little baskets filled with nosegays, made out of many-coloured *immortelles;* and that there are one or two petty gambling booths generally to be found at the fair—although it be Sunday—for the peasant boys to squander their *pfennings* at in the silly sport—we shall have almost exhausted this part of the subject. It should, however, be stated that drinking, and, indeed, rioting, seem to constitute

now-a-days the chief attractions of the gathering; for as you push your way through the uproarious crowd, you hear the sounds of music booming forth from the suburban taverns; and if the visitor think it worth his while, as we did, to enter the petty hostelry of the "Angel," in order to have a peep at what is going on there, he will find the low and dirty little rooms of the inn filled to suffocation with *Bauer-leute* —all drinking beer or schnapps as hard as they can, and some of the peasant girls being treated, as a special mark of favour, by their sweethearts, to a glass of egg-punch; while, in the farther chamber where the village girls and boys are spinning round in couples—as thick and fast as the eddies in a rapid—to the sound of a noisy blatant brass-band, he will see, in a niche in the wall, the figure of a man, nearly the size of life, dressed out in a complete suit of the green boughs of the fir-tree; for, as the tradition runs, it has been customary for the Thuringian folk to dance in front of such a green man at this same feast of the spring-time time out of mind.

CHAPTER II.

THE FEAST OF "SUMMER'S VICTORY," AS FORMERLY CELEBRATED IN EISENACH.

NEVERTHELESS, those who may be incredulous as to the persistence of such a pagan institution as that before described, in the very heart of Saxon Germany, down to the present day, may—despite the old mythical title of the festivity—rather choose to believe that the explanations above given, as to the mystic meaning of the several symbols that are still to be purchased there, are merely high-flown conceits on the author's part; and may be they would as soon think of connecting the tavern-sign of the "Goose and Gridiron," or "Cat and Fiddle" with some ancient mystery as they would dream of associating that of the "Swan with Two Necks" with the petty pith tokens that are still sold in Eisenach under the name of "Holy-Ghosts."

But when we come to relate what were the ceremonies carried on at this same feast of the spring-time, even within the memory of those still living in the town, we are satisfied all such doubts will cease, and that then the most sceptical or bigoted reader—for your extremes ever meet—will be forced to won-

der with us at the long, tenacious preservation of this old heathen holiday.

We have before said, we made it our special business, for the due unravelling of this part of the subject, to consult two of the oldest and most intelligent inhabitants in the Thuringian capital; and from them and others we derived the greater part of the information of the now extinct ceremonies which, even within their own memory or that of their fathers, used to be connected with the spring-feast in the course of the last century.

In the olden time, we were assured, it was customary for the boys and workpeople of the town to fashion the figure of a man out of a bundle of straw —after the manner of the effigy of old Guy Fawkes that the lads of London delight to carry about on the fifth of November—and which ceremony, we are inclined to believe, is a remnant of the same old Saxon practice, to which a modern application has been given; for we shall presently see that our "Jack in the Green" has its cognate custom in modern Saxony.

This straw figure, or *Popanz* (literally, bogie), as it was called, was dressed up so as to represent the old god Thor; but in what manner this was made out we were unable to learn—whether the deity held a bundle of brimstone matches in one hand (like the London boys' Guy Fawkes), as significant of the thunderbolts he wielded, we cannot say; but no doubt some such rude means were adopted to express the attributes of the thunder-god. The figure was borne through the streets of the town by

lads who had delighted in the manufacture of it, with a large crowd at their heels, one and all shouting with joy, and singing:—

Wir tram den alten Thor änus
S'in grabe iß in den Hingerhuß.*

which may be literally rendered into English as follows:—

"Old Thor we carry far away;
His grave shall be the stream to-day."

or else the song was varied with the following couplet:—

Der Winter äß veronnen
Der Sommer äß gewonnen:

the *verbatim* translation of the latter being:—

"Old Winter's course is fairly run,
For Summer hath the battle won." †

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* The above is given in the old Eisenach dialect.

† Many of the peasants and people in Eisenach at the present day, who have no knowledge of the meaning of the word *Thor*, change the above couplet, so as to make something like sense of it to their ears, into—

"We carry the old one to the gate away;"

substituting for the words *den alten Thor* those of *den allen* (Eisenach dialect for *alten*) *zum Thür änus* (Eisenach for *heraus*). We were assured, however, by some of the best-informed citizens, that there was no doubt that the original words were *den alten Thor*, and that those of *den allen zum Thür* are merely a vulgar corruption—of the same kind, indeed, as the change of the ancient sign of the "Devil and Bacchanals" into the "Devil and Bag o' Nails" by our own folk, to whom such classic creations as Bacchanals were utterly unknown. Again, in the latter distich above given, the old phrase *gewonnen* is now-a-days altered into the word *gekommen;* so that the literal translation would be, instead of that above given:—

"The winter's course is run,
The summer-time hath come."

While such pagan rejoicings and rude songs were going on, it was also customary for "wild men," as they were called, to go dancing and shouting through the thoroughfares, dressed from neck to foot in fir-branches, as a token that the woods were soon to be green once more, now that the terrible deity of the air had been driven from his throne. That such was the meaning of these wild men there can be no doubt, for they were merely archetypes of our own "Jack in the Green" at May-day; since, it was usual, till within a few years ago, for the people of Eisenach to dress up such a green figure at Whit-suntide and to lead him through the streets with music, collecting such small coin as they could from the citizens by the way; while others, in dresses decorated with bits of bright paper and tinsel, danced under the lindens outside the Jörgens Thor, after the fashion of "my lord" and "my lady" of our chimney-sweepers to this time.

At the same period it was customary to decorate the wooden statues of the Twelve Apostles in the Chapel of "the Holy Ghost" outside the George's Gate, and to range them in front of the church door, with wreaths on their heads and garlands in their hands, for the delight and admiration of the boorish multitude. But how the Apostles came to be dragged into the pagan ceremony it is difficult to determine, unless by supposing that formerly this same chapel of the Holy Ghost was the temple in which many of the pagan Saxon idols, such as Eostre, Hirminsul, Crodus, Eckardt, Hölle, and others, were wont to be

tricked out in a similar manner at such times; and that after the introduction of Christianity the Catholic priests substituted the figures of the Apostles for those of the obsolete heathen gods—in the same way as they transformed the god of the whirlpool (German, *Gewirr*) into St. Goar—pronounced Go-war—and changed him into a hermit living in a grotto and teaching Christianity for the first time to the fishermen on the Rhine; for such, it is well known, were the "pious frauds" with which the early Fathers delighted to impose upon the vulgar.

While these festivities connected with the mythic burial of the old god Thor were going on in Eisenach, the exterior of the houses were mostly decorated with fir-branches hung with garlands of gaudily-coloured eggs and even live snails (though why snails should have been introduced we are at a loss to conjecture); while at the top of such branches there invariably dangled one of the pith birds with two necks before described, and which, at the present time, are known only by the name of "Holy Ghosts."

This custom of decorating the houses with green boughs at the commencement of the vernal season continued down to within ten years of the present day; and it is questionable whether the *Fête Dieu* of Catholic countries—which occurs at the beginning of the month of June—is not the remains of the same old pagan custom of welcoming in the summer, and burying the corpse of the *dead god* of the winter-time. We happened to be resident in Coblenz during one of these festivities, and there we saw the streets strewn

with flowers, the houses covered with green leaves and boughs up to the first-floor windows, and altars set up in all the public places, for prayers to be offered up there by the high priest, who walked under the silken canopy, called the "heaven," that is used only on such occasions; while the figures of the Virgin Mary that were set in glass cases at the corner of almost every thoroughfare in the town were newly decked out in white muslin and flower garlands for the feast. And when we asked what Christian ceremony all this pomp and parade was meant to celebrate, the only answer which we got was that it was the *Leichnams-fest* (literally, the dead-body feast); and until we came to Thuringia and heard of these same old heathen rejoicings over the burial of the corpse of Thor, the god of the winter-time, we could never, for the life of us, comprehend what was the meaning of that empty Catholic parade.

Towards the close of the ancient Thuringian feast, it was usual to carry the straw effigy of the defunct pagan deity down to the banks of the Hörsel, and there to cast the bogie into the stream, amidst shouts of the wildest joy and boorish cheers; and when the dusk drew in, a burning wheel that had been previously coated with pitch, and to which another such *Popanz*, or old bogie, made of straw, was attached, was sent rolling down a-flame from the summit of the mountain called the Mädelstein (literally, the *Maiden's* stone) into the very midst of the crowd who were assembled below in the "fore-town" to witness and exult over this exciting part of the ceremony.

Now, time out of mind, such a burning wheel has been one of the symbols by which the fiery chariot of the sun was mythically represented; so that, taking this part of the festivities in connection with the others previously mentioned, surely none can be found ready to dispute that the token was meant to signify that the heathen god of the winter was now about to be consumed by the heat of the approaching summer's sun.

Of these pagan festivities there are, unfortunately, but few records to be found in the chronicles of Thüringia; and even in the latest "Topographical and Historical Description of the Town of Eisenach," by Johann Wilhelm Storch, we have merely the following brief account:—"An old custom (*Sommergewinn*), the origin of which is not to be discovered, and which may have its source in heathen practices, remains still to be mentioned. It is highly possible," says the author, "that, as the name implies, the ancient custom was designed to celebrate the end of winter and the beginning of summer. This feast was always held, on the Sunday called *Lætare*, in the long fore-town outside the George's Gate, where booths were erected for the sale of confectionary, cakes, and toys. A large multitude of the citizens, with their children, visited, in the afternoon of this day, their friends and acquaintances dwelling in that part of the town for the purposes of enjoyment and purchasing fir-boughs decorated with sweetmeats, toys, and other fancy articles. Laden with these same decorated boughs, to which the name of 'sum-

mer' was given, they returned towards evening, with their joyful children, to their houses. Formerly, far different customs have been known to be connected with this feast. The grown-up lads then were wont to make a wheel, to which a *Popanz*, or figure of straw, was fastened, and to let this run burning down from the top of the Mädelstein into the 'fore-town.' In the Lausitzer and Meissnischen countries, it was customary in many places," adds the writer, in a note, "to carry round such a dressed-up straw man with song and rejoicing on this so-called Dead Sunday, or *Lætare*, and then to cast the figure into the water. Further, the same youths were wont to set up a peeled fir-pole, hung with boughs, that was decorated with ribbons and scarfs at the top, in one of the open places in the 'fore-town,' and this the lads had to climb in order to get possession of the prizes at the summit. These dangerous practices, however, led to so many evils and accidents that they have long since been prohibited by the authorities of the city." —*Topographische-Historische Beschreibung der Stadt Eisenach*, pp. 210, 211.

At the same time as the burning wheel was sent rolling down the steep sides of the Mädelstein hill, the *Johannis-feuer* was lighted on every hill-top round about. This Johannis, or John's-fire was literally the summer's-fire; for what we call midsummer-day goes by the name of *Johannis-tag* in Germany; even as the beautiful little fire-flies that flit about in the woods of Thuringia at nightfall during the hot weather like so many winged gems of the brightest colours,

are termed *Johannis-würme*. "The so-called Johannis-fire," says the authority above quoted, "which was burnt on the hills at the feast of the *Sommer-gewinn*, may, like the other customs usual on that day, have been the remains of the old Sorbish paganism."—*Top.-Hist. der Stadt Eisenach*, p. 211.

In the older Thuringian chronicles we find no mention of the customs common at this feast, and indeed, there is little or no book-knowledge to be gained upon the subject. The only written account that we have been able to lay our hands upon, is that given in the curious collection of modern and ancient practices, known as "Hone's Every-Day Book," and, in which, so far as our information goes, there appear to be many inaccuracies; for though the title of "Summer's Victory," which the feast retains to this day, would seem to imply that in the olden time some such battle as is mentioned in Hone's book was in former times enacted for the sport of the attendants at the festival, we have been unable to hear of any such tradition even among the oldest inhabitants of the city; and after our inquiries into the matter, we are disposed to believe that the title "victory" was meant to refer more to the metaphorical strife of the elements than to any actual encounter represented by mummers at this season of the year.

Nor would this account of the old heathen festivities that were wont to be held in almost every country in the olden time be complete without reminding the

reader of the practices common at the same season, in the early days of the Catholic church; for we know that on the introduction of Christianity into Pagan countries, it was the wont of the priests of old to transform the holidays, to which they found the people attached, beyond the power of weaning, into festivities of a pseudo-Christian character; so that it is a matter of history that, at this same Easter-tide, even the preachers themselves were wont to indulge in all kinds of buffoonery in the pulpit, merely with the view of contributing to the merriment which the old heathen folk had always associated with the spring-time of the year. For Hagenbach, in his "Lectures upon the Reformation," assures us that the Easter laughter (*Oster-gelächter*) common in the Catholic pulpits after Lent, was specially characteristic of the period preceding the Reformation. And Œcolampadius, who was an eye-witness of these barbarous desecrations, tells us, in his "De Risu Paschali," there were preachers who, to raise a laugh among their hearers at this season, imitated the sounds of animals during their sermon. One cried like a cuckoo, another cackled like a goose, and another narrated the legend of the Holy Petrus, while a fourth, in order to create no end of fun out of the tale, recounted how the keeper of the gates of Heaven had, in a tavern, cheated the landlord of his reckoning. Other preachers resorted to all kinds of vulgar and obscene jokes; so that, according to the same authority, earnest-minded Christians were constrained to keep away from the Churches at this time, so as not to be

offended by the ribaldry, whilst others who went thither, were forced to quit the edifice for very shame and anger. The legend of the Holy Peter here referred to, which was extremely popular among the funny preachers of the Middle Ages, during the sanctioned church-merriment at the Easter feast, was to the following effect:—The figure of the holy St. Peter, disguised as a beggar, appeared before a knight named Brother Lustig, and solicited alms from him. The good-natured knight shared his last *pfenning* with him, and, by such means, obtained a claim upon the good wishes of the Apostle, as well as the mercy of Heaven. After this the knight lived the same life of pleasure as his name Lustig signifies, and gave himself up to all kinds of sin; for, to save him from the possibility of want in the future, Peter, in return for his charity, had given him a travelling pouch, telling him that whatever he wished to have in it, the bag should immediately be found to contain. In a few years, however, Lustig died, and came to sue for admission at the gates of Heaven, and then Peter bade him begone on account of his sins. "Well," says the knight, "if you will not let me in, do you take back your bag, for I do not wish to have anything belonging to you." Thereupon Peter lays hold of the pouch and hangs it upon the back of his chair; and no sooner has he done this than the cunning knight cries "I wish that I was inside that bag," and "*Husch!*" (says the old German story) "he was immediately transported to the interior of the sack, and sat in Heaven for ever afterwards; for the holy Peter had

no power to turn him out when once within the gates."—*Die Grafschaft Mansfeld in the old Reformation time, by the Rev.° K. Krumhaar, Pastor of Helbra*, p. 37.

Moreover, we are assured in the work last quoted, that over the organ in the Cathedral of Strasburg, there was formerly a grotesque figure, which was called the "roaring ape;" and behind this, it was the custom of the more lively journeymen of the city to hide themselves during the spring festivities, and to delight the multitude either by their howling, or else by their coarse wit and merry songs.—*Idem*, p. 32.

The Easter comedies, again, which were sanctioned by the Catholic Church at the same season of the year, all tend to show that these same pseudo-Christian customs of the Middle Ages were but the remains of the old heathen rejoicings which at one time prevailed, in almost every land, at the commencement of spring, and the consequent termination of winter; for what connection the merry-making could possibly have with Christianity, and especially at a time commemorative of the Crucifixion of the Saviour, it is beyond human reason to conceive; so that there is no other way left for us to explain the introduction of such revelry into the rites of the Romish Church, than by assuming that it was the relic of the old heathen forms and ceremonies—such as we obtain a glimpse of, even to this day, in the feast of the *Sommer Gewinn* at Eisenach.

One other curious point has to be mentioned, and then we have exhausted our present theme. We

have before stated how the people on the sunny side of the street leading to the George's Gate are allowed the privilege of selling all kinds of "bake-work"—that is to say, sweetmeats as well as biscuits, &c. (for the comprehensive German term includes confectionary as well as cakes), at the time of the spring festival, in return for the eggs they were formerly bound to give to the monks during Lent. The same practice of forced contribution by the citizens to the several monasteries and nunneries throughout the town would appear to have prevailed also in other parts of Eisenach; for to this day a certain proportion of the taxes levied upon every house consists of what are termed "cock and hen or geese taxes," as the case may be; and though such imposts are now never paid in kind, a certain equivalent sum of money has to be given in lieu of them. True, the monasteries have long since been abolished; and though Catholicism has disappeared, the burdens which it imposed upon the people still remain, and go to swell the revenue of his Protestant Royal Highness the Grand Duke. One house has to pay 20 groschens (or 2*s.*) a-year to his *Serenissimus* instead of a couple of geese which the fat Fathers of the Church formerly claimed from the proprietors of the dwelling. Another person whom we knew had to give as many times $2\frac{1}{2}$ pence as his house had been destined to supply cocks and hens to the Mendicant Friars in the course of the year. So again, at the feast of Martinmas, or Michaelmas as we call it, it was customary in the olden times for the villagers to bring to the priest

offerings of geese and cakes; but though the mass in honour of St. Martin or St. Michael has passed away, the parsons still expect the same toll; for it is far more easy to reform a creed than to put an end to the plunder which was formerly connected with it.*

* While speaking of these goose-days, it may be as well to mention that the anecdote which refers the custom with us of eating roast goose at Michaelmas-day to the circumstance of such a dish having constituted the dinner of Queen Elizabeth, when the news of the destruction of the Spanish Armada arrived in England, has not the least foundation in fact; since the dish is as generally partaken of in Saxony at the same season of the year, and we cannot possibly suppose that the conquest of the Spanish fleet could in any way have influenced the Germans in their choice of such food at such a period. Moreover, the story is current in Thuringia that the reason why *Gänse-braten* (baked goose) forms the staple food of the Lutherans at Martinmas is, because the great German Reformer, while visiting Nordhausen in secret (at the time his Catholic persecutors were in quest of him), entered the house of a shoemaker in that town, and was feasted with the same dish by the son of Crispin gratuitously; whereupon Martin Luther is said to have made it a rule ever after to eat the same food on the same day, and his followers to have observed the custom after him. Moreover, we are assured that so general is the belief in this tradition in Nordhausen, that any stranger who visits that city on the day of St. Martin can claim, *as a right*, a dish of roast goose of any of the inhabitants. Now these two opposite reasons assigned for the same event, prove to our mind that there is no truth in either; and that the custom arose, more probably, from the peasants having to present each a certain number of geese to the heads of the Church at this particular season of the year—a practice which doubtlessly led to the pastors being overwhelmed with such a multitude of these birds that they were glad to get rid of them for the smallest-possible sum of money; and hence, the savoury food, being cheaper then than at any other

time, came to be generally partaken of at that period. "The holy Martin," says the Rev. K. Krumhaar, in his "History of the Countship of Mansfeld at the Time of the Reformation," "was *der Lieblings-heilige*—the beloved saint of Thuringia. The Martin's feast, however," he adds, "has ceased, but the Martin's geese and the Martin's *Hörnchen* (little rolls of white bread, made in the form of crescents) still remain among us."—(P. 39.)

SECTION IX.—LEGENDARY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF LEGENDS.

THESE, like most of the old traditional tales in connection with places of special interest are generally of an historic, mythic, elfin, or miraculous character. The historical stories are mostly simple narratives of the events which have occurred at some particular spot in connection with the family of some one of the old Landgraves or dukes of Thuringia. Of this class of legend the story of the "Stolen Princes" (given hereafter), as well as that of "Frederick with the Bitten Cheek," may be cited as average examples.

The mythic legends, on the other hand, are mostly crude Teutonic versions of the elegant Grecian and Roman fables—as in the celebrated tradition of the "Loves of the minstrel Tannhaüser and the enchantress Venus." The Thuringians, indeed, to this day seem to have the same faith in the existence of the hero of the Pagan parable as their forefathers, or the Romans of old, had in the reality of the thunder-god Jupiter, or Thor; for on the wall of the "Sänger-

saal" (singers'-hall) at the Wartburg, there is a large fresco recently painted, in which the said Tannhaüser is represented as a foxy German troubadour taking part in the famous "Singers' Contest."

The elfin legends again are of various kinds, and, more or less, peculiar to the country. Many of them are mere nursery tales about the doings of "Nixes" or water sprites, in whose existence the ancient Germans appear to have had a devout belief. Others are stories of *Kilkropffs*, or dévil's changelings, as they were called, in which Martin Luther himself had no slight faith—though these same kilkropffs, so far as we can make out, seem to have been nothing but wretched little ugly children with inordinate appetites.

Here, for instance, is a story which the great German Reformer tells, in all gravity, concerning one of these *Wechsel-bälge*, and which, assuredly, no old washer-woman of the present day would venture to narrate.

"In Saxony, not far from Halberstadt, there was a man who had one of these kilkropffs in his house. This demon-child could exhaust at one meal the whole of his supposed mother's milk, and that of five other women; and would devour, besides, whatever was presented to it. The man was advised to take the child a pilgrimage to Holschelstadt to the shrine of the Virgin there, so that he might dedicate it to the Blessed Mother of God, and leave it to be nursed in the immediate vicinity. The peasant, adopting the advice, was on the way to the shrine, carrying the child

in a basket, when, on passing a bridge, another devil, in the water below—a *Nix*—cried out 'Kilkropff! kilkropff!' The child in the basket (who, until that moment, had never said a single word) replied, 'Oh! oh! oh!' The devil in the river continued, 'Whither art thou going?' The one in the basket replied 'Oh! oh! I'm going to the Blessed Mother of God, at Holschelstadt, to be nursed.' The countryman, aghast at this dialogue, threw the basket and child into the river, and immediately two devils rose from the water, and flew through the air, crying, 'Oh! oh! oh!' and turning one over another, in sportive mockery of the countryman."

"The devil," says Martin Luther again, "delights to steal human children; and it is by no means unfrequent for him to carry away infants within the first six weeks after their birth, and to substitute in their place imps, called in Latin *suppositiții*, and by the Saxons, *Kilkropff*. Eight years ago, I myself saw, at Dessau, a child of this sort, which had no human parents, but had proceeded from the devil. He was twelve years old, and in outward form exactly resembled ordinary children. He did nothing but eat, devouring as much every day as four hearty labourers or threshers could. In most external respects he was, as I have said, just like other children; but if anyone touched him, he yelled out like a mad creature, and with a peculiar sort of scream. Whenever anything went wrong in the house, if there was any misfortune or accident, he would dance about and shout for joy; but when, on the other hand, matters

proceeded smoothly, he was always weeping. I said to the Princes of Anhalt, with whom I was staying at the time," continues the Reformer, "I would have that child thrown into the Moldau, at the risk of being held its murderer. But the Elector of Saxony and the Princes were not of my opinion in the matter. I then told them to have prayers, at all events, offered up in the churches to God, that He would be pleased to remove the demon. Prayers to that effect were accordingly said every day for a year, and at the end of this time the child died."

When Martin Luther had finished relating the above story to some friends, some one, he tells us, asked him "How he could have made up his mind to advise that the child should be cast into the river?"

"Why," he replied, "children like that are, in my opinion, a mere mass of flesh and bone, without any soul. The devil is quite capable of producing such things; just in the same way as he annihilates the faculties of men, when he possesses them corporeally so as to deprive them of reason, and render them mentally blind and deaf for a period—just in the same way, I say, does he inhabit these masses of flesh, which seem to us children, but of which he himself is the soul, and the only soul they have. How often too," he says, "have the demons called 'Nixes' drawn women and girls into the water, and there had commerce with them, with like fearful consequences—the result being generally an imp of darkness, half-mortal, half-demon."—*Luther's Table Talk*, p. 216.

These "Nixes" or water-demons (about whom the great German Reformer discourses so knowingly), seem to have been merely a grim goblin form of the more graceful Grecian Naiades, and of even the celebrated German river nymphs, Undine and Lurlei, the legends concerning whom are known all over the world.

Besides the above kind of lore, there are legends concerning the "Kobolds," or goblins of the mines, who are said to derive their name from the Latin *cobalus*, a spirit that was supposed to thwart the labours of miners by exciting false hopes, and rendering their work fruitless. Mathesius, in his tenth sermon, speaking of the ore called *cadmia fossilis*, says, "Ye miners call it 'cobalt,' the Germans denominate it the 'black devil,' and the 'devil's hag,' the old and black 'kobel,' which by witchcraft do injury to people and to their cattle." Indeed, so general was the belief in Germany as to the evil doings of these goblins of the mines, that Beckmann, in his "History of Inventions," tells us it was once customary in that country to introduce into the Church service a prayer that God would preserve miners and their works from kobolds and the like evil spirits.

Then, again, we have *Sagen* (legends) concerning the *Wichtel-männchen*, or Puck-like pigmies, who lived under the ground, and for whom the housewives were in the habit of placing food in dishes on certain nights of the year, lest in case of their omitting to do so, the "little men" should break all

the crockery out of spite at the neglect. Many are the traditions concerning the doings of this tiny goblin tribe among the Thuringian and Werra peasants; some telling how the little folk delighted to hide themselves in the butter-tubs, and abscond with a good part of the contents in the night; and others how they had sometimes taken up their dwelling underneath some stable, whereupon every horse that entered the place was sure to die in a few weeks—for the puny creatures are said to have had a special aversion to teamsters of all kinds; and how too the little round fossils, which are to this day found in the neighbourhood of the Brandenburg, constituted the pence which they delighted to gamble for among the rocks. Another peculiar story illustrative of the character of these *Wichtel-männchen* is one in which we are told how a certain poor ferryman, on the banks of the Werra, was once hailed, while waiting for a freight, by two little men no bigger than one's forefinger, who were dressed in long cloaks about the size of the extinguishers to wax tapers, and asked by them whether he wanted a job. On the ferry-man answering that he was always glad to have work, the mannikins sprang into the boat, and when the boatman had taken his seat he could feel the punt sinking lower and lower, as if the gunwale were being gradually forced down to the water's edge by some heavy load; but though it was broad daylight he could see nothing but the two little people who had originally accosted him. Presently he was told to push off, and make the best of his

way to the opposite shore; and when he had reached the bank on the other side the gunwale of the boat began to rise up slowly above the water's level, as if some heavy freight were being as slowly removed from it. Whereupon the boatman, who now knew that his craft was once more emptied of its invisible cargo, was ordered by the two little "hop o' my thumb" gentlemen to make his way back and bring over a similar elfin burden. Nor was it until the crossing of the stream had been repeated some half-dozen times that the boatman had any knowledge of what he had been engaged to carry. For then he was told, if he wished to see the freight he had brought over, he was to look over his left shoulder; and immediately on so doing he beheld the grass swarming with thousands of little human beings hardly bigger than May-bugs, and the meadow glittering with the bright colour of their dresses, as though it was dappled all over with buttercups, snowdrops, and violets; while every one of the little things was laden with some tiny cooking vessel—some bearing silver frying-pans no bigger than spangles, others carrying copper saucepans about the size of a percussion-cap, and others gilt kettles hardly larger than gold-beads—all on their way for a day's feast and merry-making in the woods. "What reward would the ferry-man wish?" asked the little head of the elfin tribe: "would he be paid in money or salt?" But the boatman knew that the *Wichtel-pfenninge*, or goblin money, consisted merely of little flat round bits of stone, so he said he preferred the latter form of remuneration. Whereupon he was directed

to recross the river, and enter one of the caverns in the rock hard by, where he found pillar after pillar of salt as bright and clear as crystal, and which, in those days, when the savoury condiment was as dear as sugar, brought the poor ferry-man many a hundred of golden ducats for his day's labour.

Another class of Thuringian legends consists of those wild tales of *diablerie* which the German ballads and story-books have made popular among the literature of almost every country. Of course, tales of the wild huntsman form a large share of the legendary lore of Thuringia; for we are told that whenever a storm rages at night, the demon "Jäger" sallies forth with his spectral crew from the Hörsel Mountains, some of them having their faces turned to their backs, and all being mounted upon three-legged steeds, and followed by biped dogs that are half birds, half blood-hounds. Then there are grim fables about the *Frau Hölle*, the goddess of death, telling you how she wanders through the country at certain seasons, rewarding the good spinners, and threatening with the pangs of purgatory those who have been idle or careless over their work; and how when the snow falls thick and fast, the dark old hag is shaking out her feather-bed from the tops of the hills, and eager for the death of other birds so that she may rest with ease on her stony bed at night.

Then there are the *Morz-menschen* (literally the death-folk) concerning whom, though no legend exists at the present day, a custom still prevails, which is quaintly typical of the ancient religious

notions prevalent among the Thuringian peasants, as to the perils of the winter time. In the first week in November it has long been, and still is, the mode in the different forest villages for the boys to dress up in masks, and with one of the party disguised as an old woman, to visit the various houses in the community, on entering which they proceed to throw apples and sweetmeats on the floor for the good children. These the old crone, who is the representative of the *Frau Hölle*, the death deity, endeavours to appropriate to herself, while the attendant mummers belabour the hag with their cudgels, to the great delight of the little ones present on the occasion. After this peculiar ceremony has been gone through, the old woman draws a sack from under her arm, and inquires if there are any naughty children in the establishment, saying "If there be, she has come to carry them away with her to the Hörsel hills, never to see their parents again;" whereupon the crew are generally informed that none but good boys and girls are to be found in that family; and accordingly the *Morz-menschen* take their departure to visit some other house in the neighbourhood. As at present conducted, the ceremony is stripped of almost all meaning, and indeed, you may question many a Eisenacher, who is unversed in the pagan antecedents of his country, and get only an innocent shrug of the shoulders by way of an answer; for now the mode is, merely for the mummers to appear in unmeaning masquerade, and to scatter bon-bons on the floor—the fashion being,

that those whose disguises are detected shall remain to pass the evening with the family who have recognized them through their masks. We happened to see the pantomime, however, performed in the primitive little village of Möhra, and we have described it as there enacted, adding such elucidatory details, obtained from the old chronicles, as will enable the reader to comprehend the meaning of the mystery.

In Thuringia, again, every other nook in the rocks goes by the name of the "Devil's Pulpit," and there are grave records as to how the old gentleman preached at the spot to crowds of gaping peasants, making converts of them all; till the Holy St. Boniface made his appearance on some neighbouring stone, and, refuting all the Evil One's arguments, sent him off howling through the air, followed by the most vivid crash and flash of thunder and lightning ever heard in the neighbourhood. Moreover, there are "Devil's Caves" and "Virgin's Caverns" without number; and connected with one of the latter there is a curious tradition that a young girl is imprisoned in the recesses of the mountain, and that whoever shall hear her give seven sneezes, and will be good enough to cry "God bless you!" after each, for the same number of times, will be the means of liberating the poor damsel. Further, the Werra and the Thuringian chronicles teem with duly-authenticated ghost-stories without end—one of these being to the effect that a naughty nun, who was frail enough to elope from her cloister with some good-looking scapegrace of a knight, has been doomed

ever since her death to pace the meadows in the neighbourhood of Gerstungen so many times by night every seven years; and that she is still to be seen at the appointed period walking about the fields, clad in grey, her hair streaming down her back, and with a heavy bunch of keys attached to the hempen girdle around her waist. Whoever has courage enough to seize the phantom nun, we are gravely told, and carry her to the Gerstungen market-place, will be the means of absolving her from the penance. As yet, however, none have been found bold enough for the feat, though the figure, we are informed, was seen but a few years back by a butcher of the name of Martin, who died "*grass-green*" shortly after encountering the apparition: the said unhappy butcher, moreover, having been the cousin of a needlewoman resident in Eisenach, who assured the members of our own family that she herself could vouch for the truth of the narrative.

Of witch-stories, on the other hand, it is but natural to suppose that the chronicles of so primitive a country as Thuringia—a large part of which consists of forest land, even to the present day—should contain a vast store. Indeed, it is a popular belief among the peasants of the present day, that on *Walpurgis-nacht* (May-day night) all the witches in the country are wont to assemble on the summit of the Blocksberg, a mountain situate in the Hartz, on the frontiers of Thuringia and Brunswick, and which can be seen sixteen miles off. Thither, you are told, the witches and sorcerers through-

out the whole Thuringian district are in the habit of riding, at midnight on the first of May, through the air on broom-sticks, oven-forks (*Ofen-gabeln*), and he-goats, and that when they have reached the mountain-top, they hold a feast there with the devil—the entire assembly dancing through the night, along with his Satanic majesty, round about a young buck. In fine, so general is the belief among the boors in this kind of supernatural agency, that those spasmodic or rheumatic affections of the muscles of the neck or back—affections which we term "crick," or lumbago —the Thuringians are in the habit of denominating *Hexen-schüsse* (witch-shots), under the impression that the darts of witchcraft alone can account for their sudden imposition.

Many of the stories, too, refer to the superstitious observance of *Sylvester-nacht* (New Year's Eve); for on that occasion it is still customary, even in the houses of the citizens, to pour molten lead into a bowl of water, in order to discover, by the forms taken by the little clots of solidified metal, what are to be the fortunes of the assembled company throughout the year. In order that the charm should be properly worked, it is necessary, we were assured, that the bowl containing the water should be one that some person present has received as an heir-loom from their grandfather, and that the key through which the molten metal has to be poured should be an *Erb-schlüssel*, as it is called—that is to say, a key which has been in the possession of the family for many generations. On such occasions it is by no

means uncommon for the drops of liquid metal, on falling into the water, to assume the form of hob-nails—a sign which is said to foreshadow that some of the young ladies present are to have shoemakers for their bridegrooms before the expiration of the year. Sometimes, too, the fragments of the suddenly-cooled lead are found to bear a rude resemblance to cows, and this is said to denote a marriage with a farmer or cowherd. Another custom on the same evening is, as we have before said, for the girls in the town to fetch water at midnight from the nearest running spring, and to bring it home without speaking a word by the way, it being generally believed that, provided all the injunctions are strictly carried out, the damsels who wash their faces in the liquid thus obtained will be rewarded with fair complexions and rosy cheeks for the remainder of the year. Nor should we omit to add, that it is the special delight of the roguish boys on such occasions to hide themselves in the neighbourhood of the brooks which are most generally resorted to for this purpose, and to rush out in the darkness of the night upon the girls as they are dipping their pails into the stream, so that the scream which the startled maidens are sure to utter in their alarm may be the means of breaking the spell.

Indeed, New Year's Eve in Thuringia is still one of the most festive times throughout the year. Hardly a person then—not even the youngest child—thinks of going to bed until they have heard the clock strike twelve; and in the town of Eisenach, where there is scarcely a light to be seen in a house

on other nights after the hour of ten, (for to this day is observed there the old curfew practice of the night-watch bidding the citizens at that hour in doggrel rhymes to

> "Put out each fire and douse each light,
> So that no harm the town affright,
> And praise ye God the Lord,")

it is curious to observe how on Sylvester-night every window-pane shines like a sheet of gold with the lamps within, and to see the heads thrust out of the casements as the time draws near for the midnight chimes. Then, as the clocks of St. Nicholas and St. George are heard to boom forth the hour of twelve, everybody suddenly starts up to shake hands with everybody; while little children and grown men rush out into the streets, crying aloud, some as if shouting through a speaking-trumpet, and other in the shrillest and yet prettiest infantine treble, "*Prosit Neue Jahr!*" (Bless you on the New Year!) Then immediately afterwards all the bells of the churches in the town begin to ring out the merriest and loudest peal, while the streets are all agog, as though it were a "year-market's day," rather than the middle of the night.

The first day of the New Year is to the Thuringian people what Boxing-day is to us; for then the houses are beset by gang after gang of the poorer classes, who come to wish you a blessing, in the hope of getting a few *pfennings* in exchange. Almost every ring at the bell (for remember there are no street-doors and no knockers in Eisenach) proceeds from some such begging wandering tribe; and imme-

diately the summons has been answered the mendicant troop push their way into your *Vorsaal* (literally, the fore-hall, leading to the chambers on every flat—there is no equivalent English word for it), and begin to shout at the top of their voices:—

"Greet we the household for the New Year!
Union, peace, and health, and everlasting happiness to you all!
Not alone for this year,
But for many years to come,
So praise God the Lord!"

Another peculiar traditional custom of Thuringia is observed by the girls on the night of St. Andreas, which occurs on the last day of November; for it is believed that on that night any damsel who retires to bed invoking the aid of the patron saint previous to putting her head upon her pillow, will be sure to see in her dreams the apparition of the swain to whom she is destined sooner or later to be united. Accordingly, it is the wont of the lasses in and round about Eisenach to chant certain verses to their *Schutz-patron* (guardian angel), of which the following may be given as a free translation:—

"Andreas!
Pandreas!
Of maidens the heavenly patron,
Oh! gladden my sight
With a glimpse on this night
Of the man who's to make me a matron.
Cause his form to appear;
Let me look on the dear,
As he dangles and jangles the gold in his purse!
He'll say, too, perhaps,
What time must elapse
Ere he'll share it all with me for better or worse."

Nor is the charm complete until the maiden, on covering herself with her feather-bed, has kicked the bed-board three times at least; after which, we have been credibly informed that many a future husband has been discovered—as distinctly as by the casting of the molten lead itself.

Finally, a large class of the Thuringian legends is made up of those religious fairy-tales with which the Catholics of old delighted to store the annals of the early Christian Church. Everybody is acquainted with the Papal legend of St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins. We all know how the saint is said to have been the unmarried daughter of a Cornish king named Dioneth Maur (literally, Dioneth the Great), who, history tells us, never reigned at the period referred to in the legend. We all know, too, that this so-called Princess Ursula is said to have set out with eleven thousand young Cornish girls, in a fleet of ships, on a voyage up the Rhine, on their way to the holy city, to visit Pope Cyriacus—a Pontiff, who, history likewise teaches us, never occupied the chair of St. Peter. It is further well-known to all how the whole of this same virgin band is said to have been slaughtered on its way home from Rome by a barbarian horde from the East, who encountered it at Köln, where the entire eleven thousand skulls are to be seen to this day—some gilt, others silvered, and others adorned with embroidered and jewelled mouthpieces—like Turkish *yashmaks*—in the Church there, dedicated to Saint Ursula herself.

It requires, however, some little knowledge as

to the mode in which these early legends of the Church were generally framed, to be able to find a key to the mystery. The greater part of the mythological fables of every country, we say again, are merely stories of the heavenly bodies, or of the seasons, told as if they were the movements of living divine beings. The planets, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, and Mars were all personified, and their courses respectively chronicled, as though they were the actions of so many intelligent creatures; Mars, from his fiery colour being made the god of war and slaughter—Mercury, from the rapidity of his course, the messenger of the gods, and the presiding deity of thieves—Venus, owing to her occasionally appearing as the evening star, being fabled to have risen from the froth of the sea, and to be the goddess of love and beauty—Jupiter, on account of his greater distance from the earth, typified as being the presiding deity of the air, and the god of thunder and lightning; while Saturn, because he was the farthest removed of all the then known planets, was made the god of Time—of Time, the great Creator, as well as Destroyer of all things. In like manner, the sun was represented as the god of music, because the warbling of the birds always accompanied his advent; even as the Moon was personified as the goddess of hunting, on account not only of her bow, but because of such expeditions having been generally performed in the night, when the beasts of prey were mostly abroad. So, too, the story of St. Ursula is nothing more

than the story of the Little Bear (for the lady's name is but the Latin title of the constellation); a constellation which never sets; while the eleven thousand virgins are merely typical of the host of attendant stars which, in the course of their revolution, would have appeared to the people on the Rhine to have come up from England, and to have travelled towards Rome in the south, and on their return from that quarter, to have been utterly extinguished by the light of the east, which in the fable is represented as a barbarian horde, coming from that direction.

In the same manner, the Catholic legend of St. Goar (pronounced Go-war), who is represented as having been a hermit resident in a grotto near the Lurlei rock, and the first to teach the Pagan boatmen in the neighbourhood the truths of Christianity; and who, to prove his divinity, is said to have performed the astounding miracle of hanging his cloak upon a sunbeam—this legend becomes extremely simple when we understand that the name of the saint is merely a corruption of the German word *Gewirr*, which signifies any confusion or mingle-mangle, such as is found to exist among the conflicting currents of the Rhine at this point. So that the name of Gewirr or Go-war was probably merely the title given to the pagan god of the rapids there, who was supposed to inhabit the caverns at the bottom of the river, and whose form was said to be *mantled by the mist which seems always to hang on the sunbeams at this part of the stream.* To this day it is the custom of the simple raftsmen on the Rhine to doff their caps and pray for help on pass-

ing any such dangerous locality; and the priests of old, having found that the god of the rapids by the Lurlei was held in special reverence by the simple people thereabouts, did not fail to transform the Pagan idol into a Christian hermit, and to hold him up as the first preacher of the new commandment to the boatmen and fishermen living in the neighbourhood.

It will be seen hereafter, too, by the legends given in the following pages, that even the Thuringian myth of Tannhäuser and Venus has had such a miraculous papal transformation introduced into it; and that a Pope Urban—who never lived at the time when the "Singers' Contest" at the Wartburg is said to have taken place—is made to denounce the minstrel knight on account of his sinful dalliance with the enchantress Venus, telling him that there was no more chance of his salvation than there was of the peeled osier wand, which he then carried in his hand, budding and putting forth leaves within three days. On the third day, however, to the great astonishment of the so-called Vicar of the Almighty, the bare, barked rod began to sprout, we are gravely informed; whereupon his repentant Holiness sent out messengers to every quarter of the earth to seek the accursed *Minnesänger*, and to tell him of his forgiveness. But though each part of the globe was searched, the minstrel was nowhere to be found, and the trumpery bit of religious magic, therefore, had been wrought to no purpose.

In the same way with the tradition concerning the Holy Elizabeth—the young Saxon Princess who

appears to have played the part of Florence Nightingale in the Middle Ages—nursing the sick and helping the poor, and being duly canonized in return—has been tampered with by the fathers of the Church; for the priestly interpolators could not allow even the simple story of the young Landgravine's charity to pass without a "pious fraud" being mixed up with it. Accordingly, we are told, that when the good Elizabeth was surprised by her husband, on her way from the Wartburg, while carrying home some broken victuals in her lap to distribute among the poor during the famine in Eisenach, she said, on being questioned by her lord as to what she had concealed under her mantle, that she had "Merely flowers;" whereupon her lord demanded to inspect the contents of the bundle, and lo! it was found that the good angels, who watched over her, had changed the fragments of bread and meat into roses and lilies—this being a fine Romish example of the said angel's love of truth, and a striking instance as to how the priests of old thought lying for a good object an offence at which even Heaven itself would not hesitate to connive.

Another of these Pago-papal legends is to the effect that the villeins and vassals attached to one of the feudal barons in the neighbourhood of the Brandenburg were in the habit of worshipping the Saxon deity Heerda, long after the baron himself had been converted to Christianity; and that one day, on returning to his domains, his lordship found that all his serfs had left their work in the fields, and were congregated together in front of the neighbouring

shrine, where they were all on their knees, offering up prayers to their favourite idol. Enraged at the silly adoration of a mere block of painted and gilded wood, the baron rushed up to the altar, and with his sword cut the graven image into a thousand pieces. The seeming profanity of such an act caused the vassals and villeins to rise in a body against their master, and binding him hand and foot, they were about to offer him up as a sacrifice to the offending deity on the spot. His lordship, however, cunningly observed to the Pagan mob, that if the idol *really* possessed the power they supposed, it would be able to avenge the wrong itself, by putting him to death ere many days were passed. But if, on the other hand, he was allowed to live, then it would be a proof to them how impotent such a carved log really was, either for good or evil. The test was willingly accepted by the hinds, and though they watched for many days in anxious suspense, expecting their master to be either stricken down by a thunderbolt from Heaven, or swallowed up by the rapids in the Werra, the baron lived on an unscathed life; and the people consequently seeing the helplessness of the image they had formerly worshipped, became gradually converted to the Christian religion, while their master got to be known as the Baron von Heerda—a title that his descendants, who are still resident in the neighbourhood, bear to this day.

The origin of such legends is due to many different causes. Some, of course, are merely historical records

of the romantic incidents in the lives of the old princes of the country. The greater part, however, are merely myths, invented to account for the wondrous action of those "imponderable agents" and subtle powers which constitute the invisible forces for ever at work in the world about us. In the ancient pagan religion such hidden causes of the great changes produced in nature were severally personified and worshipped; so that there came to be as many gods, almost, as there were external agencies in nature and even internal passions of the soul. Not only was there a god of lightning and thunder—a god of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes—gods of the winds and storms—gods of the sea and whirlpools—gods of the seasons, of the harvest and the fruit-time—gods of light and darkness, of morning and night, of time and death; but the whole earth, every stream and forest, was fabled to be peopled with its spirits in the shapes of dryads, naiads, and satyrs, to account even for the stirring of the leaves, the murmuring of the brooks, and the wild sylvan tribe that inhabited the uncleared portion of the globe. While, on the other hand, there were gods of love and beauty, and even of wealth, invented to explain those mysterious stirrings of the human heart which at the dawn of philosophic inquiry required a special invisible agent or deity to account for them. Such is the simple explanation of those tales of *diablerie*—of "nixes," of "kilkropffs,"—devil's changelings, and even "wichtel-männchen" and "kobolds"—all of which are merely the ignorant

attempts of the first thinkers to solve some curious and difficult problem of nature by means of some stupid superstitious hypothesis,—a creed adopted even by the wisest men, up to within a few hundred years ago, as the only rational means of accounting for the more mysterious processes of Nature. We have seen that Martin Luther himself, who was the first to break down that mixture of paganism and fanaticism which made up the Catholic creed of the Middle Ages, did not hesitate, as he tells us, to recommend to the Saxon princes of his time "that they should order a poor child to be thrown into the river Moldau," merely because "he did nothing but eat, consuming as much every day as four hearty labourers or threshers could," and because the Reformer assumed therefore that he was "a mere mass of flesh and bone, without any soul, which had proceeded from the devil."—*Table Talk*, p. 216. Nor should we fail to add, that even among our own judges it is comparatively but a few years back that the wise Sir Matthew Hale, in condemning some poor old maniac woman to be burnt for witchcraft, entered into a learned disquisition to prove that there was no other way of accounting for the acts of the half-witted old crone, excepting on the assumption of direct intercommunion with the Evil One.

Most of the legends of every country have some such origin as those above referred to. A large class, however, consist merely of stories, which have been invented in later years, to account for the ancient names of the places to which they refer. It is a well-known principle of etymology that foreign words which are

incomprehensible to the people of a country speaking a different language, are invariably altered into the nearest possible significant terms to be found in their own tongue. Thus, the old Saxon tavern sign of "*Gott ymbutes*," the literal translation of which is "God encompasses," and which, as the Saxon language became, in the course of years, lost to the English people, seemed to convey no meaning whatever to their ears, got at length to be corrupted into the more significant title of the "Goat in Boots." So again, the old Norman-french phrase of "*hobe sans choix*," or take without choice, has come to be changed into the modern English idiom of "Hobson's choice;" to explain the origin of which an absurd anecdote is generally related by would-be philologists. In the same manner, too, the French words *c'est une autre chose*, have been transformed by the vulgar of our land into "that's another pair of shoes," even as the German term *Hausenblase*, which, literally rendered, is "*Blase*," the air-bladder of "*Hausen*"—the "huso," or sturgeon—has come to be converted into the modern English term *isinglass*: a word which even the learned lexicographer, Noah Webster, tells us is derived from ice and glass!—because of its resemblance to those two substances.

This curious but natural principle of language (for the mind has an innate aversion to the use of unmeaning terms) enables us to explain many of the so-called historic legends of places; and to prove that they have been invented, in comparatively modern times, merely to account for the local name, the

original significance of which has become lost in the changes it has undergone in the course of years. Even the popular Rhenish legend of Roland and Hildegund may be shown to have had such a pseudonymous origin; for there is no doubt that, owing to the ruffled state of the water at this turn of the river, it anciently bore the name of the *Rollendes-ecke*—from the *rolling* waves into which the current is there broken up—the raftsmen, indeed, being in the habit to this day of baring their head and crying for *Gottes-hülfe* (God's help) on nearing this dangerous part of the stream. In the course of time, that love of stenöepy which induces mankind to clip words of their fair proportions, and to change επισκοπος into bishop, and Eboriacum into York, even as the moderns abbreviate omnibus into 'bus, and cabriolet into cab', or the political and legal terms, *nemine contradicente* into *nem. con.*, and *capias ad satisfaciendum* into *ca. sa.*,—such a lingual principle would naturally have contracted the original *Rollendes-ecke* into *Rollends-ecke*, and ultimately into *Rolands-eck*; whereupon any ingenious gentleman who delighted to trouble his head with the derivation of the names of places might easily have cheated himself into the belief that this same *Ecke*, or bend, of the stream originally belonged to one Roland. And thus stories would get to be framed as to the history and fate of the fancied first lord of the soil thereunto appertaining. Accordingly, the said Roland has been fabled to have been one of the sons of Charlemagne—though the ancient Emperor is known to have had no child of that name

—and to have become enamoured of the daughter of the lord of the opposite Castle of the Drachenfels. The young lady, however, hears of the death of her lover in the Holy Wars (though with the usual anachronism of such fables, the Crusades did not occur till many years after Charlemagne's time); and is then made to enter the convent, situate on the island of Nonnenwerth, where poor Roland was delighted, we are told, to watch the movements of his cloistered bride from the window of his castle on the rock above; till at length, having heard of his beloved nun's death and beheld her burial, he was found dead immediately after, seated at that same castle window, on that same rock.

Another of such legends is to be found in the elegant story of the Lurlei or Loreley rock, but this is known to have been the invention of one of the German writers of the present century; and it has evidently been constructed upon the fancied meaning of the name of the place, the rock being supposed to have derived its title from the word *Lauer*, which signifies merely a lurking-place—the verb *lauern* meaning to watch, to listen, to lie in wait, to lurk. Hence that part of the river in the fable has been represented as the lurking-place of the water-syren Lore: an enchantress who, by the attractions of her voice, is said to entice the boatmen into the gulf of the whirlpool beneath which she lived. The latter part of the story, however, is merely a poetical myth to account for the reverberations of the celebrated echo which may be heard at this part of the

Rhine; for the syren in the legend is made to answer the songs of the boatmen in so bewitching a manner in the night-time, that the course of the craft is forgotten by the oarsmen, while listening to the spell of the enchantress above, and all within the vessel are consequently hurled to destruction in the rapids among the rocks.

In some of the legends hereafter given we are strongly led to suspect a similar etymological origin. That, for instance, connected with the "Limpert's-stone," in Gerstungen, we imagine to have been fabricated by some ingenious story-teller, merely to account for the existence of a curious monument still to be seen in that village, and to which the name of "Limpert"—Heaven knows why or wherefore—has come to be attached; for it seems to us, that the unhappy hero of the tale has been made a cripple merely because the name appeared to suggest some connection with limping or lameness. Even so, the last of the stories here appended, and which we have entitled "Cock-crow Farm"—merely for the want of a better way of rendering the German title, "*Hahnhof*"—cannot fail to give those who have paid the least attention to the origin of such traditions the impression of having been framed merely to account for the singular title of a particular homestead.

With these few hints as to the origin of such ingenious conceits, we now leave the reader to the solution of the several interesting riddles himself; and proceed to quote in full some one or two of each class of the best Thuringian legends that we have been able to find in the Chronicles of the country.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORY OF THE WONDERFUL LOVES OF TANNHÄUSER AND VENUS, AND OF THE SINGERS' CONTEST AT THE WARTBURG.

THIS legend, as narrated at the present day, is a curious instance as to how the early Catholic priests always managed to give a papal turn to the *folk-lore* of the country to which they came; for in no national tradition is this priestly tampering more evident than in the following mythic tale.

When the day greys, the story runs, and the cock crows, the wild huntsman's spectral train hurries back into the Hörselberg; where the old guardian of the day and night, Eckart by name, sits in a gloomy cleft of the rock, warning those who seek to enter the enchanted cavern of the mountain, within which the Frau Venus holds her court, and bidding them pause ere they peril their eternal happiness for a few brief hours of worldly pleasure.

Now it so happened that a young noble from Frankenland, who was a Minnesänger as well as a gallant knight, and had met with many an adventure in his chivalrous and minstrel wanderings, which had stretched far and wide, passed by the Hörselberg on

his way to the Wartburg; for he was anxious to reach the castle before night-fall, as the Landgraf Herrmann had invited him thither to take part in the Singers' Contest. Near one of the peaks of the rock he beheld a female form of most supernatural beauty, and robed in the gauziest garments, with the choicest taste. Out of the depths of the mountain-chain came gusts of music, now soft and now wild as the swelling and dying strains of the wind-harp. The sweet witchery of the sounds infatuated him like a spell; so, paying no heed to the faithful Eckart's warning, he scaled the cliff, and brushing by the grey-beard, entered the mouth of the cavern. Then he groped his way to the inmost recesses of the mountain, and there in a crystal chamber glittering with stalactites, he found the beautiful "Frau Venus"—for it was she who had enchanted him; and so fascinated did he become with her charms that he remained with her, rapt in the passionate delirium of her embraces, until a whole year had passed.

At length, satiated with voluptuousness, he grew indifferent to the graces of the sorceress, and an unconquerable longing to leave the sinful place fastened upon him. Frau Venus, however, strove strongly to win back his love for her; nor would she let him go until he had sworn, by his honour as a knight, that, in case the Church should refuse him forgiveness for his dalliance there, he would return and abide with her for ever after. The troth being plighted, Frau Venus, sore at heart, allowed the knight to go his

way; and no sooner had he quitted the enchanted cave of the Hörselberg than he bent his steps towards Rome. There, he sank down on his knees before Pope Urban, and kissing the holy Father's feet, confessed the heinous sin of which he had been guilty; but his Holiness cast the wicked minstrel-knight from him, reviling him bitterly for his misdeeds.

Now Pope Urban chanced to have in his hand at the time of the knight's visit to him, a hermit's white cross, made of peeled osier twigs, and he cried, "Lo! as little chance as there is of these dead sticks becoming green again in three days, even so little hope hast thou of obtaining forgiveness from either God or man." The hard words touched the knight to the quick, and he begged to be allowed a year for penance and penitence; but to no avail. So, despairing of the grace of God and his Saviour, he wended his way sorrowfully back to the Hörselberg, where he was received with the greatest fondness by the enchantress Venus herself.

It so fell out, however, that on the third day after the knight had quitted Rome, the dead osier twigs of the Pope's white wand began to bud and put forth green leaves; and the sight of this marvel of Almighty power so moved the Holy Father that he sent out messengers to every country throughout the world, in order to recall the knight, and let him see by what wondrous tokens Heaven forgives the repentant. But though every corner was searched, the gallant minstrel was nowhere to be found; for he was

doomed to remain in the Hörsel mountains till the end of the world.

Then went the wondrous tale of Tannhäuser (for so the minstrel knight was called) forth, from mouth to mouth, through the whole of the Thuringian land.

Such stories as the above never bear the test of dates: *e. g.* Landgraf Herrmann ruled in Thuringia between the years 1190 and 1216, and between those periods there was no Pope of the name of Urban sitting in St. Peter's chair. Pope Urban I. for instance, occupied the Papal throne from A.D. 223 to 230; Urban II. from 1088 to 1099; Urban III. from 1185 to 1187; and Urban IV. from 1261 to 1265.

Again: how finely inconsequential is the Papal justice of the legend! The Holy Father will *not* forgive the knight because of his great sinfulness, but he *will* because a stick, which he thought to be dead, puts forth buds within an appointed time; but—notwithstanding we are told that by these "wondrous tokens Heaven forgives the repentant"—the minstrel-knight is doomed to remain in the Hörselberg to the end of the world. There is, however, far more elegance in the Roman fable, where the beautiful young hunter-god is made to be enamoured of the charms of the vestal goddess, than in the German myth, which changes him into a minstrel, and Venus, herself into a *Frau* and a *witch* as well! In the fresco painted on the walls of the *Sängers'-saal* at the Wart-

burg, which pretends to be a representation of the "Singers' Contest" under Landgraf Herrmann, Heinrich von Ofterdingen, the minstrel burgher of Eisenach, is made the successful competitor among the assembled *Minnesängers;* and it is *he* we are told who passed by the name of Tannhäuser. In the opera, too, founded upon the same subject, the same mistake occurs; for it is clear, by the legend above given, that Tannhäuser himself was never thought to have taken part in the contest—he having been enchanted by Venus while passing the Hörselberg, on his way to the meeting at the Wartburg, and forced by the sorceress to remain with her a twelvemonth after, secreted in the mountain; where, according to the best authorities, he still continues, and is to continue till the end of time.

That the above legend is merely a clumsy German transformation of the elegant Roman myth of the loves of Adonis and Venus, no scholar can have the least doubt; the very name of Venus is so un-Teutonic in its character, that this alone would lead us to question the Dutch origin of the story; while the title Tannhäuser signifies literally a "green-bower," or hut, decorated with branches of the "*Tannebaum*" or fir-tree. This style of decoration is the custom with the Thuringians to the present day; for, on the occasion of any rejoicing, the walls of the houses are either hung with garlands made of the boughs of this same *Tannebaum*, or else the entire hall is converted into a large green arbour by covering every

side of it with the evergreen ornament. Many of the Thuringian songs are in praise of the semper-virent graces of this same tree.

O Tanne-baum! O Tanne-baum!

runs one of the most popular of the Thuringian ditties,

Wie grün sind deine Blätter!
Du grünst nicht nur zur Sommerszeit,
In Winter auch wenn's friert und schneit.
O Tanne-baum! O Tanne-baum! wie grün sind deine Blätter.

The literal English of which is as follows:—

"Oh, loved fir-tree! oh, loved fir-tree!
How green are all thy branches!
Green, not alone in summer-time,
But greener still 'mid winter's rime.
Oh, loved fir-tree! oh, loved fir-tree! how green appear thy branches!"

Hence it would seem, from the mere etymology of the words, that the Herr Tannhäuser was simply a mythic impersonation of that principle of regeneration in the universe, which it is well-known the classic boy-god Adonis was meant to symbolize; and that the green of the fir-tree was used merely to foreshadow, in the early spring-time, the verdant state that all nature was shortly, through this same principle of regeneration, to assume.

On the other hand, the Thuringian Venus, even though she is distorted into a sorceress and a vulgar German Frau in the boorish Teutonic legend, was clearly none other than the Grecian *Aphroditē*—or the Roman *Venus*—who was the elegant impersonation of the evening star, as it appeared to rise out of the froth of the sea; and who, consequently, was typified as

the goddess of love and beauty—the Welsh meaning of the Latin name (for the word is of ancient British origin) being that which is white and fair, or affords happiness: (Welsh *gwener*, which is the feminine of the adjective *gwen*, or *gwyn*, white, fair, beautiful); and hence she was fabled to have enchanted, with her exquisite grace and beauty, the sun, who, time out of mind, has been represented as the god of music.

But the Thuringian folk, in order to give all the corroborative evidence of time and place to the legend, not only tell you either that this same Tannhäuser *intended* to have taken part in the Singers' Contest at the Wartburg, in the reign of Herrmann, at the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century; or else that he really *did* join in the competition of the minstrels there, under the guise of Heinrich von Ofterdingen (as shown in the large fresco which has been recently painted on the walls of the *Sängers'-saal* at the castle); but they point out to the visitor, to this day, the very entrance to the cavern in which the said Frau Venus and Herr Tannhäuser are confined, and are there to remain imprisoned to the end of the world.

The *Venus-loch*, as it is called, is situate at the Eisenach end of the long mountain ridge, which stretches very nearly from the Thuringian capital to Gotha; and as the stranger walks along the Fischbach road, past the village of that name, he can see the bluff cliff, which forms the termination of the conical mountain chain, rising almost perpendicularly out of the valley; and high up, nearly at

the top of this, he may discover a small fissure in the crags, somewhat like a rude and narrow little Gothic gateway. Within this mountain recess, it is said the Frau Venus was wont to hold her court, while the old grey-beard Eckardt (the guardian of day and night) sat at the corner, ready to warn all comers against the witchery of the sorceress.

The tradition concerning the famous "Singers' Contest," which was held at the Wartburg, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, is thus narrated in the Thuringian chronicles; and it will be seen that this same mythic Tannhäuser is in no way mentioned or even alluded to as having taken part in the minstrel strife.

The Landgraf Herrmann, runs the story, had been educated at Paris, and in the French capital he had made the acquaintance of many troubadours, and had thus grown up to be a great lover and patron of the arts of poetry and music.

Now it so happened that in the year 1207, six of the greatest masters of song in those days were assembled at the court of the Wartburg. The first of these singers was the Landgraf's *Kanzler* (Chancellor)—Heinrich von Rispach—known as the "graceful writer;" the second, Wolfram von Eschenbach, out of Switzerland, and afterwards much-famed for his poems; the third, Reimarvon Zweter, born on the Rhine, but who, after his return from the Holy Land, chose Bohemia for his abiding-place; the fourth, Walther Von der Vogelweide, out of Thurgau, who

had also been with the crusaders, and encouraged them with his songs in battle. These four were all of knightly standing, and each entitled to bear arms. The fifth minstrel, however, was one Bicterolf, a servant of the Landgravine Sophia; and the sixth, Heinrich von Ofterdingen, one of the retainers of Leopold VII. of Austria, and who was a burgher of the town of Eisenach.

The minstrels then assembled agreed to hold together a sort of friendly poetical contest, which to this day is known as the *Sängers'-krieg* (Singers' war), in the hall, which still bears the name of the *Sängers'-saal* (Minstrels' chamber) at the Wartburg.

Encouraged by Heinrich von Rispach—the graceful writer—the first minstrels praised in their songs the hospitality and generosity of the Landgraf Herrmann; and, above all, they commended him for his enlightened love of the noble art of poesy. Heinrich von Ofterdingen, however, when it came to his turn to strike the *Zither*, sang only of the virtues of his master, the Duke of Austria, extolling him above all other rulers, and hymning his courage, his nobility, and his kindness, as superior to that of all sovereigns upon the earth. Upon this, the other minstrels grew so irate that a quarrel ensued; and it was finally agreed that an umpire should be chosen, and that whoever should be surpassed by the other in singing, at the expiration of a year, should be handed over to the executioner Stempel, and have his head struck off in front of the Nicolai-gate of Eisenach!

Now there lived at the court of King Andreas II.,

of Hungary, a wonderful man named Master Klingzor, of whose craft the king was so proud, that he gave him every year 3000 marks out of his rich mines, besides maintaining for him the best table, and providing him with the richest clothes; for Master Klingzor not only had knowledge of the seven noble arts, but above all, he had the greatest skill in song. Moreover, he was deeply versed in astrology, and could read the signs in the heavens as easily as a "horn-book;" while, by means of all kinds of sorcery and necromancy, he could make the mighty spirits of the world of shadows do his bidding as readily as hounds.

This same Master Klingzor was known as the greatest master of minstrelsy throughout every land, and the singers at the Wartburg one and all agreed that upon his decision their fate should rest. Accordingly, Heinrich von Ofterdingen hastened to the Court of Austria, and there obtained letters of recommendation from the king to the great magician of that country, by whom he was received in the friendliest possible manner; for the songs which Henry sang to him pleased him beyond measure, so that Master Klingzor promised to return with him at the year's end to the Wartburg, and to put an end to the unseemly strife of the minstrels. But when the twelvemonth had nearly passed, Klingzor was so taken up with his incantations and his necromantic arts, that he had given little heed to the journey to Thuringia. Heinrich von Ofterdingen was filled with fear, as he saw day after day go by, and the appointed time drew near; for he knew it was impossible to travel such a

distance in so few hours as remained for him to keep his faith, and he was distracted with the thought of losing honour and fame for ever.

Klingzor, however, consoled the sad minstrel, saying, "Quiet thyself, Heinrich! I have not been unmindful of thy plighted troth, and I have still power enough over the spirits of the air to carry thee to the Wartburg before the year is up."

Accordingly, after supper on the last night of the year, when Heinrich had sunk into a deep slumber, Klingzor laid down beside him; and wrapping himself and the minstrel in a magic coverlet that he had obtained from Arabia, ordered the attendant sprites, who stood ever ready at his command, to bear the pair of them that same night to Eisenach. When Ofterdingen woke on the morrow he was astonished to find himself located in the well known inn at the St. George's Gate, and with the host, Master Hellgräff at his side, anxious to know what he would take for his breakfast.

Then Heinrich and Klingzor bent their steps to the Wartburg, where they were alike received by the Landgraf with great honour; and Klingzor, who possessed the wonderful gift of reading events in the stars, revealed to the Landgraf Herrmann the grateful news that in the past night King Andreas of Hungary had had a daughter born unto him, who was destined, in the course of time, to become the bride of the Landgraf's eldest son, Ludwig; and who would grow up to be a princess of the greatest piety and kindness. Then a feast was given at the Wartburg

in honour of the great magician, and the prophecies he had uttered were spread with joy through the whole of the Thuringian land. After this, the Singers' Contest, for which Klingzor had been brought from Austria to be the umpire, began anew; and, owing to the power of the sorcerer, nearly all who strove to be the masters of Heinrich von Ofterdingen were subdued in the strife. Wolfram von Eschenbach alone remained unvanquished. Klingzor then summoned an evil spirit named Nasion to his aid, but Wolfram sang of the creation of the world, of the everlasting truth, and of the miraculous changing of the sacramental bread into the body of Christ; whereupon the evil spirit remained dumb, and did not attempt to answer a word.

Now, Master Klingzor was resolved to test whether this same Wolfram von Eschenbach was a clerk or a layman. He, therefore, sent his spirit Nasion to Wolfram's bedroom in the night. The minstrel lived on the Bread Market, near to the "Salt-lick" brook, at the house of a citizen named Gottschalk; but when the evil spirit questioned the *Minnesänger* as to the course of the stars, the motion of the planets, and the nature of the firmament itself, the minstrel could render no answer; so Nasion wrote on the walls of the chamber, before quitting the room, "Thou art a layman! Snipper-snap!"—and there, long afterwards, as the tradition runs, were the fiery characters to be seen.

Thus concludes the legend; Wolfram von Echenbach and all the other minstrels were defeated,

—Heinrich von Ofterdingen, to the great delight of the Eisenachers, being declared the victor of the celebrated "Singers' Contest" at the Wartburg. Klingzor, on quitting the Wartburg, had many rich presents given to him, both by the Landgraf and the citizens; while the noble art of poesy, of which Landgraf Herrmann was so ardent a patron, gained new friends and adherents even among the members of the Landgraf's own family. His son-in-law, Graf Heinrich von Anhalt, and his grand-child, Heinrich von Meissen, were both minstrels; and it is said to be owing to Herrmann's love of minstrelsy that the inhabitants of Thuringia possess to this day so devout a love of song—singing through the winter in their spinning-rooms, and carolling ever, like the birds, in the fields in summer-time.

This curious story of the "Singers' Contest," the reader can, if he please, put as little faith in as the writer. The details connected with the sorcerer, Master Klingzor, are so obviously a matter of fable, that one is naturally led to question the truth of the entire tale, and to doubt whether such singers' contest ever took place at all. The tradition in Eisenach seems to be that Heinrich von Ofterdingen and the minstrel Tannhäuser were one and the same person; but this is an assumption which the old chronicles by no means warrant. For it is evident from the stories above given (and they are copied almost literally from the Thuringian chronicles), that Tannhäuser himself took no part in the strife, while

Heinrich von Ofterdingen appears to have carried off the palm in no very creditable manner—betaking himself, as he did, to Master Klingzor, immediately he was appointed umpire of the contest, so as to curry favour privately with the judge. For why on earth the minstrel Wolfram should have been declared a loser merely because he could not tell the evil spirit Nasion what was the course of the stars, it is difficult to conceive; or how could it happen that the minstrel's ignorance of astronomy, or the fact of his being a layman "Snipper-snap!" could have led to the decision that Henrich von Ofterdingen was the best Minne-sänger then assembled at the court? Our own impression is, that the entire story is a crude Teutonic jumble of the fable of Apollo's musical contest in the presence of King Midas.

CHAPTER III.

STORY OF THE CHARITY OF THE "HOLY ELIZABETH."

To this day the virtues and the loving-kindness of the young Landgravine of Thuringia, who lived at the beginning of the 13th century, and is now known by the name of the Holy Elizabeth, are affectionately spoken of by the people of the country. Indeed, the good wife of Ludwig IV. seems to have been as careful and thoughtful of the poor of Eisenach as was the late Duchess of Orleans during her stay in the town; and one has but to speak with any of the half-starved folk in the Thuringian capital to find how the memories of these two tender-hearted women are alike worshipped by the needy.

The young Elizabeth was betrothed to her after-husband when she was but four years of age; for Landgraf Herrmann, her father-in-law, had fought side by side with Andreas II., King of Hungary, in the Holy Land; and on his return from the crusade he sent an embassy to the Hungarian court to solicit the hand of King Andreas' daughter for his second son, Prince Ludwig, who was then in his eleventh year. The Hungarian King was pleased with the honour offered him, and after making rich presents

to those who were the bearers of the proposal, not only gave his consent to the alliance, but conferred upon his child, in the words of the old chroniclers, the "munificent dowry" of 100 marks of silver (about 10*l.* English), which was sent in a silver cradle, accompanied with a silver washing-tub. The Landgraf Herrmann had further requested that the young couple might be allowed to grow up together, and that the baby Hungarian princess might be entrusted to his care and schooling at the Wartburg —a request which His Hungarian Majesty was also pleased to comply with; and accordingly the little baby-bride was transferred from her home to the castle adjoining the Thuringian capital.

Now, Landgraf Herrmann had been educated in the schools of Paris, and there he had got to know many of the French troubadours, so that he grew to be a great lover of the arts, and of minstrelsy in particular. Indeed, he afterwards instituted the celebrated "Singers' Contest," at the Wartburg, at which the mythic Tannhäuser is said to have carried off the palm. Reared amidst song and the softer graces of the world, the young Elizabeth's heart-strings came to be so delicately attuned, that never was the sound of sorrow heard by her but they were sure to vibrate in unison. Her earliest playmate, we are told, was Agnes, her future sister-in-law, and the after-wife of Henry of Austria; and as the two girls played their game of "tables," for sweetmeats, the young Elizabeth would, whenever she was the winner, put aside her gains for

some poor child who had never yet known the taste of sweets, and ask only an "Ave Maria" from the little grateful lips in return.

Beyond such graceful and thoughtful acts, the records tell us that the child, who was destined to become the special friend and guardian saint of the poor of Thuringia, exhibited no distinct signs of that high Christian charity and self-sacrifice which marked her after-life. Nor was it till she had nearly reached her teens that the salient piety of her character came to be developed. "It was then," the story runs, "that her mother, who had been condemned to be beheaded by her father, Andreas II., of Hungary, appeared to her in a dream, and said to her, 'Dear child, I am about to die and suffer for my sins' (though what the said sins might have been the chroniclers give us no information), 'so pray thou ever for the rest of my soul.' Whereupon," we are told, "the little girl woke, and offered up long and earnest supplications to Heaven, that her mother might be saved;" and when an hour had been passed in such entreaties, the spirit of the maternal form again stood before her, and, thanking her for her prayers, told her she was on her way to eternal life. From this time forward the holy young Elizabeth appears to have devoted her days to the performance of those acts of charity which, in the olden times, when the belief in good works constituted the entirety of religion, were considered to be the special will of Heaven, and the only way by which to ensure immortal happiness.

The subsequent humility of the young Hungarian princess, coupled with her continual desire to visit the abodes of the poor rather than the rich, now raised up many enemies against her, among the proud and silly courtiers at the castle of the Wartburg. The Landgraf Herrmann died when Elizabeth was in her eleventh year, and when her future husband came to the throne he was a boy of sixteen years of age; and then every means was used, and every petty court-intrigue put in practice, by which to dissuade him from uniting himself with one who went about dressed in the meanest attire, and who preferred to visit the houses of the lowly and the suffering, rather than the halls of the great and the rich. Her dress, indeed, we are told, was of the plainest-possible kind, and she loved to sit and spin the wool and flax for her own garments, instead of wasting her means in the purchase of costly brocades and the fine linen which the courtiers delighted to wear. But Ludwig had been brought up in the same gentle and graceful school as Elizabeth herself, and no words and no artifices could turn his heart from the kindly and loving girl.

Once, on a journey to Reinhardtsbrunn, the young Thuringian monarch was informed by his attendant, Schenk von Vargula, that Elizabeth was in great fear lest the venom of her many enemies at court should poison his mind against her; whereupon the boy-prince is said to have made answer, as he pointed to the towering mountain of the Inselsberg—one of the highest in the Thuringian forest—"Do you see

yonder mighty-great hill? Well: if that were made of virgin gold, I would not take it in lieu of my dear Elizabeth." Now, Schenk von Vargula, who was one of the few friends the simple-minded young princess had won for herself among the Wartburg courtiers, asked whether he might be allowed to carry the speech back to the anxious bride herself, when Ludwig not only assented, but bade him give the Princess a small hand-mirror which he drew from his bosom, and which had a picture of Christ on the Cross set in jewels at the back of it; saying, "Tell her, moreover, that I will be as true to her as this same glass I now send her; and when her heart is troubled, let her first look at the token on the back, and think how He suffered for the world's reproaches, and then gaze into the front of it, and see whether she hath the image of a true and steadfast Christian before her."

After this, the youthful bride elect appears to have had no longer any misgivings as to the devotion of the young Landgraf; and before she was even a young woman (for she was but fourteen years old at the time), she was married at St. George's Church in Eisenach, in the year 1221, to Ludwig, the sovereign lord of Thuringia, who had then but just reached his twenty-first year. And great were the rejoicings, we are told, which ensued in the town: the people were feasted for three days and nights—bonfires burnt on every hill—troubadours came from every land, and peasants flocked in from all the neighbouring villages; and while the poor were fed and clothed, the master-

workmen and their apprentices drank, danced, and sang for joy at the wedding. For Ludwig himself had, boy as he was, already done much good to the town, and Elizabeth, though but a mere child, had made many friends among the poor by her kindly visits to their homes, as well as the relief she had given to their privations; so that never was a young couple's union more truly rejoiced in, or their future happiness more devoutly desired.

For a time all went happily; but after a while the same reproaches were cast against the young princess, for her utter disregard of the pomp and state which the courtly world expected of her. Her mother-in-law often chid her for the extravagance of her piety, and said she was more fit to live in a cloister than a palace; and her sister-in-law Agnes would reproach poor Elizabeth with the mean offices she delighted to perform for others' sake, telling her "that she had the spirit of a serving-maid rather than a princess;" while the brothers of Ludwig would upbraid him with the lavish charity of his wife, adding "that she who was so much in love with beggars would end by making the Landgraf himself a pauper, unless he kept his purse-strings tighter drawn against her ever-open hand. To which her husband would reply, good-humouredly, "Let my dear Elizabeth do as she will: so long as she leaves me Eisenach, the Wartburg, and Neuenburg, I am content."

Some few years after her marriage there was a great flood, followed by famine and pestilence, in the land; and as it had been the custom of the young Landgra-

vine to feed the starving daily with her own hands at the castle gates, she now had a hospital erected at the foot of the hill, to save the poor emaciated creatures the labour of the steep ascent; and there it was her delight to nurse the sick, to feed the hungry, as well as to comfort the sorrowing. Indeed, the well exists to this day, which she caused to be sunk in the rock adjoining the "Spital," and where, according to the tradition, the pious Elizabeth herself was wont to wash the clothes of the pest-stricken townsfolk.

It was only to please her husband, too, that she could be induced, even on the occasions of great ceremony, to put on her robes of state; and then she would say, "It is not for the pride of the flesh that I adorn my body with these gaudy trappings, but because it is the will of my lord, and because worldly-minded courtiers cannot comprehend the majesty of Him who had but one coat to His back." And even beneath her royal robes (as well as under her ordinary plain garments) she would wear a coarse hair-shirt to mortify her personal vanity. Indeed, on one occasion, when she had to accompany her husband and the court in state to the Marien Church in Eisenach, she no sooner set eyes on the figure of Christ with His crown of thorns above the altar, than she tore the diadem from her brow, saying, "It ill becometh me to wear these costly jewels in the presence of Him who hath so sorry a head-wreath."

During the famine, too, in Eisenach, we are told that the Holy Elizabeth subsisted for the greater part of her time upon dry black bread, and that it was her

daily custom to carry down from the Wartburg, concealed beneath her mantle (so that even the servants of the castle might have no knowledge of the act), the dainties that had been prepared for her own table, in order to distribute them among the starving people of the town.

And the story runs, that once, while descending the castle hill bent on such an errand, she was met by her husband, who, observing that she carried some bulky burden beneath her cloak, inquired of her, in a pretended sharp tone, what she had concealed there. Whereupon, growing frightened at the unwonted harshness of the Landgraf's manner, the timid young girl stammered out "Flowers: sweet gatherings from the garden of Gethsemane." However, her husband, who knew her ways too well to believe that she would carry flowers to those who wanted food, threw aside her mantle, when to his surprise he discovered her apron to be really filled with the sweetest roses and lilies, into which the treasured morsels had been suddenly converted by the miraculous power of the good angels—who, say the old chronicles, "always attended upon the pious Elizabeth."

Ursinus, a writer who lived at the time, has left the following description of the good young Landgravine. He says, "she was a beautiful brunette, of middle, or rather short, stature, and with a fine olive complexion." But this hardly tallies with the portrait in a picture which is said to be many hundred years old, and is still preserved at the Wartburg; for in that she is represented as a tall and slim figure,

with an oval face, raven black hair, and nut-brown eyes; and as having a fine Grecian nose and exquisitely-formed little red mouth.

But the married life of Elizabeth was destined to be but of short duration, for after six years of brief happiness, another crusade was preached throughout Germany, and all the princes and nobles hastened to join the banners which the Church had set up. Nor did the young Landgraf Ludwig hesitate to enrol himself among the band, even though he seems to have had the gloomiest forebodings as to the result of the expedition to himself; for the records of the time tell us that he "parted with his wife and little ones as though he was never to see them again." The eldest of the royal children that Elizabeth had borne him was but four years of age at the time, while the three others were mere infants—far too young to understand the tears of their mother. Little Prince Herrmann, however, as well as the baby princesses, Ludwig handed over to the guardianship of his brother, Heinrich Raspe, whom he made regent of Thuringia in his absence, enjoining him to watch over them as if they were his own, and to protect his dear young wife as he would his own sister. Then leading Elizabeth on one side, he showed her a golden ring, with the Lamb of God engraved upon the jewel with which it was set, saying, "When you receive this token, dear wife, it will be a sign that I shall never kiss you more;" and then folding her in his arms, he embraced her as though he felt he was doing so for the last time.

Nor were the sad presentiments of the young Landgraf without foundation; for only a few months after the leave-taking, he died at Otranto, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, on his way to Palestine.

When the news of the Landgraf's death reached the Wartburg, the dowager Landgravine, Sophia, who was the mother-in-law of Elizabeth, feared to break the sad tidings to her son's young wife. So she told her at first that a messenger had arrived with the intelligence that Ludwig had been made prisoner; whereupon the pious-minded girl (for she was but twenty years old at the time) is said to have exclaimed, "Woe to me! Woe to me and mine! But I must be patient, and look to my Father in heaven to help the father of my babes." The resignation of Elizabeth gave her mother-in-law fresh courage; and then, showing her daughter the ring with the Lamb of God engraved upon it, she asked her if she knew what that token meant. "I *do*," cried the desolate young wife. "Dead! oh, dead!" she exclaimed, bursting into a flood of tears; and when the first paroxysms of her widow's grief had passed, she stood up, and lifting her brown eyes to the sky, said, "Now comfort me, ye who stand by the side of the widows and the orphans!"

When Heinrich Raspe and the rest of the Landgraf's family heard that Ludwig was really dead, they began to manifest the dislike they had secretly felt for the simple, unpretentious, and pious wife of their elder brother; and it was not many days before the regent, Heinrich Raspe, who now knew that he

had no one to account to for his acts, carried the spleen of his pride so far as to eject the poor young widow and little orphan princes from the gates of the Wartburg. And the story runs that, so great was the young mother's distress, that she could find no shelter at so late an hour but in a dirty little tavern in Eisenach on the place called the *Rolle*. Here she sat with her young babes around her till the bell began to toll for the midnight mass in the neighbouring Franciscan cloister; and then, entering the chapel, she remained there praying for comfort and for help in her loneliness till the morning—"not knowing," say the old chroniclers, "where else to put her head."

On the morrow, we are told, a monk, who knew her goodness, took pity on the young widow, and, without fear of the wrath of Heinrich Raspe, procured her an humble lodging in the town, where she might live for a time in secret. Mean and comfortless as was the dwelling, Elizabeth, nevertheless, remained there with hardly a murmur; and, on the first opportunity that offered, she bent her steps towards the Katharina Church, which then stood near the St. George's Gate, and there made a vow at the altar that she would know none other husband than her own dear Ludwig, and that she would wait patiently for their reunion in Heaven.

Still Elizabeth had many a hard trial to bear; for now that her brother-in-law, Heinrich Raspe, was the sovereign lord of Thuringia, and she and her children but mere outcasts of the ruling family, many of the

more servile and base of the town's-folk got to revile and scoff at her in her misery; and it is upon record that once, while walking outside the walls of the city, so that she might be unnoticed by the people, she met an old crone whom she had many times befriended when her husband was lord of the Wartburg, but who, in the slavishness of beggary, thought to curry favour with those in power by heaping insults on the head of the poor destitute widow. So, as Elizabeth passed the ingrate beggar-woman, the old hag pushed against her, and forced her into the mire of the little stream which still encompasses the town. According to some of the chronicles, this happened at the corner of the Knife-smith's Lane; but Paulinus tells us that it occurred near the Felsen-gate, at the point where the Tanner's brook enters the city in its course through the Nicolai place; and so indignant were the majority of the better-natured citizens at the heartless outrage committed against the good Elizabeth, that a monument was afterwards set up there in record of the wrong.

At length, however, help came to the poor widow and her orphans; for Elizabeth's uncle, who was the Bishop of Bamburg, no sooner heard of the misery in which she was living, than he gave up the palace at Bodenstein for the use of herself and the young princes; and thither the dowager Landgravine retired with her infants to dwell in the privacy of her grief.

It was while residing here that Elizabeth heard that the remains of her husband had been brought

to Reinhardtsbrunn for interment; for Ludwig had left special injunctions before his death that the flesh should be stripped from his bones, and that these were then to be sent to the pretty little Thuringian chapel for burial. And no sooner did the news reach the young widow than she hastened to the spot to pay her last tribute of respect to her dead lord and master.

Now many of the Thuringian nobles who had accompanied young Ludwig in his expedition to the Holy Land, returned with the jewelled case in which his bones had been deposited; and when they heard how the late Landgraf's "dear Elizabeth" and his young children had been treated by Heinrich Raspe, they swore they would see her righted—the vow being made over the grave of him they had come to bury. The faithful Von Vargula, however, begged to be allowed, ere they proceeded to violence, to visit the Wartburg, saying if he could not touch the courtiers' hearts with the words he had to tell them, the swords of Ludwig's followers must bring them to their senses. And accordingly we are told that this same Von Vargula related the story of the last moments of Ludwig, and his dying injunctions concerning his dear wife and children, in so touching a manner to the Landgravine mother, Sophia, as well as to Heinrich Raspe himself, and contrasted these so forcibly with the sufferings and indignities that the widow and orphans had been left to undergo, that the mother and hard-hearted brother, in the words of the chro-

niclers, "were moved to tears," and immediately consented that Elizabeth and her young family should return to their former home.

Here, however, she remained but a short time, for, when the territory of Marburg was given to her as her widow's portion, she retired thither; and, after founding a hospital in the neighbourhood, died in the year 1231, in the twenty-fourth year of her age—"from weakness," say the old writers, "brought on by her privations and long watchings on behalf of the sick and the poor."

Four years after her death Elizabeth was canonized by the Pope; and, some three centuries later, Philip the Generous, the then Landgraf of Hesse, had her body disinterred, so that it might be laid in the new shrine at Marburg. Her bones were found wrapped in red damask, but the head was missing; and this, after long search, was discovered secreted in a cupboard of the sacristy, and decorated with a golden crown of the value nearly of 500 ducats. The head was buried with the bones in the chapel of St. Elizabeth in that town; but the crown of gold Philip the Generous (most generously) took to himself. The stone steps round the shrine are now worn hollow by the knees of the many pilgrims that have resorted to it for ages; for throughout all Germany, Protestant as well as Catholic, there is not a name that has more graceful associations connected with it than that of the good young Landgravine of Thuringia—known as the Holy Elizabeth.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORY OF THE STOLEN PRINCES.

THE Electress Margareta, who was the wife of Frederick the "Mild," the sovereign lord of Thuringia in the middle of the fifteenth century, dreamt, on the night of the 6th of July, 1455, that two young oaks, growing in the forest near the Castle of Altenburg, where the court was then residing, had been torn up by a wild boar. Now, what with the Hussite battles, the feudal burdens, and the growing desire for freedom among the townsfolk, the times were fraught with danger. So the mother's heart of the Electress led her to believe that such a dream foreboded some danger to her two little children, Ernst and Albrecht, who were still mere babes.

Though Frederick was surnamed the Mild, he had been at war with his brother, Duke Wilhelm, as was usual in those rude days, about some disputed lands. Among the troops who had fought on the side of the Elector Frederick was a certain Conrad, or, as he was commonly called, Kunz of Kauffangen. This man had formerly been commandant of Altenburg Castle, and had distinguished himself as a brave soldier,

fighting fearlessly hand to hand with the "fantassins" of Duke Wilhelm. But Kunz was, on the other hand, as revengeful and rash-blooded as he was big in build and high in stature; indeed, he was known as the Giant Knight of Kauffungen. At the storming of Gera, Kunz had been taken prisoner; but being rich, he had ransomed himself for the sum of 4000 gulden. Moreover, he had lost in the war several villages, of which he was the feudal lord, and had been given some other lands as a set-off, on the understanding that he was to receive the rents until his own property was restored to him.

In the Easter week of the year 1449, Kunz set his seal to the above contract; but soon after, on the cessation of the war, his former possessions were given back to him, and he was called upon to resign the lands that had been entrusted to him. But his own property once again in his holding, he swore he would not give up the other till the Elector had made good to him the 4000 gulden which he had paid as ransom for his liberty after the storming of Gera. Frederick, however, refused to recompense him, and then, fretting under the loss of the money, Kunz broke out into threats against the Prince Elector, to which the mild monarch answered jestingly, "Do not try to burn the fish in the ponds, Kunz."

Angry at being obliged to restore the other lands, and finding there was but little hope of the ransom-money being repaid him, Kunz at length planned a means of bringing the matter to a speedy issue. He bribed one of the palace kitchen-boys, named Hans

Schwalbe, to consent to admit him and nine sworn friends into the castle by night. This fact is well known, owing to a letter (that was afterwards discovered), written by this same kitchen-boy to the giant knight, wherein the traitor Hans says, "The Elector is going to Leipzig early to-morrow (Sunday), with most of the Court people; and I plight thee my word that I will have the palace casements above the castle-rock open for thee on the night of Monday next." Moreover, Kunz had heard that a feast was to be given that same night by the Chancellor of the Elector, and that nearly all the retainers in the castle would be regaling themselves until a late hour in the town; so that the time was well fitted for the ends of the plot he had planned.

Accordingly, towards midnight, on Monday the 7th of July, 1455, Kunz of Kauffungen, accompanied by Wilhelm von Mosen, and Wilhelm von Schönfels, and some half-dozen other hirelings, halted under cover of a wood—which then existed where the pleasure-gardens are now laid out—at the foot of the castle; and lay there in ambush until the chapel-clock tolled twelve. Then, finding all still, they crept from their hiding-place and discovered that Hans Schwalbe, the kitchen-boy, had fastened the rope-ladder, as agreed, to the window over the steep mountain-side (for the palace was built on an escarped rock), and that the end of it reached to within a few feet of the topmast crags. In an instant, Kunz of Kauffungen, followed by Wilhelm von Mosen, began to scale the high bare walls, and

then, entering the castle by the window above (where now a bricked-up casement marks the spot), hastened at once to the sleeping-chambers of the young princes.

The Electress had been in alarm all the evening, on account of her dream, the night before, about the wild boar having torn up the two young oaks in the neighbouring forest; and as soon as she heard the noise in the Castle, at that unseemly hour, she knew that her presentiments had come true. She ran in her fright to the window, and throwing open the casement, saw Kunz descending the ladder with her little son Ernst in his arms. The distracted mother implored the giant knight to give her boy back to her, and promised she would plead for all he wished at the hands of the Elector. But her bewailings and beseechings fell upon deaf ears, for Kunz kept on descending as the heart-broken Electress cried to him from above; and hardly had he reached the rock before she beheld Wilhelm von Mosen emerging from the casement with another child in his arms. The frantic mother shrieked to Heaven for help, and ran to the door of her sleeping-chamber to have the alarm-bell sounded before the robbers had time to escape with their booty. But Kunz had, on his entrance into the castle, cunningly drawn the bolt of the door from without, as she slept; so there was none but Heaven to hear or help her in her agony.

On alighting from the ladder, Kunz discovered that Wilhelm von Mosen had mistaken the chamber

of the young prince Albrecht, and had carried off in his stead the little Count von Bardi—a playfellow of the princes, who chanced to be staying at the Castle at the time. The giant knight swore an oath, and handing the prince Ernst, whom *he* had brought down, over to the care of Wilhelm von Schönfels—one of the robber-band that was waiting on horseback at the foot of the rock—he snatched the terrified young Count out of Von Mosen's arms, and hastened to mount the ropes a second time; while he bade Von Schönfels not to wait for him, but to put spurs to his horse, and carry off Prince Ernst to the wilds they had agreed upon.

Again the mother from above beheld the giant Kunz scale the walls; again she begged her little ones of him; and again her entreaties and her promises of redress were in vain. For in a few minutes she saw him come from the window once more, bearing her darling Albrecht in his arms—for the moon suddenly burst forth at the time,—and as the mother and child recognized each other by the light of the beams, they shrieked to one another till the stillness of the night was pierced with their cries, and the dogs began to bark all around.

However, before the soldier on guard at the gates could be made to hear the alarm, Kunz had snatched the bridle from his servant Schweinitz' hand; and then leaping into his saddle, dug his spurs deep into the flanks of his steed, and was off towards the wooded mountains of Bohemia, bearing the terror-stricken Prince Albrecht in his lap.

But rapid as was the flight of the robber crew, it was not more swift than was the spread of the alarm on every side, when once the news of the abduction became known. No sooner was the mother set free from her chamber than she sent off messengers mounted on the swiftest steeds to carry the sad tidings to the Prince Elector at Leipzig. Then the bells were set tolling in every town and village, and fires burnt on every hill; and as the news spread from hamlet to hamlet and city to city, peasants and burghers were up in arms against the robbers; and a summons went forth from all the officials throughout the length and breadth of the Electorate, that every liege subject and true friend of the Elector was to lend a hand in seizing and securing the thieves. Great, too, were the promises of reward to the captors.

Mosen and Schönfels, with the rest of the band, were already far ahead with their prize—the young Prince Ernest safe in their arms; while Kunz and his servant Schweinitz followed as fast as their horses could carry them, with young Albrecht sleeping in the giant's lap. On and on, faster and faster, they pushed, in the hope of overtaking the others; but, swift as was the flight of Kunz and Schweinitz, still Mosen and Schönfels fled as rapidly—for they knew that the alarm was up, and it was death to delay.

If Isenburg, on the frontiers of Bohemia, could be reached before they were overtaken, the foxes, with the goslings they had stolen, would be safe in their holes; for this same Isenburg belonged to Kunz of Kauffungen, and its castle had held out against many

a siege. So on they galloped till their horses were all a-foam, with their flanks as white as sea-froth with the lather that covered them. Away through the wide and desolate Rabensteiner forest, in the darkness of the night, and along rugged and narrow ways, where their horses stumbled and floundered in the muddy ruts; for they were forced to choose the wildest and least-trodden paths, as the dogs were barking all around, and a knell ringing in every village to warn honest men that knaves were abroad.

Thus the night was passed, and shortly after day-break Kunz, who was sorely cramped with the long journey and the weight of the armour he wore, was delighted to see that he was within a few miles of the haven to which he was bound. He had reached the wood near the village of Eterlein, in the neighbourhood of the cloister of Grünheim; and being so close home, he grew bold as the sense of comparative safety came over him. So when the young prince begged for the love of God for a draught of water to moisten his lips—for the poor little fellow was tired and feverish from the want of rest and the constraint of limb he had suffered for so many hours—the giant knight reined in his steed; for he, too, was glad of the opportunity of stretching his limbs, even for a few minutes; so, dismounting, he handed the bridle and the little prince over to the charge of his servant Schweinitz, while he himself went into the wood to look for some "earth-berries" (wild strawberries) for the boy.

Now, the noise of the pattering of the horse's

hoofs in so still a place chanced to awaken a charcoal-burner, one George Schmidt by name, who was dozing, after his night's work, in front of his kiln in the forest. He, too, had heard the alarm-bells through the night; and, struck by the glint of the knight's armour between the trees, he went towards the halting-place, when he knew in an instant, by the dust and foam about the horses, that they must have been travelling all the night through.

At sight of the *Köhler*, the young Prince Albrecht, who lay stretched upon the grass beside the grazing steeds, seeing that the vassal Schweinitz was dozing in his saddle, started up; and running towards the man, said hurriedly, in a whisper:—"I am one of the princes of Saxony. These wicked men have stolen me out of my bed. Save me! and my father, the Prince Elector, will not let thee go unpaid for thy pains."

The vassal, tired as he was, could do no more than doze in such a position; so, startled by the sound of the footsteps as the little fellow ran towards the charcoal-burner, he woke up in time to hear the Prince's speech; and no sooner were the words uttered than Schweinitz jumped to the ground and aimed a blow with his poleaxe at the skull of the royal lad. The charcoal-burner saw the murderous intention of the fellow, and raising his stoking-pole above the head of the young Prince Albrecht, cunningly warded off the stroke that would otherwise have laid him dead on the ground. Then, grasping the boy by the hand, he dragged him back, while he held his formidable

stoking-pole at arm's-length, ready to parry any fresh blow from the axe of the ruffian; and as he did so, he set the big mastiff that was at his side upon the vassal, for at a single word from his master the faithful hound sprang, with a loud bark, at the other, and seized him by the throat before he had time to defend himself against the animal.

The noise of the barking dog brought Kunz quickly to the spot. The whistle of the charcoal-burner, however, as quickly summoned a gang of his swarthy and stalwart comrades. The giant knight finding himself surrounded, tried to jump on to his saddle, so that he might dash with his horse through the ranks. In his haste to mount the steed, however, his spurs became entangled in the stirrup, and the startled animal began first to plunge and rear, and then to gallop off, while Kunz had but one foot from the ground; so that the robber-knight was dragged along for some distance with his head on the earth.

In this manner Kunz the giant knight was easily taken prisoner, and being bound hand and foot by the gang of charcoal-burners, was quickly carried off, with his vassal Schweinitz, to the neighbouring monastery of Grünheim. Here he was handed over to the safe keeping of the Prior of the cloister, and afterwards sent to Zwickau there to be dealt with as the law might doom.

The young Prince Albrecht was then regaled with milk, bread, and honey, at the hut of George Schmidt the charcoal-burner; and on the 9th of July

in the same year, he was brought back to the castle of Altenburg—all the townsfolk and peasantry rejoicing by the way—and there handed over by the proud *Köhler* to his well-nigh heart-broken parents, the Electress Margareta, and the Prince Elector himself.

The fate of the giant knight was death as a felon. From Zwickau he was borne, heavily ironed, to Freiburg, and there beheaded on the market-place on the 14th of July, 1455, at the spot where a flat round stone marks the site of the execution to this day. The Elector, Frederick the Mild, however, true to the surname descriptive of his character, was anxious to spare the life of the robber of his children. But the pardon he sent reached the spot some few hours after Kunz had paid the penalty of his crime.

The giant knight's head is still to be seen, cut in stone, over the door of the Rathhaus at Freiburg. Schweinitz, the vassal of Kunz, was hanged; and Hans Schwalbe, the traitor kitchen-boy, was torn to pieces with red-hot irons.

But still the little Prince Ernst was nowhere to be found. He remained, indeed, in the power of Wilhelm von Mosen, and Wilhelm von Schönfels; and they had hidden themselves in a rocky cave called the "Devil's Cleft," not far from the castle of Hartenstein, on the right bank of the river Mulde, and about half-way towards the Bohemian frontier. Now the woodmen in those parts soon heard and spread the news that Kunz, the giant knight of Kauffungen, had been seized in the forest, near Eterlein, and sent

heavily ironed to Zwickau to be tried as a traitor. Upon overhearing some peasants tell the wonderful new tale to each other within a few yards of the cavern in which Mosen and Schönfels lay secreted, the robber knights grew frightened, and dispatched a messenger to Frederick von Schönberg, the head official in Hartenstein, offering to give up the young Prince Ernst, if the commandant of the castle would but pledge them his word that no harm should come to them.

The terms were immediately granted, and Schönberg, when the young prince was given over to him, had him carried to Chemnitz, whither the Prince Elector, on receipt of the glad tidings, had hastened to clasp once more in his arms the child he had fancied was lost to him for ever.

On the morrow a public thanksgiving was offered up in the little church at Ebersdorff, not many miles from the scene of the rescue. There, the garments of the royal youths were hung in front of the altar; and close beside them was placed the grimy smock of the charcoal-burner, in memory of the carrying off of the young princes, as well as of the bravery of their humble deliverer; and there the now-moth-eaten tunics may be seen to this day.

A walled-up window in the Castle of Altenburg, on the side towards the "Paritzer Pond," now marks the place where the robber knights entered. In the forest of Eterlein the "Prince's Oak," under which young Albrecht lay, while Kunz was searching for the earth-berries for him, is still pointed out by the woodmen;

and the hole in the rock, in which young Ernst was hidden, no longer goes by the name of the "Devil's Cleft," but is now called the "Prince's Cave" instead.

As for the charcoal-burner himself, he had but to speak his wishes to have them straightway granted by the Elector, Frederick the Mild. All the simple fellow asked, however, was to be allowed to cut and burn wood near the spot where he had found the young prince Albrecht. But the Elector, in the gratitude of his heart, made over the fee-simple of a piece of land, besides, in the village of Ebersbach.

The charcoal-burner's great delight, ever after, was to recount the story how he had saved the young Prince from the clutches of the robber-knight; and, whenever he did so, he never failed to say, while describing how he laid about the thieves with his stoking pole, "*I trillirt* the knaves right well, I can tell thee," and from this odd forest phrase, the honest, sturdy fellow came to be known as George Schmidt "the Triller."

In the year 1855 the 400th anniversary of the rescue of the stolen princes by the "Triller" was celebrated at Altenburg, Hartenstein, Grünheim, and Zwickau, on the same day. At the last-named city a long procession walked, under triumphal arches, out towards the "Triller Brewery," which had been erected on the spot where the charcoal-burner formerly tilled his fields and reared his family. The procession consisted of a troop of charcoal-burners in their forest garments, and a long line of the members and friends of the Brewers' Company, on foot and in

carriages, accompanied with bands of music and flying banners. At the head of the troop of charcoal-burners were the three "Trillers" who were then the only remaining descendants of the family. Since that time, however, a paragraph has appeared in the newspapers, announcing that the "last of the Trillers" is no more.

In Thuringia the place is still shown where the "Triller" surprised the giant Kunz, and an elegant though simple monument has been erected on the spot, which is situate in the Frankenwald—one of the prettiest and most romantic parts of the Thuringian forest. In the armoury at the Wartburg, moreover, visitors are shown the coats of mail worn by the giant knight and the little princes. But after the sham relics of the Luther Chamber, one naturally is led to doubt the authenticity of these old curiosities likewise; and to enquire how it came to pass that the royal youths were put to bed in a suit of armour on the night when Kunz of Kauffungen ran off with them; or how, if these were the garments the princes *really* wore, they were not hung up in the church at Ebersdorf instead of the simple tunics that are there to be seen?

Finally, it should be added that the late Prince Consort of England was said to be descended from Albrecht, the younger of the stolen Princes of Saxony.

CHAPTER V.

THE STORY OF FREDERICK WITH THE BITTEN CHEEK.

MARGARETHA, the wife of Albrecht, surnamed the Unnatural, who was the Landgraf of the Wartburg at the end of the thirteenth century, had borne her husband two sons, named respectively, Friedrich and Deitzmann. But Albrecht's heart had wandered from Margaretha, for he had gazed upon the charms of Kunigunde von Eisenberg, and he grew to hate his faithful wife the more as his love for the pretty Kunigunde became the more ardent. Indeed, his hatred at last rose to such a pitch that he sought to compass the life of her whom he had sworn to foster and protect for the rest of his days.

With this view, Albrecht took into his confidence a poor man, who gained his livelihood by carrying wood, water, and meat on his donkeys to the castle on top of the great hill of the Wartburg. Albrecht promised the water-carrier great rewards if he would strangle Margaretha in the dead of the night; and he made the man swear never to break the secret of his murderous plans to mortal ears.

But after the donkey-driver had taken the oath he became alarmed, and would willingly have followed

the advice of some friend, but he feared to speak on the matter; so he talked it over with himself while his barrels were filling at the running spring, saying:— "If you kill your mistress, Fritz, you are sure to be punished by God; and if you act against your master's bidding, not only will Albrecht the Unnatural assuredly kill you, but you will not save your mistress Margaretha by so doing, for she is sure not to escape long the Landgraf's ill-will."

In this wavering manner the poor man went on for fourteen days; so that when Albrecht saw how he tarried over the deed, he sent for the water-carrier and chid him as he reminded him of his promise. Whereupon the simple fellow said to himself again as he descended the hill with his donkeys:— "Hang back thou canst not any longer, Fritz." So on the morrow, when he came again with the water and the meat to the castle, he went to the Landgraf and said "Dear lord, I will do what you bid me, and this very night, too."

Now, it was late on the evening before the feast of John the Baptist that the donkey-driver opened softly the door of the Landgravine's sleeping-chamber; and then, awakening her as gently as he could, he quickly told her his name, as well as the ugly errand he had been sent to do at that dismal hour, saying: "Noble lady, your lord the Landgraf did bid me strangle you as you slept; but I had not the heart to do so, although I did vow to him with a heavy oath that these hands should smother you."

When the Landgravine heard the words she was

sorely frightened, and doubted whether the man were in his senses or not. However, in her distress, she sent for her chamberlain Schenk von Vargula, to hear what her trustiest officer would advise her to do; and as she begged him, with clasped hands and the tears streaming down her cheeks, to help her in her hour of danger, Von Vargula strove to soothe her, and counselled her to collect her jewels and all the money she could, and fly from the castle as quickly as possible. When the poor, distracted Landgravine had done this, she hastened, with her faithful servant, Schenk von Vargula, into the "painted house" near the tower, where slept her two little boys—one of whom was three years old and the other but eighteen months—to take a last leave of her children. Then she sat down on their bed, hugged and kissed them one after the other as if the headsman were waiting for her; and as she pressed her eldest son Frederick to her bosom once more, she put her lips to his cheek and *bit him through the flesh*, till the blood streamed down the little fellow's neck; and she would have done the same to her little baby-boy, young Dietzmann, but Schenk von Vargula dragged her from the child, till the maddened mother cried in her anguish, "Oh, let me mark them both, so that my poor children shall remember this parting with their mother as long as they live!"

Indeed, the wound on the elder prince's face left a scar that remained for the rest of his days, and for that reason he was called ever afterwards "*Friedrich*

mit der gebissenen Wange" (Frederick with the Bitten Cheek).

Margaretha, with Von Vargula and the donkey-driver following her, escaped from the castle window by means of ropes; and when they were safe at the bottom of the steep rock on which the castle is built, they roamed through the neighbouring forests for the rest of the night with heavy hearts. On the morrow Margaretha fled to Kraienburg, and soon after that entered the cloister of the holy St. Catherine (for the world had now no charm for her), and died on the 8th August, 1268.

No sooner had Margaretha breathed her last than Albrecht the Unnatural was married to Kunigunde von Eisenberg; for she had already borne him a son, who had been christened Albrecht the Younger, but who, nevertheless, was generally called Prince Apitz; and this child she held under her mantle while the marriage ceremony was going on—for, according to an old belief, "mantle children," or those who had been born before marriage and were kept beneath the cloak of their mother at the wedding, were in that manner made honourable and lawful kindred.

After this Friedrich and his younger brother went to live with their uncle Dietzmann; and finding, when they had grown up, that their father, Albrecht the Unnatural, wished to make over Thuringia to his bastard son Apitz, and to disinherit his lawful children, they began to feel angered against him; so that when the two boys became of age, and Friedrich

had already fought against Poland and Hungary, they declared war against their parent. In a battle near Weimar, however, Friedrich with the Bitten Cheek was taken prisoner by Albrecht the Unnatural, and afterwards imprisoned in a dungeon at the Wartburg. Then Albrecht tried to starve his son, but friends brought the young prince food in secret, and through their aid he was ultimately enabled to escape after a year's confinement.

In 1293 Albrecht the Unnatural sold his possessions in the Thuringian and other lands to the Emperor Adolph, of Nassau, for 12,000 marks of silver (about 24,000*l.*), and when his sons, Friedrich and Dietzmann, heard of this, they vowed vengeance on their father for it. Albrecht, however, in this bargain with the Emperor, had reserved to himself the Castle of the Wartburg, and continued to reside there. But in the interim he had married a third time, and lived in the same dissension with this spouse as with the first; so that the third wife sent to Friedrich with the Bitten Cheek (who was also her son-in-law, for Prince Friedrich had carried off her daughter from the Wartburg when she was but fourteen years old), and told him how it would be easy for him to surprise and take possession of his father's castle by night.

Friedrich der Gebissener no sooner received the glad tidings than he set out with fifteen attendants; but reaching the neighbourhood of Eisenach while it was yet daylight, he lay in ambush in a neighbouring ravine (which has borne the name of the "*Land-*

grafen's loch" ever since), until it became dark, and the hour was ripe for the success of his plans.

When night had set in, he started for the Wartburg by an unfrequented way, and on reaching the hill-top climbed over the walls at the back of the castle. All were asleep in their beds, and the doors of their chambers left open, as had been arranged. Whereupon Friedrich took his father prisoner without, as the chronicles say, a blow being struck on either side.

On the morrow, Friedrich soon negotiated with Albrecht; and the end was, that the old man consented to give up all his rights to his son, and left the castle the next day, retiring to Erfurt, where the burghers granted him free living for himself and twelve people to the end of his days. His wife, however, preferred to remain behind at the Wartburg with her daughter and her son-in-law, Frederick with the Bitten Cheek.

The *Landgrafen-schlucht*, or Landgraf's ravine or gorge, above referred to, is one of the most beautiful spots in the neighbourhood of Eisenach; and though we have seen many lands in our time—for our travels have stretched as far as India—we never met with such exquisite mountain and valley walks as are to be found close in the vicinity of the Thuringian capital. These walks were originally planned and executed by the "Oberforst Rath" König, at the beginning, of the present century; and at the entrance to this same Landgraf's ravine is a large stone tablet let

into the tall steep rock, which flanks the north of the gorge like a mighty cliff of old red sandstone. The ravine itself is nearly an hour's walk long, and consists of a narrow, winding pass, not much wider than a country lane, between rocks that are as high as the cliffs which gird our own shores. These rocks are beautifully wooded, with trees growing to their very summit, and sprouting from between narrow fissures in the bare stone walls, so that you wonder how they can possibly derive the least nutriment from the barren spots where they have vegetated. The overhanging stems slope in the most admirable variety of line, while the foliage forms a beautiful light-green canopy, through which the sun's rays, in the most glaring summer's day, come down softened into a deliciously-cool and genial light, till the path below is speckled with tiny gouttes of sunshine, like the mottling of a deer's back; and the clear brook meanders at your side, gurgling over the stones, so that the sound of it among the rocks of the narrow defile murmurs as though it were some wind-harp in the distance. Now the pathway is so confined that you seem to be walking at the bottom of a deep narrow cavern; then it breaks into fine open places that are as still, as exquisitely-shady, and as delightfully-cool, as the narrower passages, and here are rustic seats set round the tree-stems for the rest and refreshment of the wayfarer. In such shady spots many a pleasant picnic is enjoyed by the Eisenachers, and many a dance extemporized in the evening at the conclusion of the

summer's holiday. Here we, ourselves and our family, have passed many a bright and joyous day. Here our mid-day meal has been eaten amid all the beauty and freshness of the wildest natural scenery, and we still look back to those same lovely holidays of our life as some of the brightest spots in memory's waste.

Such is the Landgrafen-schlucht. But, on the other side of the steep roadway leading to the Hohe-Sonne, is another deep pass of even greater natural beauty than that of the Landgrave's ravine. This is now called the Anna-Thal, after one of the Grand Duchesses of late years, but was formerly styled the *Gehauenestein Thal*, or, in other words, the "hewn-stone valley." To comprehend the situation of these two ravines, the reader must conceive a roadway to mount up the sides of a mountain mass that is almost as high as the Shakespere Cliff at Dover; and that deep down at the bottom, on either side of this, there is a narrow pass, formed out of a mere cleft or fissure in the adjoining rocks, that seem in some places to have parted but some two or three feet asunder; so that, as the stranger looks up at the straight wall of cliffs on either side, he seems to be walking at the bottom of a mere crack or chink in the crust of the earth. So narrow, indeed, is the passage at the bottom of the rocks in the Anna-Thal, that the traveller is often constrained to walk sideways between the crags, in order to thread the mere crevice in the rocky defile; while, under the feet—for the pathway here is boarded—the mountain torrent that traverses the bottom of the gorge is heard

roaring away, as though it were a cauldron boiling underneath. Nor can the stranger help fancying, as he squeezes through the opening in the crags, what would be the fate of him and his companions if, by some violent convulsion of nature, the rocks were to close again, as suddenly as they must at one time have parted. In this same Anna-Thal there are some five or six of these narrow rocky passes, where the pathway winds and winds, so that they seem to be almost interminable while you are in them. The feelings which such a walk begets in the mind are sublime almost to awe; and, compared with such natural beauty, the tawdry, tinsel decorations of the halls of the Wartburg strike the mind as the delight of savages.

At the top of the mountain, flanked by the two defiles of the Anna-Thal, on the one side, and the Landgrafen-schlucht on the other, is a small cottage-tavern, known as the "High Sun," with a little rude tea-garden arranged in front of it. Hither the Eisenachers love to wander, and drink their beer and eat their sausages in the summer-time; and, though the entertainment be rude almost to primitive nature, the walks leading to the spot are sufficiently graceful, and the way arduous and steep enough, to whet the appetite, so as to make one thankful even for the homeliest fare.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORY OF "LUDWIG THE IRON."

LUDWIG, who was the second Landgraf of that name ruling over Thuringia, and who reigned in the middle of the 12th century, no sooner came to the throne than he gave himself up to the pleasures of the chase, and neglected the more important state-affairs of his country for the delights of such wild sports as the forests then abundantly afforded. Accordingly he proposed to his courtiers one day, shortly after he had attained his majority, and the regency of his widowed mother Hedwig had come to an end, that they should set out upon a boar-hunt in the neighbourhood of the vast woods surrounding the valley, which was then called Wintershausen, (on account of the bleakness of the north-wind continually raging there) but which has since been styled Wilhelmsthal—after the Duke Johann Wilhelm, who first built a hunting palace in that quarter.

Nor would the young Landgraf listen to the advice of his friends or councillors. In vain did his father-confessor speak to him of the danger of passing through the Hewn-Stone Valley (or Anna Thal, as it has since been named) which was then the

only foot-path leading to the summit of the High-Cross Hill (now known as the High Sun); and assure him that the mountain Wine-Road, (which had been made by Charlemagne,) was the sole highway by which it was possible for himself and horse to travel. In vain, too, did his mother beseech him not to abandon the government of his country and the welfare of his subjects for such perilous pursuits; for the young and careless prince turned a deaf ear to all counsel, temporal as well as spiritual, and hurried off to the chase, despite the warnings of the holy father and the entreaties of his widowed mother. So without the least compunction as to what became of his people or his land, he handed over the reins of government to his mercenary ministry, while he seized those of his steed, and dashed off towards the forests, thinking far more of the wild animals of the woods than he did of his subjects, and showing greater anxiety for the capture of the one than for the liberty of the others.

Now these same ministers and government officers, to whose tender mercies the young Ludwig had confided the care of his country, were many of them relatives of the Landgraf himself, and therefore not likely to have any dread of incurring the anger of the German Emperor; so that, finding they were one and all left to carry on the government as they pleased, without any supervision on Ludwig's part, they took advantage of their sovereign's continual absence at the chase, to neglect every duty they owed to their lord and his subjects, and got to rule over the country

with intolerable despotism. For, owing to the softness and easiness of Ludwig's nature, as well as the familiarity with which he treated every one of his underlings and retainers, none cared for his censure; so that all got to think that they could deal with the townsfolk and peasants as they chose. Accordingly the country was governed without justice; burden after burden was imposed upon the people that pressed upon them with insufferable weight; robberies were committed daily by the "mousing lords" in the district; merchants plundered, and towns pillaged, by the baronial banditti, without the possibility of redress; all manner of compulsory service, and forms of feudal bondage instituted, so that the peasants had to work without wages for the lords of the soil; till the prosperity of the country was undermined, and the liberty of every class trampled upon, on every side. In fine, the effrontery and unconscionableness of the Landgraf's delegates went to such lengths, that even when Ludwig commanded them to deal more justly with the folk, they laughed at his injunctions; for, finding the nation given over to them to rule as they thought fit, they not only subjected the industrious portion of the community to indignity and oppression, but they treated the orders of the Landgraf himself, at least with marked disrespect, if not with bare-faced contempt.

The young Landgraf, as we have said, loved to pass the greater part of his time in the woods, and, surrounded by flatterers, found a greater pleasure in killing an *Auerhahn* (*Scotticé*, Kaperkelsie) at sunrise,

or spearing a wolf by moonlight, or in stalking after deer all the day long, than he did in listening to the grievances of his subjects, or in attending to such matters as might benefit their condition; until at length, from his long indifference to their welfare, the peasantry in every part came to be ground down to the earth by their feudal lords, to the very extreme of human endurance.

An accident, however, which occurred to the light-hearted, though not bad-hearted, young Landgraf, at length woke him out of his senseless dream.

One day, while on a hunting excursion from the Wartburg towards the forest near Ruhla—(where in the olden time a peculiar tribe of people had long been located, and which is now one of the principal manufacturing towns of Thuringia)—Ludwig lost himself in the woods, and became separated from his followers; so that, though he blew his horn for his attendants, the rocks of the Drachenstein, the Wachstein, and the Schwalbe-nest, alone responded to the sound of his bugle. On and on he wandered alone through the desolate forest; until at length, as the shades of night began to render the way still more difficult, he espied a small red light glimmering in the distance, like a star low down on the earth; and following this, as a mariner cast adrift without chart or compass follows the little pole-star in the heavens, he at last arrived at the hut of a knife-smith, situate in the neighbourhood of the little town of Ruhla itself.

Ludwig lifted the latch of the door and begged shelter for the night; but, no sooner had he announced

himself as one of the Landgraf's hunters who had become separated from the train, and lost his way in the woods, than the knife-smith commenced railing at the whole court; saying that the Landgraf and his retainers were but little better than the hounds with which they hunted, and that the poor people throughout the land were worried like the timid deer which he and his vassals delighted so much to chase and slaughter. Nor did the simple knife-smith cease denouncing the government until he had pictured the wrongs of the folk, and the tyranny of their rulers, in language as rude and blunt, and yet as fiery, as the metal he was wont to fashion into blades; adding, that if *he* had as little care for the destitute as the Landgraf Ludwig himself had, he should turn the wanderer who had sought shelter of him, from his door without food, and leave *him* to know the pinch of want and misery for once in his life; so that he might be able to tell his master on the morrow what the pain of *schwer Noth* (bitter need) was like. However, to let the Landgraf see that even the poorest of his subjects could read him a lesson in the matter of kindness, and teach him how to be generoüs to those in misfortune, the knife-smith said, he would not ignore the duties of hospitality, but make the stranger up a litter for the night in the shed next his workshop.*

* The house in which Landgraf Ludwig II. is said to have been sheltered in Ruhla is still shown, and now belongs to the Kaufmann Johannes Ziegler; though how a mud hut, built as the houses are to this day in Thuringia—merely of a framework of timber, with the interstices filled up with wicker-work,

On the morrow the hard-working village Cyclops was at his forge by day-break—long before the young prince, indeed, had opened his eyes, worn out as the Landgraf was with the long wandering of the previous evening. But the mind of the blunt and earnest handicraftsman was too full of the subject which had roused his anger over-night to be able to get the wrongs and miseries of his country out of his brain; so, as he hammered away at the metal on his anvil, he kept talking to himself, and wishing, in his wrath, now, that he had the head of some one of Ludwig's rascally ministers on the block before him; and, then sighing, "Oh, that he could harden the heart of the Landgraf against his courtiers as easily as he could a

daubed over with the sweepings of the roads mixed with chopped straw—can possibly have stood for upwards of 700 years, it is beyond imagination to conceive; especially when one finds that buildings of comparatively recent erection are all out of straight, with the rafters bending like a spring-board beneath the superincumbent weight. Indeed, we have known many a house, barely a century old, that had to be pulled down in order to prevent its tumbling of a heap to the earth; and as you walk down the streets of every town and village, you cannot help wondering how, from the *un*perpendicular condition of the walls, the buildings can possibly remain erect for two days together; since they have, one and all, the appearance of so many dumpy leaning-towers of Pisa, some inclining forwards and others sideways, like a file of drunken soldiers; till it seems as if the slightest shock given to any one of them would be sufficient to topple the whole line headlong to the ground. But the Grand Duke's love of fudging antiquities, for the sake of 2½*d.* a-head, seems to have infected the generality of the Thuringian people; and, therefore, we have a "local habitation" given to almost every one of the traditions of the country—in order to extort a few groschens as *Trink-geld* (drink-money) from the sight-seeing tourists.

bit of steel in the fire—and then something might be made of him."

With the repeated ringing of the blows on the anvil it was impossible even for the weary Landgraf himself to continue sleeping. So, as he stretched his limbs and rubbed his eyes, he overheard the angry knife-smith talking to himself over his work in the adjoining shed.

"Become hard, Ludwig!" cried the grimy but earnest fellow as he still thwacked at the rough bar of iron he was busy fashioning into knife-blades; "hard as this bit of metal will be ere it leaves my hands. Become hard, Ludwig! and then there is some hope for the country. Let your heart be as steel against the ill-doings of your knavish courtiers, and yet as finely tempered to the sufferings of your wretched people as the blades here shall be before I've done with them." And, as the man smote the iron again and again, he sighed once more, "Oh! that I could fashion the metal of your nature, Landgraf Ludwig, into shape as easily as this bit of iron! What a fine blade then I would make you. Become hard, I say!" he went on hammering still,—"Hard as steel against your unworthy ministers, or there is no salvation for your land or your subjects."

The words of the honest, plain-spoken knife-smith, say the chronicles, impressed themselves deeply upon the naturally-good disposition of the young Landgraf. He had, by a mere accident as it were, become acquainted with the disaffected state of his subjects, and he inwardly resolved, before quitting the knife-

smith's roof, to ascertain for himself whether the grievances of his people had any real foundation.

A minute investigation into the conduct of his ministers was the consequence; and then, to his astonishment, the Landgraf found that the complaints of his rough host at Ruhla were fully confirmed—the treachery and tyranny of those to whom he had entrusted the government being made manifest after the briefest scrutiny. Ludwig now began to feel that he had been too soft and easy with those in whose hands he had placed the guardianship of his country; so he determined to follow the advice of the smith, and to *become hard* for the future.

His first step was to set about punishing the principal offenders; but as these consisted, more or less, of the heads of the nobility, they resisted his authority by exciting the people to rebellion against a monarch whose weakness all were ready to condemn; so that open warfare was the result. Ludwig, however, was ultimately victorious.

Then came the question, What was to be done with the offenders? for the before-weak-hearted Ludwig had now become *hard* enough to devise other than ordinary retribution. Penalties in the form of money—imprisonment—or even death—appeared to his altered nature but ill-adapted to compensate for the enormity of his ministers' crimes. The nobles were rich enough to liquidate the one, and proud enough to submit even to the headsman's axe, without the least struggle or compunction. His heart, indeed, had at length become *steeled* against them all; so he sought to hit upon some

form of torture that should be more terrible to their haughty nature than either the confiscation of their estates, or the forfeiture of their lives.

Accordingly, the Iron young prince ordained that eight of the worst offenders among the nobles should be yoked, like oxen, to a plough, in a team of four at a time, and that they alternately should be forced to turn up a field of a square acre in extent; while the Landgraf himself, armed with a cart-whip, prepared to follow in the wake of the human team, to make them do the oxen's work with something like the oxen's energy.*

This severe and degrading punishment was carried out, we are told, in a field in the outskirts of the city of Freiburg, near Dresden—a city which long constituted the Residenz-stadt of the old Saxon princes. The field, after having been so ploughed by the delinquent nobles, was marked with stones, and made free from all taxes for the future; whilst, to this day, it bears the name of the *Nobles' Acre*. At the Wartburg, moreover, one of the frescoes recently painted upon the walls of the restored castle, represents the degraded noblemen harnessed to the plough, and Ludwig the Iron superintending the work. Not that this painting has much weight as a matter of

* In the description of the ancient palace of the Wartburg given by the old Privy Councillor Thou, the number of people of rank subjected to this punishment is said to have been as many as seventy-one. Two of the names of the condemned nobles are given in that work, and the descendants of one of these families still hold no mean rank in the country.

historical evidence; nevertheless, a tradition exists among the people of Eisenach that, up to the time of Ludwig the Iron, the despotic lords of the soil were in the habit of yoking the peasants, from whom they claimed work without wages, like beasts to the plough; and that it was to put an end to so barbarous a practice that Ludwig forced some of the more tyrannic of his nobles to do the same brutal work, so that they might see how *they* liked it.

Some historical writers, we should add, have questioned the authenticity of the above story; Herr Wilhelm Storch, the historian of Eisenach, however, affirms the punishment to be thoroughly in keeping with the barbarous state of the age; and says "it was, doubtlessly, owing to the revenge which this mode of punishment excited in the breasts of the nobles at the time, that many designs were formed upon the Landgraf Ludwig's life, so that he was forced to wear a suit of mail—a circumstance which caused him to bear the nick-name of 'Ludwig the Iron' ever after."

This "identical" suit of mail, it is pretended, is still preserved in the armoury at the Wartburg; but, as that is the great "cook-shop" for ancient curiosities and historical relics of all kinds,—from Martin Luther's blacking-brush to the giant Kunz of Kaufungen's tooth-pick, and the Stolen Princes' go-cart—there is no more faith to be placed in such jim-cracks than there is in the "feather from the wing of the archangel Gabriel," or the "splinter of Noah's Ark," exhibited at the several Catholic show-shrines throughout the Continent.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORY OF THE CRIPPLED MEAT-CARRIER OF THE BRANDENBURG.

THE lord of the castle of Brandenburg (a castle that now forms one of the finest ruins in Saxony, and is situate some three hours' walk from Eisenach) had, in the Middle Ages, the right of imposing the taxes on all the meat sold by the butchers of the neighbouring town of Gerstungen; and he had, at the same time, the right to demand, for the requirements of his own kitchen, two or three of the best pieces to be found in the market on each of the days appointed for the sale of meat. The messenger, who was sent from the castle to fetch the joints from the butchers' market for the use of his lordship, was a cripple of the name of Limpert, whose wont it was to ride to and fro on a donkey between the panniers which dangled on either side of the animal, and wherein the provisions were usually stowed.

Now, according to the ancient baronial rights, the butchers were forbidden to sell any meat from their stalls until the servant of the lord of the Brandenburg had been there to select the primest parts for his master's table. But the crippled messenger, who had

been chosen for that purpose, always came with his donkey so late to the market, that the delay was most annoying to the citizens, but more particularly so to the butchers' corporation. Indeed, the continual tardiness of the messenger became at length intolerable to the several inhabitants of the town. In vain they had implored the cripple, over and over again, not to keep the entire citizens waiting for hours ere they dare buy the meat which they required for their soup at the midday meal. But the cripple was as impudent as he was slow by nature; so the only answer the people could get from him, was that "his lord and master had the right, as well as the might, to open the market at whatever hour he liked, and, indeed, to do just as he pleased."

At this time it so happened that the master of the butchers' guild was a proud and fiery-tempered man. Accordingly he spake with his brother master-butchers, saying, "We will not put up with this insolence any longer; and, if ye be of my mind, we will do a deed that shall not be forgotten for many a year." So, the next time that the lame messenger made his appearance at nearly noon-day in the market, he was as usual lifted by the men from the donkey's back; and then, while he was standing by one of the stalls picking out the choicest pieces for the lord of the castle, the guild-master came behind him and dealt him the first blow on the head with his chopper. Whereupon all the other master-butchers came with their choppers, and cut at him until the cripple's body was hacked into bits no bigger than the pieces

of meat which his lordship left for the poor; after which the fragments of human flesh were thrown into the panniers, and the donkey driven towards the castle road and there left to carry the human remains home to his master.

When the proud lord of the Brandenburg heard from his cook that, instead of the expected baron of beef, the donkey had brought home to the castle merely the hacked remains of the corpse of his messenger, the Graf vowed bitter vengeance against each and all who had been concerned in the bloody deed. But the citizens of the town, whose patience had been worn out with the repeated delay as well as the insolence of the late messenger, sided with the butchers and refused to give up the perpetrators of the act; whereupon the lord of the Brandenburg declared war against the city.

Now, this war was a source of great suffering to the Gerstungers; for their powerful neighbour, the Graf, had up to that time continually defended them against the marauding incursions of the petty robber-barons with which the country then abounded; and indeed had acquired for himself the title of the "town's protecting steward."

Accordingly, the town-councillors assembled together, and agreed to send to the Graf a mediator, whose office it should be to endeavour to soothe the anger of his lordship by fair and gentle words. The peacemaker represented to the Baron the sorrow of the townsfolk for the brutal murder that had been committed, urging at the same time that the entire

butchers' corporation had long been exasperated at the scornful behaviour of the cripple, and the obviously-wilful delay of the man in coming to open the market. He added, moreover, that, if blood was to be paid for with blood, the entire guild of butchers must be destroyed, for there was not a man among them who had not taken part in the savage act of vengeance.

His lordship was implored to consider how, if the war continued, most of the houses in the city must be laid waste, and the unoffending widows and orphans be left to mourn in long-suffering for the act of one single class of the townspeople. The citizens were ready, and willing too, the mediator continued, to pay any sum, or to undertake to do anything the Graf might please, as recompense for the wrong that had been done to him.

Then the lord said to himself, "Well, be it so. I will set them a task that no man on earth shall ever be able to accomplish." Accordingly, the Lord of the Brandenburg made answer to the delegate of the Gerstungen citizens, "If the blood of the meat-hackers is of such worth in the eyes of your townsfolk, I will grant the people an amnesty on the fulfilment of the following conditions; and they are the only terms I will listen to. Procure me a bushelful of half-farthing pieces made of the finest silver—three greyhounds of a pure azure-blue colour—and three oaken sticks of my own height without a single knot on either of them. If the town can do this," said he, "before the expiration of five years, the feud

between us is ended, and I will give up all right to the control of the meat-market in Gerstungen for the future; for I have no longer any desire to receive my food from murderers' hands. But mark me," he added; "if, at the end of the appointed time one of the three aforesaid things be wanting, the town must undertake to deliver over to me every member of the butchers' corporation, man by man, so that I may deal with them as it may please me."

With these unsatisfactory conditions the mediator was obliged to take his departure, for to no other terms would his lordship consent.

When the peacemaker returned to the town all were horrified to hear the injunctions which the Graf had imposed upon them; "For where," they one and all said, "was it possible to find such a quantity of half-farthings coined in silver? Where in the world were sky-blue greyhounds to be met with? And who had ever heard of oak saplings growing to a man's height without a single knot on the stem?"

At last, however, the citizens took courage; at least, they had gained time—five years' time—and they could but try in the interval to accomplish the task imposed upon them.

Accordingly, a messenger was sent out to every land to collect the smallest silver coins from the merchants and the Jew money-changers. Next, sixty strong young oak-shoots that had just risen above the earth were selected and carefully transplanted to a garden, the soil of which had been

expressly prepared for their growth. These were surrounded by tightly-fitting glass tubes, so that it was impossible for them to put forth any buds at the side, or grow otherwise than upwards as they increased in size. And, when the young stems grew taller and thicker, broader and longer glass tubes were ready-prepared to encompass them. At the same time, a chamber was fitted up of which the walls, the ceiling, and the floor were all alike painted of the purest azure-blue colour; the light, too, admitted to this room was allowed to enter only through sky-blue window panes, and the curtains before the casement were of sky-blue also. In this chamber a male and a female greyhound of the whitest possible hue were confined; and, so that they should see nothing but blue, the attendant who was put to feed them was dressed in blue likewise, while their drink and the food that was given to them was stained with harmless dye-stuffs of the self-same tint. The first litter of young thus came to have small blue spots dappling their white coats, while the young ones cast by these again were marked with large patches of blue; with the third litter azure-blue was the principal colour, with merely spots of white to fleck their skins, while the fourth generation, at the end of the fifth year, produced three puppies that were azure-blue all over, without a single white mark to be seen from head to foot.

The oak saplings progressed in the same manner. True, many of the shoots died under the compression of the glass tubes, while many others, notwithstand-

ing the constraint, put forward little side-shoots, which burst the tube in pieces. Nevertheless, after continual care and watching, three saplings remained which were of the height of an ordinary man, and each, not only without a single knot, but as smooth as the glass tubes in which they had been confined; so that these were as great a wonder to all who beheld them as the azure-blue greyhounds themselves.

Further, the messengers who had been sent out among the money-changers and coin-collectors of every land, to collect the little silver half-farthings, had returned each year, and delivered up a greater or less quantity. On the day before the last of the fifth year, they one and all came back to the town once more with their burdens; and, on rejecting the base coin from among the number, and measuring the pure silver pieces which remained over, it was found that the bushel was exactly filled—ay, and filled, according to the terms of the injunction, with the smallest known-coins of the finest silver.

Thus the three conditions imposed by the lord of the Brandenburg were fulfilled; and, so that the justice of Heaven might be appeased, the butchers' slaughter-houses were converted into a hospital for poor cripples, the ground of which to this day forms part of the New Hospital garden.

On the spot where the murder had been perpetrated, a broad slab was let into the pavement of the town; and there to this time it remains, and is known by the name of the "Limpert's Stone"—the simple, unlettered monument of the cruel death of the crippled

messenger of the Brandenburg.—*Sagen aus dem Werrathale, von G. Heusinger, pp.* 14-19.

The castle of Brandenburg, which constitutes the scene of the above legend, is now one of the most picturesque ruins in all Germany. At present there remain but two tall round towers, surrounded by a broken shell of walls, and crowning the summit of a steep conical hill, almost at the foot of which nestles the little village of Lauchröden. When the barons of Brandenburg died out, the property came into the possession of the Landgraves of Thuringia; and at a later period the western part of the castle belonged to the feudal knights of the Weimar princes, while the eastern portion appertained to the old family of Von Heerda, whose descendants still reside in the neighbouring village of Lauchröden, and many of whose ancestors are buried in the chapel of the castle itself. The view from the ruins of the Brandenburg is a scene of exquisite beauty. To the north-west is seen the noble Brandenfels, with its tiny ruin on top; while the lovely green Werra valley at the foot of the hill is dotted with many a village, among which are those of Wartha and Spichra, where the people suffered so severely from the tyranny of Henry IV. after the battle of Lupnitz. In the caverns near Spichra are still to be found the so-called *Wichtel-pfennige* (elfin coins), which are merely small flat round stones, with which the elves of old are said to have played in these parts. Near the village of Wartha is the farm of the Baron von Rothenhahn, called Neuenhof,

attached to which are the celebrated "rock-cellars," whither the Eisenachers love to journey in the summer, to feast upon the far-famed ale and cheese, and where the German guide-books are particular in impressing on the German tourist that "a glass of the most *heavenly* beer can be obtained."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STORY OF "COCK-CROW" FARM AND THE BLACK MASON WHO BUILT IT.

The soldiers of Duke Henry of Brunswick had been compelled to retreat before the troops of the Prince-Elector and the Landgraf Philip, who had united their forces against them in Eisenach. The victors had laid waste every village that fell in their way along the left bank of the Werra, so that only high heaps of ruins remained to mark the spots where, a little while before, the finest and largest homesteads were to be seen. At one of these, nothing but a little cabin was left standing, at a short distance from the still-smouldering embers of the fired farm-buildings. The times were so disturbed that none could be found bold enough to offer to re-occupy the farm; even though it had been one of the most profitable for miles round, and it could be had at a merely nominal rent for many years, on the condition that the new tenant would rebuild the homestead and the outhouses.

At length, however, a young farmer who had been but some few months married, and was anxious to start in life ere a young family grew up about

him, undertook to reconstruct the homestead; but, though he had agreed to give but a few dollars a-year for it, he soon began to see that, low as the rent was, he had undertaken to pay too large a sum; for already the harvest-time was approaching, and, though he had worked early and late, there was only one barn ready for the garnering of the corn, while the ground was barely cleared and laid-out for the rest of the out-buildings. The farmer and his young wife were forced to live in the little cabin before spoken of, for as yet there had been no time to think of re-erecting the dwelling-house. Most of the labourers, indeed, had been drafted off for soldiers; and already the nights were growing so cold, that the cattle left out in the fields were suffering from want of shelter.

Cheerfully did the young farmer encourage the few workmen he could get to help him; and well and arduously did they labour with their pick-axes and their trowels, so as to get the buildings up before the winter came round. Indeed, it was long after the chapel bell at Herleshausen had tolled for vespers, that the men were wont to lay down their tools for the night.

One evening, after the workmen had left, the young farmer stood alone under the broad doorway of the only barn that yet had a roof to it, pondering over the difficulties which beset him. There he remained, with his arms folded, now looking gloomily at the threatening sky, then casting his eyes towards the crops that were already cut in the fields, and then glancing at the unfinished granaries beside

him. Nor was his dejection lessened when he noted how the cattle and the sheep in the meadows were obliged to huddle together under the lea of the hills, to protect themselves from the wind and the rain. When he saw, moreover, that there was not so much as a shed commenced for the proper housing of them, he shook his head sorrowfully, and then strode through the twilight towards the cabin where his young wife, who had long noticed the increasing anxiety of her husband, was already waiting for him.

He was in the act of passing the ruins of the old shepherd's house, when a tall figure appeared before him, habited as a mason, with the exception that his clothes were entirely black, and that the long apron he wore in front of him was of the same dark hue, while from the little cap that surmounted his high forehead floated in the wind a long red feather, as though he were the captain of the builders' guild. A twinkling pair of coal-black eyes sparkled beneath his penthouse-like brows, while his mouth was drawn up into a half-scornful smile, and the nostrils of his aquiline nose dilated with inward pride.

"Good evening, cousin," he said, addressing the young farmer, as he flung his bag of tools from his shoulder on to the ground till the iron chisels clattered amongst the heaps of stones; "Why so sad? Why vex yourself with trifles? If you want hands to help you finish your buildings before the harvest-time, I'm a mason, and will do the work for you for the smallest thing belonging to you."

The startled farmer drew nearer to the speaker, so

that he might have a good look at him in the twilight; and then, thinking that some one in the neighbouring villages had sent him to make sport over his distress, he answered moodily, "What do you call a small thing, friend? I should like to see the man who would undertake to finish the outbuildings—leave alone the farm-house itself—before the autumn is over, even for a few score ducats; I would not be long ere I closed the bargain."

"Done, cousin!" cried the other, eagerly; "I have helped others from worse trouble than this ere now. As I said before, I want only the smallest thing belonging to you for my reward; and to-morrow your cattle shall stand in roomy and airy stalls, your sheep be well and warmly housed, and your crops—even though they were tenfold as plentiful—shall have barns to garner them in, as durable as the rocks; aye, and you yourself a homestead whose buttery, whose cellars, and poultry-yard shall be the envy of all the peasants for miles round."

"And all this, you say, you will undertake to have finished by to-morrow?" ejaculated the young farmer with a sneer.

"Yea, indeed," returned the other, with a self-satisfied chuckle; "to-morrow, I promise you, before the first cock crows, the work shall be done."

"And this you will bind yourself to do for the smallest thing belonging to me?" added the young farmer scoffingly.

"Ay," repeated the other, with all the emphasis of earnestness, "*for the smallest thing belonging to you, friend.*"

"Then you must be the devil incarnate!" exclaimed the young yeoman, as a light suddenly broke in on his mind; whereupon a shudder passed over his frame, and he stepped back, saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan; I will have no dealings with such as thee."

The black mason, however, was not in the least discomfited by the revilings of the countryman; on the contrary, he drew nearer to the young man, and whispered in his ear in the softest-possible voice, and in the most winning tones, "Nay, never turn thy back upon one who is willing to serve thee for a mere bauble. I do not come to play the devil with thee, friend, but to save thy crops from rotting in the fields; and to prevent thy cattle from dying in the open air during the coming winter nights."

"Get thee gone, arch-fiend, I say," was all the wavering farmer could answer to the speech.

"The rain and the frost will play the devil with thee and thine ere a month passes over thy head; and where is thy young wife to sleep when the snow lies deep upon the ground?" asked the gentleman-in-black in his most insinuating tone, as he still whispered over the shoulder of the other. "Remember, all I ask is but *the smallest thing belonging to thee;*" and he added, as he saw the farmer growing more and more irresolute, "Grant me this, and I say again that the whole of the buildings you desire shall be erected before the cock crows for the first time on the morrow."

"The smallest thing belonging to me," echoed the farmer, as he mused over the conditions. "What

may that be? Thy terms are too vague, fiend, for me to have any dealings with thee—even though I am sorely pressed to have the work done, and the price you name certainly seems to be the *least* return that could be made for it."

"Tut, tut! man; do not vex your brains about so small a thing as the smallest belonging to you," returned the arch-impostor, as he patted the other on the back till he thrilled him to the very marrow with every stroke. "When the buildings and the homestead are finished to-morrow morning, as I promise, all I shall require is the youngest thing on the estate."

"Soh!" mused the farmer, "some calf or colt is all he expects. That I will willingly consent to give. So let it be agreed, then, between us."

Whereupon the devil cried, "Topp! it is done," and stretched out his right hand in token of the bargain being complete between them, while a flash of fire shot from his eyes; and then, with a sardonic chuckle, he turned upon his heel, and was lost in the darkness before the farmer had time to recover his senses.

The wife, who had been long awaiting the coming of her husband, began immediately on his return to question him as to the cause of his delay, saying "she had seen the workmen leave full half-an-hour ago, and the soup and potato-dumplings were nigh cold for supper." But the young farmer hardly gave heed to what she said, and passed her gloomily, as he entered, with merely a curt "Good evening." If, too, while at the

supper-table, he spake to his spouse, it was only in disjointed sentences, or else he gave no more than a simple yea or nay in answer to her questions. And when he had eaten but one of the "*Arme-leute*" (a favourite dish with peasant folk, consisting of potatoes and flour fried into small cakes) which his wife had especially prepared for him, the restless farmer pushed the dish from him, and began to pace the room moodily, saying repeatedly to himself, first, "the smallest thing belonging to me," and then, "the youngest thing on the farm," until it was time for retiring to rest.

But the farmer was too deeply troubled to sleep; and, when he did doze, he tossed from one side of the bed to the other, disturbed by the most frightful dreams. Now, the anxious wife saw plainly that her husband was suffering from the burden of some mysterious secret that he dared not even confide to her. So she nestled fondly up to his bosom, and, laying her cheek next his, entreated him, if he ever loved or cared for her, to tell her what was the trouble that had come upon him, and to let her share his distress, even as she had always participated in his joys. And then the loving woman coaxed and caressed, now promising to soothe and comfort her partner, and now to get him pardon of the priest for any sin he might have committed; so that at length the poor, distracted farmer was unable to hold out any longer against the kisses and the entreaties of his fond young wife, and communicated to her the bond he had entered into with the arch-fiend on the previous evening.

But no sooner had the secret been confided to the

simple, God-fearing woman, than she was seized with such a fright that her husband should have perilled his soul by listening to the temptations of Satan, that she began to feel that she herself was about to become a mother before her time; and that her own child would be the youngest thing on the farm for the Prince of Darkness to claim as his own on the morrow.

"Impossible!" cried the horrified husband, when the wife had told him of what was about to happen. "Unsay thy words, wife!" he cried, as he stared at her in the wildest despair; and then, starting from his couch, cried aloud, "Oh, God! save my child; for this, I now see, was the smallest thing belonging to me that the foul fiend wished me to make over to him. Oh! woe to me, and woe to you, poor, unhappy woman!" and, so lamenting, he rushed to the window, and, looking out into the darkness, listened in the stillness of the night.

It was now not far from the hour of midnight; and in the large court-yard, facing the little cabin in which they lived, heavy strokes of hammers and chipping of stone and wheeling of barrows could be heard, as if a thousand workmen were busy on the spot; and wall upon wall could be seen standing out amidst the darkness, as the buildings rose up and came to be dimly lighted by the rays of the waning moon. Already two sides of the large quadrangle were nearly finished, and it was plain, from the rapidity with which the work progressed, that the whole would be well completed before cock-crow on the morrow.

"The poor babe is lost to all eternity," sighed the

farmer, despondingly. "Not so," cried the wife, as she shuddered at the words, "the sense of such a doom has given me new heart, husband;" and then, springing up from her bed, she added, "pray for your soul, and that of our child; and if the God in whom I put my trust so wills it, everything still shall come right; and the arch-impostor himself, who would have tricked us of our little babe's soul, be himself tricked as he never has been before."

The clever housewife, then, without saying more to her husband, stepped out into the hen-yard, and there, after clapping her hands three times, imitated the crowing of a cock; and so well was the cry mimicked that immediately afterwards the nearest cock clapped his wings thrice and answered the call. Then a second followed, and then the fowls in the fields without took up the cry, until the cocks in all the surrounding villages were crowing away one after the other.

Just at this time the black mason was flying from the Vielstein across the Werra, with a large lump of rock resting on his shoulders between his wings. "He listens! Did his ears deceive him? No! there is the sound again, shriller and louder than before. It is the crowing of some early rooster." Yes! and hark! now the night wind has carried the cry of chanticleer to the neighbouring hamlet of Herleshausen, where, in a few minutes, it is iterated and reiterated by all the cocks in the village.

Then a wild scream of fiendish rage was heard in the air, and the huge mass of rock was suddenly let fall with a tremendous crash into the bed of the

Werra, where it so blocked up the channel that the foaming water was driven over the banks, and flooded the land far and wide; while Satan himself, stung with shame at having been conquered by a woman, flew off and hid himself so deep in the dark caves of the Vielstein, that, say the old chronicles, "he has never been again seen in the neighbourhood.

Then, as the day began to dawn, the walls of the granaries, and the farm-buildings, and the new homestead, that the mason-imps had run up in the night, fell together with a terrible noise—at the very moment of the birth of the little babe whose soul had been bartered for the building of them.

Industry, perseverance, and trust in God, afterwards brought that, which the dispirited young farmer had before considered to be an impossibility, within the compass of human exertions; for before the next winter the more needful of the outbuildings were finished, and a neat new homestead erected by busy human hands. And then, with the consent of the landlord, who had heard with wonder, say the old monkish historians, the story as to how the Prince of Darkness had been tricked of his bargain by the cunning of the farmer's wife, the estate received the name of Cock-crow Farm—a title that it bears to this day; for, as the author of the "Legends of the Werra Valley" tells us, the farm and the outbuildings are still standing.

SECTION X.—ENGLISH LIFE IN SAXONY.

CHAPTER I.

ENGLISH CHARACTERS ON THE CONTINENT.

THE reader at home has had a peep, through the telescopic pages of these volumes, at the different kinds of people and modes of living abroad; and it is but fair that we should now bring into the "field" some of the curious figures which our own countrymen present, when seen far away from their own land. In Germany the silly, and proud, pretentious airs of the English tourists have earned for themselves the nickname of *verrücht Engländer* (mad Englishmen); and assuredly, a true-born Briton, of simple habits and unostentatious manners, who happens to be resident abroad, has over and over again to blush for his own countrypeople, when he sees the tom-fools they make of themselves with their arrogant affectation, and the antics they play "before high heaven" in the matter of dress, immediately they are some few hundred miles away from all who know them.

"Blessed God!" exclaimed our German servant, as she rushed in one day from an errand, while we

were living with our family at Coblenz, "I have just seen an Englishwoman on board one of the steamboats, dressed in a man's hat, and with a long cloth skirt, like a bathing-gown!" And, sure enough, upon inquiry it turned out that a daughter of a well-known English bishop (!) had been going up the Rhine in a costume more suitable to Rotten Row than the deck of a Rhenish steamer. It was about the same period that the wife of an English archdeacon halted to pass a few days in the capital of Rhenish Prussia; and, as she had brought her nurse and baby with her, the lady had thought fit to include among her luggage one of the then-newly-invented perambulators (for it was as far back as 1855 when the incident occurred); and there she delighted to parade in front of the palace, day after day, dressed to monstrosity, and with her servant at her side, pushing along the gimcrack wheelbarrow-like apparatus in which her infant was stuffed—to the utter amazement of the Rhenish citizens and country-folk, who had never seen anything but a clothes-basket on wheels used for such a purpose before.

Again: it was while we were staying at the Hôtel de Hollande at Cologne that an English nobleman put up at the same establishment; and the day after his arrival he commenced ringing his bell like mad, at seven in the morning. The waiter hurried to answer the summons, under the impression either that some lady had fainted, or a gentleman committed suicide, or that the house was on fire, or else that a robbery had been discovered; and found, to his astonishment, that

my Lord Dundreary merely wanted his "fellah" to shave him. Whereupon, the *Kellner* informed the worthy that he would send his lordship's servant up immediately. But he had not been gone two minutes before a second peal at the bell, as vigorous as the first, startled and aroused the entire household. Accordingly, the Under-*kellner*, the Over-*kellner*, and the *Haus-knecht*, with Herr Tillmann, the proprietor, half-dressed, at their heels, rushed up simultaneously to know what on earth could be the matter. The answer was as per last—my Lord Dundreary wanted his "fellah." Herr Tillmann (and those who have lived in the Hôtel de Hollande as long as we can vouch that a more civil and attentive host is not to be met with throughout Germany) assured "milord" that his servant should be sent up to him as soon as possible. "But," the landlord mildly added, "he would take it as a great favour if milord would remember that it was yet very early, and that there were many persons in the house who had arrived late overnight, after making a long journey;" and therefore he would "feel particularly obliged if the 'Herr Baron' would not ring the bells so *very* often, nor *quite* so violently." "What is that to me?" was the uncouth reply. "Don't I pay you, man? So I shall ring the bells just as long and as loud as I please." Nor did my Lord Dundreary desist from ringing the changes upon the bells of that establishment, until his servant had had time to dress himself and make his appearance with the metal jug of hot water in his hand.

It was while staying at the same hotel, too, some

eight years ago, that we saw a gentleman, who was unmistakably English, stagger so helplessly drunk into the *Speise-saal* that he had to be supported on the arm of the man who had conducted him from the steamer. "Bring me a glass of soda and brandy," he hiccupped out, immediately on entering the room, to the head waiter, who could understand English as well as a native. And when the gentleman had been served with the refreshing drink, he put his head down upon one of the tables, which was ready laid for the dinner of such travellers as arrived after the *table-d'hôte* hour, and snored away as hoarsely as the grunting of hungry swine.

"There's one of your countrymen, sir," said the waiter to us, with a smile, "the street was not wide enough to hold him, as I and the *Haus-knecht* brought him up to the hotel. What do you think he is, sir?" inquired the *Kellner*.

"An English waiter, may be," we suggested, for the stranger was dressed not unlike one.

"An English clergyman, sir!" was the answer, "for there it stands on his trunk, 'The Rev. Mr. ——, passenger, Baden-Baden, *viâ*. Cologne.'"

We could not believe that an Englishman "in holy orders" could make so unseemly a spectacle of himself in a foreign country; so telling the *Kellner* that he must have made some mistake, we stuck fast, for the honour of our land, to our first assumption, viz. that the intoxicated traveller was an English waiter who had come to seek a situation abroad.

"*Pfui!*" exclaimed the waiter, sarcastically, "we

have plenty here like him in the course of the season. Only wait a bit till he wakes up, when you shall see me take the visitor's book to him, and after he has written his name down in it I'll bring it to you, sir, so that you may judge for yourself whether I am right or wrong."

The reverend sot slept and snored with his head on the dinner-table, to the disgust of all present, for a good hour, at least; and when he woke up a cup of strong coffee was brought to his order. This seemed somewhat to clear the befuddled senses of the minister of the Gospel; so that, on the address-book being laid before him, he proceeded to write down, as distinctly as possible under the circumstances, his name, his profession, the place he had come from, and whither he was going; and, indeed, to give, with the aid of the waiter at his elbow, all such information concerning himself and his movements as the police of foreign countries invariably require. After this, the waiter prevailed upon the reverend gentleman to retire to his bedchamber immediately it began to grow dusk.

And when the unwelcome guest had been got rid of, the *Kellner* brought us the address-book, with a twinkle in his eye, and laying his finger upon the last entry, pointed out to us, with an air of triumph, the whole particulars. There, sure enough, we read, to our national disgrace, "Robert ——" (it would be unworthy of us to print the name of the individual), "*clerk*"(*!*) travelling from such and such a part of England, and going to such and such a place abroad.

Our blood boiled as we read the inscription, and calling for pen and ink we wrote in the last column, after the reverend gentleman's account of himself, "*but drunk as a fiddler;*" and left the blunt remark to make such impression as it might upon the minister of the Gospel when he came to his senses on the morrow.

We were at breakfast in the coffee-room long before our drunken countryman rose to take his tea and broiled ham the next morning; and when he made his appearance he seemed to have some vague recollection of having been asked to enter his name in the hotel-book on the previous evening; and to be in a state of wonderment as to what account he could possibly have given of himself under the circumstances. Accordingly, his first order to the waiter was for the volume in question. Then, as his eye ran over the several items, "Robert ——, from London to Baden-Baden, clergyman," till he came to the words "*but drunk as a fiddler,*" written in the unknown hand of one of his own countrymen, the red face of the holy drunkard became instantly blanched with shame; and drawing his penknife from his pocket, he commenced scratching away at the opprobrious addendum. Nor did he care to touch his breakfast till every trace of the final comment was removed from the page.

Such are a few of the more violent English monstrosities which a British resident on the Rhine has occasionally to witness in those parts; and which he has, over and over again, to assure the Germans (who

naturally believe that *all* are like the *few* they see) are no more types of decent English folk at home than the "pig-faced lady" is an average specimen of British female beauty. How can it be wondered at, then, that the vagaries, fooleries, and excesses of the worst portion of our countrymen, directly they are out for a holiday, and away in a land where they imagine they may be mistaken for somebody a degree grander than they really are, have won for the generality of our people the name of "crazy" or "stupid Englishmen," all through Germany? Indeed, we ourselves have seen persons whom we knew to be humble manufacturers of printer's ink, when at home in their little shops in Paternoster Row—or simple bread and biscuit bakers, when resident in Threadneedle Street—swagger into the dining-hall of a German hotel, with their wife and family, dressed in the showiest-possible manner, and immediately proceed to write themselves down as English *Rentiers*, or independent gentlefolks.

True, in Saxony, such scenes are seldom witnessed, for the simple reason that Thuringia lies somewhat out of the rut of ordinary English tourists; so that during our stay in the country we saw but one young Oxford student, parading the streets of Eisenach in a suit of pale pink-coloured tweed, with a cap to match, until he looked as if he had been dipped into a pool of raspberry cream. Still he was, at least, the wonder, if not the admiration of the entire town; for the simple people, so far from being impressed with his appear-

ance, were under the notion that he had escaped from a lunatic asylum, and was walking about in the costume of some mad-house, where, for sake of economy, the trousers are made of the same stuff as the long straight-waistcoat, with which the upper part of his body seemed to be fitted. Another English stripling who visited the place came habited in a light woollen suit, of the colour of weak *cáfé au lait*, with boots and cap to match; and he, as if this was not enough to attract the attention of all the people, in a land where blue smock-frocks are far more common than "Raglans," must need have a peacock's feather stuck at the side of his "wide-awake," so as to make himself appear, if possible, a greater fool, than he naturally was, in the eyes of the simple Saxon citizens and peasants.

The English *residents*, however, were of a totally different stamp from these birds of passage. They were mostly living in the town for the sake of economy rather than show; and when we first pitched our tent in the place there were two maiden ladies, the daughters of a deceased general officer, who were as affable and unpretentious persons as we ever had the honour of knowing. They were, withal, so intelligent and kindly that the evenings we spent in their society we still remember as some of the happiest moments of our lives. Nevertheless, as a contrast to these, the other English family resident in the city was as flaunty as peacocks, and as bold and low-bred as London sparrows; but then they were looked upon as half Germans by the Eisenachers, for the

lady of the house, though originally of Irish extraction, had married a Hamburg merchant. She had come to Eisenach after the death of her husband for the sake of having her sons educated at one of the principal schools of the town; and was accompanied by a maiden cousin, who had not yet been long enough in Germany to have utterly discarded her native brogue. It was before we became acquainted with the character of this family that we happened to be sitting next to the middle-aged maiden cousin at the *table d'hôte*, when, hearing her say something in English to a person opposite in a not-particularly-refined accent, we mistook her for a foreigner, and proceeded to compliment her upon the manner in which she spoke our tongue; whereupon the lady burst out laughing in our face, and shrieked out loud, "Och, shurre, an' I'm Irish—ivery bit of me!"

With these people we had nothing in common, to induce us to fraternize. We and our family, however, were in the habit of meeting the other English ladies many a night, at the house of the Circle Director, or virtual governor of the city, and of enjoying the delightful society of the ladies of that household—one of whom was then too ill to leave her home, and who, though the highest personage in Eisenach, was as dearly beloved by the poor as even their own friends and relatives, and had a greater crowd of the humbler classes to follow her to the grave than, perhaps, ever fell to the lot of a high-born German before. Indeed, with the exception of the Duchess of Orleans herself, we heard of no one who had ever

lived in Eisenach whose memory was more deeply respected, and whose hand and heart had ever been more ready to mitigate the sufferings of those who had been less lucky in life than herself—than the late kindly-hearted Frau von Schwendler. There was such a charm to us in the society of this family and of those two maiden English ladies, that we cared little to go anywhere else; while our pushing Irish compatriots were using every artifice to obtrude themselves into whatever German families they could wriggle their way. And, to tell the truth, the courtesies and manners at the house of the Circle Director were so totally different from those of the rest of the Eisenach gentry — so much more akin, indeed, to English notions of comfort and refinement—that it was impossible, when such intercourse was open to us, to take our wife and daughter to the Klemda, to see ladies put their fingers to their nose and take a playful sight at their partner in the middle of the Française, or to behold officers fall down with the lady with whom they were waltzing, drunk, in the middle of the ball-room; or even ourselves to frequent a club where the gentleman, after the anniversary dinner, were wont to begin pelting each other across the table with nut-shells and crusts of bread, and where the riot of the public dinners generally rose to such a tumult at last, that, in the universal drunkenness, everybody was about to fight everybody in the room.

Hence, it was but natural that a person like ourselves, wedded to study as well as to the comforts and peace of home life, should, when the only two English

ladies whose society we cared for had quitted the town, and we had seen the good wife of the Circle Director laid at rest in her grave, have withdrawn from the ordinary society of a place where there is no such thing as friendship, where the ladies are as unrefined as English barmaids, and the gentlemen have the manners and tastes of English publicans.

Intent, therefore, upon completing the object which had originally brought us to the country, we lived a life of comparative retirement towards the end of our stay in Eisenach; going only to such places as would give us an insight into the "folk-customs" of the land, and preferring to see a dance by the peasants under the lindens at some village *Kirmes* to witnessing the hateful vulgarities of would-be fashionable life in the Thuringian capital.

We had not seen an English face since the young gentleman in the *cáfé-au-lait* suit had called upon us and informed us that he was "going 'ome by the 'Artz" (*Angl.* home by the Hartz)—for the peculiar feature of this specimen of the English folk abroad was, that the youth was utterly wanting in the ordinary *aspirations* of his countrymen. Nor had we heard the sound of our own language outside of our own doors since the raspberry-cream-coloured student had visited us at our "garden house," and told us how a Berlin banker's daughter whom he had met over at the baths by Liebenstein, had fallen deeply in love with him, and "all that sort of thing;" and how, unfortunately, they had had a quarrel just before he left, after having exchanged portraits, and

"all that sort of thing;" adding that, of course, the girl expected he would write immediately he got back to Oxford, and say he was extremely sorry for all that had occurred, and vow he could not live without her, and "all that sort of thing;" but he could tell us that the lady was greatly mistaken if she fancied he was the man to do any of "that sort of thing."

We had not seen, we say again, an English face for a whole year, beyond those of the two or three Manchester young ladies, who had come to finish their education at the German school, next door to our lodgings on the Carls Platz; and it was impossible to avoid seeing *them* a mile off, since they *would* persist in dragging their dresses up to their hips in the driest-possible weather, for the mere sake of astonishing the natives with the flaring scarlet petticoats they wore, and which were the talk of the town. Nor had we, we repeat, listened to the sound of our language outside of our own family, save when we heard these same Manchester young ladies, while walking 'round the garden at the back of our house, assure one another (after having been some three months in the country) that "reelly they'd quite forgot their Hinglish." Indeed, we lived the life of a comparative hermit, writing or reading all the day, and enjoying a game at whist with our family in the winter evenings; or else, may be, in the summer-time going for long walks with our children through the exquisitely-beautiful woods and valleys that surround the Thuringian capital, and either drinking our coffee at the mountain tavern called the

"High Sun," or taking an early supper at the valley *Gasthof* situate in the park at Wilhelmsthal.

We had, in fact, given up all thoughts of seeing or meeting any one who might revive vivid associations of the happy old home-country, and were occupied from morning till night with the idea of getting our books finished, so that we might bid adieu to a city and a people of whom we had no very favourable opinion, and among whom we had passed three of the most uncomfortable years of our existence. We were longing to be able to write that most delightful of all words to an author (and, may be, to a reader too), *Finis;* for only those who are engaged continually in literary occupations can know the tension of mind that is produced by sitting at the desk, day after day, covering acres of paper, and spinning sentence after sentence, till the spent brain is as torpid as a chrysalis, after the worm has its cocoon; and till the mind seems, at the conclusion of each long day's labour, to be sucked as dry as an orange—having, as it were, scarcely a word left in it even for the enjoyment of family intercourse.

We had already reached our last chapter, and were speculating within ourselves as to what else we had to say in order to give English people a thorough sense of the life abroad, when our boy rushed into our room, with his face dimpled with smiles, exclaiming, "What do you think, father? Such a bit of fun! As I was just now coming down the *Quer-gasse*" (literally Queer-street or Crooked-lane) "what should I hear but some one cry out, 'Hollo, my boy, how are you?'—and in

real English, too! If a person had fired a pistol off behind me, I could not have been more startled than I was at the words; and before I had time to know where the sounds came from, a little fat man, with a red nose, and shiny satin waistcoat, and with his hat stuck on one side of his head, rushes across the road, and seizes me by the hand; and when he had shaken it, as though he wanted to wrench it off, he said, 'I know your father well, and mean to come and see him this afternoon. My name's Bilberry. How do you like Germany? Got my boys with me —Alfred and Charlie—and don't they astonish the people here a few—that's all! I'll bring them all round to your pa as soon as the animals are fed!' and then he nudged me with his elbow, and winked his eyes, and put his tongue out of the corner of his mouth, so that, do you know, I couldn't help being rude enough to burst out laughing in his face. After that, he ran away over to the Mohren Hotel, and shouted directly he got to the door, 'We're all stopping here, me and my boys and my old woman; give us a look in, will you?'

"I never saw such a funny little man, father, in all my life," added the lad; "and, do you know, he kept jumping about in the streets in such a manner, that there was a head out at every window to look at him—until at last I was quite glad to get away!"

"But who is he, my boy?" said we, "Bilberry! Bilberry!" we repeated, musing over the name. "I know no such person."

"He says he's acquainted with you, father, quite well," our son interjected.

We shook our head, saying, "You must have made some mistake in the name, lad, for I can recollect no one called Bilberry;" and then we mentally ran over all the different human Berrys we had ever been acquainted with; but none of them agreed with the vivid description of the podgy little gentleman with the red nose and black satin waistcoat whom our son had just pictured to us.

"Has he the look of an English commercial traveller?" we asked.

"I can't say, father, because if you remember we've only seen one since we've been here," was the answer, "and that was the time when you went to see Mr. Hirchner off to California. Don't you remember," our boy went on, "when you were talking English with him at the railway carriage door, a gentleman, with a little patent-leather parcel under his arm, who was in the next carriage, said to you, 'What, are you an Englishman, and living here, too? Well, you *are* a bold man!' and when you asked him why he thought so highly of your courage, he said *he* wouldn't be bound to stop a week in the country, not if they'd give him a joint of roast beef and a hundred thalers every day so long as as he remained?"

"I recollect, my lad," said we; "he was travelling in the ironmongery line, he told us, and hadn't got an order for even a packet of nails out of the whole city."

"Yes," added our son, laughing, as the memory

of the scene was recalled; and so he said he hated the people, he hated the food, he hated the beds, he hated the country and everything in it; and only wondered how you could stop a week in such a hole."

"Well," we inquired, "is your new acquaintance anything like that one?"

"Oh, no, father," was the response.

"Is he anything like anyone you have ever seen anywhere?" was our next question, determined to put the interrogatory as comprehensively as possible.

"Not at all," the boy answered. "He is the most funny-looking little man in plain clothes I ever set eyes on in all my life."

Now, we had become acquainted with some strange people in the course of our investigations into the curiosities of London life; and could it be, thought we, that some of our old friends among the vagabonds and adventurers of the British metropolis had travelled thus far in pursuit of some new "dodge"?

We were therefore on the tenter-hooks of curiosity, and consequently directed our son to run over to the Mohren and get some more definite particulars concerning the worthy who had claimed us as an old acquaintance, if not a friend.

Our boy had not been gone more than a minute or two, before he came scampering back as fast as he could, and laughing as heartily as a child at a pantomime.

"Well," said we, "what's the news, lad? You've been to the Mohren, eh?"

"No, I haven't, father," he chuckled, "there was

no need of doing that; for I'd no sooner got to the corner of the street than I saw a man sticking a bill up against the wall."

"And of course you, boy-like, must stop to read it," we interrupted, "even though you were on urgent private business for your father!"

"I couldn't help it, diddy," pled the lad, "for in that very bill I saw the name of the Bilberrys as large as life."

"Gracious powers!" we exclaimed, half alarmed; for the first thought that crossed our mind was that the handbill must be a police announcement, offering a reward for some runaway English swindler. "Well, sir, and what did the handbill say about these same Bilberrys whose acquaintance you picked up in the street?"

"Why, it said, father," continued the youngster, now bursting out into laughter, "that they are two celebrated English clowns who are going to appear at the new circus that is to be opened here on Saturday night."

"English clowns!" exclaimed we. Well, we had seen many a curious English character come across the country, we said to ourselves—many, too, who had made the people laugh unintentionally—but we never expected to see such figures of fun as these out of our own land.

"Won't it be jolly, father?" ran on the young hopeful of our family; "for, as they know you, perhaps they'll give us some tickets," added the boy, after the fashion of boys in general.

"But I know nothing of them, sir," was our reply; "for, so far as my memory serves me, I never set eyes on these Bilberrys in the whole course of my life."

"But, father, you always say that hospitality is one of the finest virtues," urged the cunning young monkey, "and therefore you can't shut your doors against some of your own countrymen, when they come to see you."

"Ah, you sly dog, you're after the tickets, I can see!" we went on; "and at your time of life, lad, you'd rather know a man who could stand upon his head, or throw a somersault, than the finest poet or painter in the world."

"Well, I *should* like to get behind the scenes with them," was the honest rejoinder; "and perhaps they'll teach me to do some of their tricks, eh?" and the youngster's eyes twinkled with delight at the probable prospect of his being able to walk about the room on his hands, or to hop along the floor with his legs over his shoulders.

"Not if I know it, sir," was the answer; "you must learn, my lad, to be an athlete with your brains instead."

"Oh, yes, father! but may'nt I go and bring Mr. Bilberry round to you? you *will* laugh so when you see him."

"No, thank you, sir," we replied; "I can afford to wait until the gentleman chooses to come."

"Well, he said he'd be with you immediately after dinner, and they must nearly have finished the *table d'hôte* in the Mohren by this time," chattered the

young rogue, who was evidently all agog to become better acquainted with the *Hanswurst*, as the Germans call him—for the comic character that we style a "Jack-pudding" they, characteristically enough, term a "Jack-sausage" instead.

Then, dismissing our son from our side, we proceeded once more with our day's work; but, as our pen travelled over the paper, we expected that each rap at the door would introduce us to this strange stranger—the strangest indeed, to go to the extreme degree, that we ever dreamt of seeing abroad—an English clown to a German circus.

We had looked at the various forms of life in our own country through a number of different people's eyes; yet we could not help wondering how Germany and the Germans would appear to the gaze of an English clown. So, as we were not a little fond of studying the several phases of human character, we got at last to be almost as anxious as our son himself to hear what kind of a story this Mr. Merriman, in the shape of Mr. Bilberry, had to tell as to his adventures in the land of sausages and *Sauerkraut*.

CHAPTER II.

THE STRANGEST OF ALL STRANGERS.

"*Herein!*" we cried, after the fashion of the country in which we were living, in answer to a gentle rap with the knuckles at the door of our sitting-room, some quarter of an hour after the conversation recorded at the end of the last chapter; for in a land where the street door is always open, as if you were living in the heart of St. Giles', and it is impossible to teach the servants the necessity of keeping the key turned in the door of the *Vorsaal* leading to your supposed private rooms, our literary avocations were continually being interrupted, either by having to assure the itinerant vendors of sand for the floors and spittoons, or of pine chips for the lighting of the fires in the stoves, that we required no such commodities. It is the custom for the generality of Germans, indeed—postmen with letters, railway men with parcels, and peasants with either eggs, butter, or dried plums—to march straight into your sitting-room or even bed-room, without the least prefatory announcement; so that the tapping outside of the panels of our studio told us that no ordinary visitor was at our door. And no sooner had we risen from our seat to answer the

summons, than we knew in an instant, from our son's description, that it was none other than Mr. Bilberry himself who stood wiping his feet on our door-mat.

"Proud to see you, guv'nor," he commenced as he grasped our hand like a vice. "How's yourself? chirpy, eh? Heerd there were a Hinglish fammerly a-staying in this here town directly I set my bluchers in it, and I could'nt get no rest until I come and had a squint at you. Seed your son, sir, down by the public-'ouse we're a-stopping at, and told him as I should come and see his pa directly I had polished off the kalf-flesh and sour plums as we had for dinner to-day—sounds nasty, don't it, sir, and it wern't nice neither. Well, how do you manage to get along here, guv'nor," he said, seating himself, "and how do you take to the victuals?—kindly as you can, I dare say. Do you know, sir, the German eating and drinking licks me silly, that it do. Blame me, if I can stomach their 'ammel's flesh (mutton), and swine's flesh, with stewed prunes and other messes, as we gives only to children with senn*er* in our country; and I give you my word I've been a-longing for a drop of Hinglish gin ever since I come across the Channel. Perhaps you can tell me what this here *Kümmel* is as we gets to drink at the *ile-shops* wherever we goes?"

We explained that the drink was the ordinary potato-spirit of the country, flavoured with carraway-seeds.

"Jimmy-natty!" he exclaimed, making a wry face,

"if I didn't think it was something like that there. Potatoes and carraway seeds, is it? Blame me, but they gives 'em to us for dinner sometimes. But they tells me it is good for the *geesoont*, sir. You knows what that means, I dare say; very tidy stuff for the bread-basket," he added, rubbing his black satin waistcoat, that was as shiny as a sheet of court sticking-plaster.

"But where did you say you were in the habit of procuring this same *Kümmel?*" we inquired.

"At the *ile-shops*," he answered, as he polished up with his sleeve the sides of his little French beaver hat. "You see we calls them places the ile-shops, guv'nor, 'cause everything we gets to drink there—whether it 's *Kümmel*, or *Pfeferwints* or *Hinbeern*—all tastes of lamp-ile; for, do you know, they serves the ile out of the same measures as they does the spirits—a parcel of filthy German sausages, that's what I call them! So our hartists, instead of saying to one another, as they does in their own country, 'Are you going to stand a drop of summat short this mornin', cully?' as you know is the custom among gentlefolks in England, they asks 'em if so be as they feels in the mind for a drink of hile instead—meaning, in course, by that there, whether they are ready to join in a quartern and three outs, as we should say at home, and which is something like common-sense language; ain't it, sir? Well, give me old England, I says, afore all the countries as I've ever seed for downright good eating and drinking; and give me the Hinglish language, too, afore all these outlandish

foreign tongues, as ain't got no sense in the whole lot on them. Oh! it does rile me sometimes, uncommon, to think as I am here like a dumb savage hanimal, when I wants to let loose at one of these here German blockheads, and can't even so much as swear at 'em their own native patter. Still, I does give it 'em pretty sharp sometimes in good strong hold Hinglish, and that stuns a few of 'em, I can tell you. But what floors me, after all, is to hear the little children in the streets a-jabbering away in German in the style they does; and all as a grown man like myself can say, after he has been a year or so in the country, is 'guten Tar' and 'weefeel,' and 'danky shain,' and 'ammel's flesh,' and 'swine's flesh,' and 'calf's flesh'—for that's about the extent of my parlez-vousing."

By this time we had had a good look at our communicative little companion: and a funnier little body was hardly to be seen. As he kept talking, his face was all of a work, as though he had St. Vitus's dance; now winking his eye, then thrusting his tongue in his cheek, or else distending his mouth after the fashion of English clowns in general, who always think it necessary to make some violent grimace at the conclusion of each sentence they utter. Had we come across a tiger in Thuringia, we could not have been more amazed than we were at finding ourselves face to face with so odd a bit of London life, so far away from all London connections. As we sat eyeing him, and wondering, not alone at the merry twinkle of his eye, but at the bright, cherry-like redness of the tip of his nose (which was for ever on the

twitch like that of a rabbit), he seemed to be the type of all the popular low comedians of the British metropolis, rolled into one podgy little frame. At one moment he reminded us strongly of Buckstone; the next minute he looked the very image of Robson; now he was like our old friend, Bob Keeley; and then there was a touch about him of either Toole of the Adelphi or poor Rogers of the Strand, or else young Widdicome of the Princess's. The likenesses, however, were in a measure caricatured by an inordinate amount of that kind of facial distortion which is known in the theatrical profession as "mugging," and in which clowns especially delight to indulge.

Moreover, the little man was so communicative, as to everything concerning himself, his family, his income, his property, whence he had come, and whither he was going, that there was no necessity of putting leading questions—no need of resorting to that underhand process of extracting information which is known to attorneys as "pumping;" for he had evidently come, actor-like, to tell us all about himself and his own business, and was utterly unable, like the generality of public performers, to talk upon any other subject than himself, and the various matters of his profession, for more than two minutes together. Though he had been many months travelling through Germany, he knew no more of the country and the people, out of the circus, than if he had been born blind, and deaf and dumb, too. Indeed, his remarks as to the differences between the two countries were confined solely to the diversities in the matter of eat-

ing and drinking, and his criticisms limited to the comparative merits of the German and English riders and clowns. He had not been in our company many seconds before he told us all his private affairs; and we were admitted even to the confidence of his family secrets, as intimately as if we had been his bosom-friend for years.

"Now, there's my two boys, sir," he began almost immediately after he had entered the room, "Halfred and Charlie, as is our Director's (which his name is Mr. Loisset) trump cards; and I'm proud on 'em both, sir. I guv them a good hedication—two years at a dancing and boarding school; and then I claps them on the pad with the lunges, and gives them the whip pretty tidy; and now they blesses me for it. They are worth their 15*l.* a-week the pair on 'em, and as good lads to their parents as ever threw a back somerset; though they ain't much above twenty neither of them. Halfred is a regular stunner," he ran on, "full of heart and pluck, and can go through his thirty balloons much more easier than you and I could make a kidney pudden, sir. He's a perfect model when he's stripped. I only wish you could see him, and you'd say as much. Halfred I'm proud on, but Charlie is mine and his mother's favourite. Though he ain't got the dash and fire of his brother, he's what we calls a finished rider, and as moral a young man as ever went through a hoop, sir. But Halfred, you see, gives his mind more up to company, and very natural, too, as I tells my old woman, with the attractions as he has got; for he says to me, 'Father,' says he, 'you've

guv me a hedication as has fitted me for the society of the first swells and nobs in the land.' And so I *have*, sir: my boys can play the violin under their legs and on their backs, and the banjo too; and consequently there ain't no wonder that Halfred *will* have everything in tip-top style, and likes to dress in the best, and eat and drink of the best, too. You see, sir, out of the 15*l.* a-week my boys earns I allows 'em 2*l.* a-week each to spend, and pay for their living—and that's *princely*, ain't it? But Halfred is a *leetle* too fast, to my mind. Now, what does he do, the t'other day, but goes out and buys a Hungarian goold chain, almost as long and thin as a ring-master's whip, as he give 15*l.* for—he did, on my sacred davy—I'm only a-speaking God Almighty's truth to you, sir. 'Well,' says I, 'this here is coming it a leetle bit too strong, Mr. Halfred; only think how many trick-acts you'll have to ride afore that there money can be got back;' but then, I says to him the moment after, says I, 'You're a good boy, and as fine a double horse rider, as here and there one, what brings his salary home to his poor dear father and mother regular, as a dootiful son should; and so I can't say nothink about it.' But his mother is proud on the boy, and likes to see him dressed well, and fit to keep company among the swells and nobs of the land, as she knows he is. But now, my Charlie, sir, is more steadier and saving, and as pretty a rider as ever you seed in your life. Bless you, he can go into the ring and do his twenty back-somersets on a sheet of paper; and then he and his brother's business with the tub is as good

a bit of clowning as there is in the whole of Germany. What our guv'nor (which his name is Mr. Loisset, as I said before), is to do when my boys leaves him, which it is next Wednesday they're a-going to, I can't tell, for the life of me. Poor man! I sees nothing but empty circuses after empty circuses afore me when I comes to think of it. You see, sir, my boys can do no end of numbers. They're very good in the vaulting-act; and then there's Charlie's trick-act of the shipwrecked sailor—oh! that's an uncommon pretty thing. If you was to see him do his 'ornpipe on the pad, sir, and haul away at the ropes, and heave the lead on horseback, you'd say he was the very himage of a British tar; and then when he falls to a-swimming away for dear life, as he lays along the top of the hanimal, at full speed, by way of a finish up, it's reelly quite like nature, sir, I can assure you. Then there's Halfred's four nations, that's a very sweet thing, as takes the people wonderful. And there's his bare-backed act, too, as the Currier of St. Petersburg—besides their clowning business, and their ballets, and their steeple-chases—why, there ain't no one in Germany as can touch 'em for the many numbers they can go and do in the ring, and all on 'em good, too; besides being useful in manoovres, and not to be sneezed at in the 'high-school' performances, neither. No wonder they're such uncommon favourites wherever they goes, or that the officers should throw bottle after bottle of champagne into the ring to 'em, and whole bundles of cigars, as they did in the last town we was in.

But Halfred, you see, sir, is all muscle, every bit on him, and just the person to make a young woman happy. Why, he might have been married over and over again in Germany, to no end of ladies of title—countesses, marquises, and such like—if so be as I'd only ha' let him throw hisself away on a furraner, which, you know, I wouldn't."

We made some common-place exclamation of surprise, merely to give the queer little gentleman breathing-time, though there was no necessity for any such ceremony; for little Mr. Bilberry was so full of himself, his "old woman," and his wonderful boys, that he was ready to speak on the subject at any length, and for any space of time. So off he went again, the moment after.

"Well: you see, sir, it's only what we must expect, as I tells his mother, that the boys should feel a desire to settle theirselves. Only, all I wants is, that they won't waste theirselves on any hordinary gal; for they ain't beggars, sir; and what's more, they're fust-rate hartists, as is fit to wed with the highest personage in the rellum. But you *must* see my Halfred in his 'tights,' sir—you never seed such a figure in all your life. And my Charlie ain't to be sneezed at, neither, although he's a shade more thinner, and a leetle more wirier than his brother. Well, sir, I've got a thousand pound in the bank, which it is my hard-earned savings out of my boys' salary, besides nine 'ouses in London; and I says to my sons, says I, 'With them there figures of your own, and that there hedication as I've guv you besides, you're fit to wed

with the proudest; and there's 500*l.* and a horse for each on you whenever you marries—only, whatever you do, don't go and make fools of yourselves, and throw yourselves away on a nasty, beastly furrener'—that there's halways my fatherly adwice to 'em. For just think of 500*l.* and a 'orse to start a young couple in life with, sir! If that ain't enough to make a young 'oman happy—'specially when she gets a fust-rate finished rider into the bargain—I don't know what is. So I says to my boys, Charlie and Halfred, 'Never marry out of your own country. Think of what your advantages his. Remember you can play the violin a-standing on your 'eds, and do your twenty balloons, both on you, besides throwing no end of back somersets too, and being very good at a bare-backed preformance in the shape of the Currier of St. Petersburg likewise. So don't you go and take up with none but a Hinglish gal, for they bangs all these here furreners to bits."

This mixture of parental counsel and equestrian excellences was too much for the gravity of the whole of our family. Our young son, who had been indulging in a subdued titter in the corner of the apartment, with the suppressed laughter oozing and fizzing occasionally out of the corners of his mouth, like a bottle of ginger-beer ready to explode, could now contain himself no longer; so he rushed out of the room, with his handkerchief under his nose, as precipitately as if he had been seized with a sudden spasm on board the Boulogne steamer; while our daughter turned crimson, and pretended to be taken

with a sudden affection for the dog under the table.

Nor was her distress in any way relieved when she heard the little gentleman say confidentially to us,—"Now, there's that young lady of yours, sir: she's got a regular Hinglish face of her own, and would do very well for my Halfred, I can see. You needn't blush, my dear," he added, in his free and easy manner, "you ain't seed my Halfred yet; and I can tell you he's got a harm like a piece of hiron, and can jump over his nine 'orses, with three men a-standing a-top of their backs, and 'ud make any young woman happy. Five hundred pounds and a 'orse is a nice thing, miss, to begin life with; and when you've seed my boys on 'orseback, with the splendid wardrobe as I've guv 'em—in all their silks and satins and velvets and real bullion lace—you'll say you might go further and fare a deal wuss than if you took up with a fust-rate hartist like my Halfred is."

This was too much for every one of us: so the young lady thus considerately alluded to sprang up from her hiding-place and followed her brother as rapidly as she could into the next apartment.

After this, the extremely confidential little stranger commenced enlarging on his own history and *pre*formances (for so he would pronounce the word) when he was at work in the same *per*fession (as he persisted in styling it). He informed us that only a few years ago he was the "four o'clock rope at *Creemorne*," by which we afterwards understood that he was in the habit of dancing on the tight-rope at those gardens

in the afternoon, and that some years previously he used to exhibit at Vauxhall in the same character. It was while fulfilling his engagement at the latter place, he added, that he had made an ascent in the Nassau balloon with the Duke of Brunswick and "Jimmy Hernandez." After remaining some time, however, above the earth, the Duke, as soon as they reached the ground, offered Green 100*l.* more to re-ascend; whereupon the valve was closed and the grapnel set free, and mounting into the air once more, they remained among the clouds till long past midnight, to the great discomfiture of little Mr. Bilberry; for, as he said, "the guv'nor had got me on the rope with fireworks, at the gardens, for that very evening, I give you my word, sir." And when he reached Vauxhall the next day, Mr. Wardle said to him, "Why, Bilberry, where on earth have you been, a-disappointing the public, which you know it is always mad to see you?" "Been, sir," says I; "nowhere on the hearth at all, but hup in the hair—and I thought we was never a-coming to terror firmer no more."

Then he narrated to us how he had fulfilled the same kind of engagement at the Hippodrome in Paris, where it was his custom to remain twenty minutes on the rope, sometimes hanging by his toe, at others "a-laying back in this here way"—whereupon the corpulent little man, to illustrate the words, threw himself into an attitude which was far more comic than graceful in a private sitting-room, the tight-rope performance concluding with his jumping over

and over, till, as he said, his head "seemed all asleep, like a 'umming-top at full spin." When he came down he was placed in a grand triumphal car, and driven three times round the ring in an attitude, the grace of which he endeavoured to represent to us by placing one hand on the table, while he threw his head back and thrust his left leg forward. But, unfortunately, this had merely the effect of making his round little stomach protrude so prominently that the younger members of our family, who had already returned to the room, were obliged to retire once more to dissipate the convulsions into which the attempted grace and dignity of the gesture threw them.

However, rather pleased than dispirited with the laughter of the young people, the podgy little gentleman proceeded to add that, "after his fust preformance in Paris, Mr. Franconi slipped a goolden *louis d'or* into his hand. That," said Mr. Bilberry to us, "is what the French calls a '*doser*,' or something hover and above your reg'lar salary. Ah, sir," he rattled on, "that there Mr. Franconi is a perfect gentleman, and treats his hartists like fighting-cocks; for every time after I come off the rope and had made my obedience to the public, in that there triumphal car three times round the ring, there was a bottle of the best Border wine a-waiting for me in the dressing-room."

"Yes, sir," he continued, "hours is a very dangerous perfession; and though the hartists earns good money, they don't get half so much as they

ought to, which it is the simple truth which I'm a-telling you. A man may go in and break his neck any night afore he knows where he is; and that there's a breakage that there aint no cement for. A broken harm or a hankle ain't no account with us, but the neck, you see, is our tenderest pint. Now, I was once a-preforming at a place where some plaguey boys had been a-trying their tricks, onbeknown to me, on my rope afore I went up for my exhibition; for, as a rule, I never allows no one to touch *my* rope, sir, and always travels with it in my trunk wherever I goes. Well, sir, I hadn't been on it, with my pole in my hand, for two minutes, and was just a-going to throw myself back in this here style, when I feels the bearings a-giving way under me; so what does I do, but I tucks in my 'ed, like a boy at leap-frog, and puts out my 'and, so as I might fall upon that instead of any other part of my body; and then down I comes to the hearth, with such a whop that I feels the bone of my harm snap like a baccur-pipe under me. But the people of our perfession is all heart and pluck; so up I jumps, sir, as if nothing whatsomever was the matter, and makes my obedience to the public with my t'other hand to my breast; while the broken limb was a-hanging at my side as useless as a bit of Hingy-rubber. You *should* have heerd the thunders of applause as greeted me; it would have done any man's heart good to've listened to 'em, for the public was ready to beat me up alive, I give you my word, sir!"

Little Mr. Bilberry afterwards informed us that

though he had broken his leg in two places, and was over fifty years of age, he was ready to go in and earn his "five-pun-note" on the rope any night. Indeed, he said that, since he had been in Germany, another booth, at the time of one of the feasts, had come to the same town as the circus in which his boys were performing; and then hearing that the proprietor was in want of a tight-rope dancer, he offered his services for the occasion; whereupon the manager, whom his sons were with, inquired of the lads how they expected him to be able to pay their salaries "when there was their own pa a-doing the rope at the hopposition booth, right in front of them." And when the merry little old man had finished this story he said, with an air of triumph,—

"Why, I can turn my somersets *now* better than many of these here windy, soup-fed Germans; and only the t'other day, after the repetition, I was doing my three and four in the ring, to please the officers there, when my Charlie says to his brother, 'Look at the old 'un! there's some good stuff in him yet.' And blame me if there aint, too; so next time as I comes to you, sir, if I may make so bold, I'll let the young gentleman here see me do the 'split,' and teach him how to throw a few 'flip-flaps,' as boys is always fond on. But it's time for me to be jogging now. I've got my sons' dresses to look to, and they can't do nothink without their father to see to the numbers as they are set down for in the plot at night."

And when he had assured us that it did his heart

good to see us so comfortable in a "furren land," and that it was worth more than money to him to find us all so happy, he squeezed our hand as only an acrobat could squeeze it; and then, as he quitted the room, pretended to knock his head violently against the sides of the door—after the fashion of English clowns from time immemorial, and much to the delight of the younger members of our family.

CHAPTER III.

A SUPPER WITH COLD BEEF AND A JACK-PUDDING.

We felt ourselves bound, as a matter of compatriotism, to invite the old gentleman and his sons, to sup with us before they left the city; and as we had heard Mr. Bilberry complain, in the most pathetic tone, as to how he missed the ordinary English living, we made a point of having prepared for their reception as good a sirloin of cold roast-beef as it was possible to obtain, in a nation where the aged cows alone have to supply such delicacies; and this, with an English fruit pie, and the several national accompaniments, we thought would be the means of reviving their recollections of the old country in the pleasantest possible manner.

Unfortunately, however, as it was the Bilberry boys' last night but one in the town, they had too much to do in packing up after their performances to avail themselves of our invitation. So the old gentleman came alone, with many apologies and excuses for his sons' absence; but as it was, he proved so droll and entertaining a guest that the hours fled rapidly enough, in listening to his peculiar conversation.

"Well, this here *his* a treat!" began the little fellow, as he seated himself at the table; "everything Hinglish—even to Hinglish mustard; and 'orseradish in the Hinglish fashion, I declare, instead of being biled, as one gets it in this country; and Hinglish pickles, too, as I'm alive. Don't I wish my boys was here; it's all what they and their poor dear mother has been a-longing to see again, ever since they've been in this here land of sausages. None of them there snips of meat," he went on, "such as we call 'block hornaments' in Hingland, and which one always gets wherever you puts-up at in Germany, but a regular good jint, to cut and come again at. Why, it's only the t'other day I was a-saying to my missus, 'What would I give now, Lizer, for a nice slice off a sirloin or silver-side of a round of biled beef'—such as you sees a-steaming away in the cook-shop winders of the Hold Bailey, or opposite the stage door of Droory Lane Theaytre; and cut with that there long knife, as always puts me in mind, do you know, sir, of Harlequin's wand. And ain't these here pickles nice, neither? I'll just take another on 'em, if you'll allow me; and while I'm a-heating away I'll tell you a story, which it occurred to me, about pickles in this here very town.

"Well, you must know, sir," he began, "the first day as we got to the public-'ouse we're a-staying at, the waiter he brings me in a bit of beef-steak for my dinner, and claps down beside me a dish of them there beastly pickled plums; which I, in my hignorance, takes for pickled warnuts, which it is a dish as

I am uncommon fond on. So I says to the kellner, as I slaps him on the back, and pulls him a clown's mug, says I, 'That's summat like, my toolip! I've been a-wanting to get alongside them there things ever since I left Hingland.' But I no sooner puts the half of one on 'em into my mouth than I finds out my mistake. They was the old beastly, sour, sweet things as I'd been sickened with often afore, but bigger than I'd yet had 'em, you see. So I drops it like a 'ot pertater, and rushes out of the house, bound to get a bottle of Hinglish pickles somewhere or somehow. Do you know, the very thoughts of them there Hinglish pickled warnuts had seized me with that longing as I couldn't rest nohow; so off I goes, round the town to all the ile-shops, singing out for pickles. But, confound the boobies here, they can't understand good plain Hinglish when they hears it; so what does one fellar do, after he had made me say the word over and over again, three or four times, quite slow to him, but cry, 'Oh ja! oh ja!' and then he goes to a tubfull of brine, and drags me out a wet salt 'erring!"

"That is called a picklinger here," we interjected, with a smile.

"There's fools for you," he said; "at any rate we says pickled 'errings, and there's some sense in that."

"Howsomever, at last I gets to a little out-of-the-way ile-shop, at the corner of the market-place, and there in a small glass-case, in one corner of the shop, blame me, if I didn't set eyes on the very hidentical little square bottles, with red seals over the corks, and

with Crosse and Blackwell's own labels on the front on 'em. (You knows Crosse and Blackwell's wairus, I dare say, sir—in Soho Square," he added, parenthetically, "as always sets your mouth a-wartering to go past it.) 'What do you want for these here?' says I, to the man in the shop. 'Meex Peek,' says he. 'Damned nonsense,' says I, 'Meex Peek! mixed pickles, you mean, you German donkey! '*Wee feel? Combiang?* How much? Do you understand that, you German thick-head?' And then he 'olds his one finger up, to tell me as the price was a thaler. 'Why, you blamed himpudent German sausage,' says I, 'where's your conscience? the price of that there bottle in *my* country is only a shilling, and do you mean to say as it costs as much as two more to bring it over here?' But my German, you see, sir, ain't no great shakes; so, as I couldn't make no himpression on him, and I was bent on having the pickles at any price, why, I gives him one of them there dirty bits of greasy paper, which passes as money here, and which it is for all the world like the papers as comes off the ends of our taller candles; and then away I goes with the bottle under my harm. And, my eyes! *didn't* I have a feast off them there Hinglish pickles when I got back?—for they was a *leetle* different to the sour greenstuff and cold biled taters, smothered in ile, as you gets served with the meat here."

By the time the story was ended, the English fruit-pie and custards were set upon the table; whereupon the poor clown fell-to once more, lamenting

that his sons were not there to enjoy the national treat, adding that he himself would not have missed it for a five-pun note. And while he was engaged in stowing away two plates of the tart, he went on chattering as follows:—"Now, do you know, sir, how I manages to get along in this here land of darkness? Well, I makes love to the cookey wherever I goes," and here he put his tongue in his cheek and winked at the entire company, as if to impress us with the cleverness of the plan. "Now, there's an uncommon nice young 'oman at the public where we're a-staying, and I'm very sweet on her —onbeknown to my missus, in course" (and this was followed by another of the clown's unmistakable winks). "So I goes to her of a morning, and chucks her under the chin, and says, 'Well, cookey, my darling, what have you got nice for me to-day?' and, bless you, it's stunning how all the gals tumbles to that there language, all over the world; so she unkivers the saucepans and pints to the 'ammel-flesh or calf's-flesh, as it may be. But I says to her, 'That there boiled string won't do for me;' so I teaches her how to make a gridiron out of a pair of tongs, and to brile me a chop or a steak in the reg'lar Hinglish fashion. But, in course, this is all onbeknown to my old 'oman, as I said before; for Mrs. Bilberry ain't a lady which it is to be trifled with, for she's got a sperrit of her own, and is an uncommon fine-looking female *still*, sir. Bless you! she rode for twenty year in the manoovres at Hashley's,

and did the high school, too; and is as prudent and saving a 'oman besides, as ever was on top of a horse."

After this burst of marital affection, the comic little man proceeded to tell us, while the cloth was being removed, how he had nearly lost his "old 'oman," in some German town, a few months back; but though he endeavoured to make the story as pathetic as possible, his manner, we regret to say, was too ludicrous to excite the least sympathy in any of the listeners.

"The doctors," said he "(and there was three on 'em a-physicking away at the poor old soul as hard as they could), had all give her hup, sir, and had told me I was to make my mind up to part with her—and I had *done* it, sir, like a man. At last it got so fur that she herself called me to her bedside, and said, in a solemn woice, 'Charlie, my last *hower* is come.' So I says to her, says I, 'Lizer, don't take on so; remember there's quite enough, when you're dead and gone, to make us all comfortable after you.' Then she tells me to call her boys to her, and she says to them, says she, 'Halfred and Charlie, I shan't be with you much longer; so do you always look after your father as I've done. Take care as he wants for nothing, and that he's always dressed respectable, with a shilling or two in his pocket. Let him have plenty to heat and lots of good stuff to drink, or I shan't rest heasy in my grave.' The scene was werry affecting, sir, I can assure you. We was all a-crying over her; but, you see, after that she goes

to sleep, and then I'm hanged! if she don't wake up in an hour or two in a way as we never hoped for; and now—though I'd quite made up my mind to have my worst fears realized—blame me if Mrs. Bilberry ain't as lively as a chicken again!"

The concluding remark was given with so much earnestness that it was difficult to tell whether Mr. Bilberry's worst fears referred either to the lady's probable decease, or after recovery; and this, coupled with the hint as to their being all extremely comfortable when his wife was dead and gone, and the admonition that Mr. Bilberry himself was to have plenty of good stuff to drink after her death, so touched the whole of our family that it was almost impossible to do other than laugh outright at the comic particulars of the pathetic story.

A glass or two of grog, made in the regular English fashion, soon served to unlock the clown's heart and tongue to such an extent that there was no necessity to do other than utter the most common-place exclamations as he rattled on for the rest of the evening; and it was peculiar to note how, as he sipped the hot arrack-and-water, the little gentleman passed through the different phases of spirituous influence.

At first he became confidential; and then drawing his chair near to our own, he said, "Now, I dare say that a man of the world like yourself, sir, knows that 'prentices in our business is the great thing for a hartist to make his money out on, when he gets too hold for the ring hisself. Now, there's Jim

Wells, at Henne's circus, as has got a lot of children which he ain't the father on, and he lives like a prince out of their earnings. You see, they're all 'prentices sir, as he's guv a few pounds to the rightful father or mother on, to have bound to him for a number of years. Why, blame me, if he ain't got one gal, which it is a Jewess, as he guv nothing at all for, and a fortnight after he had put her a-horseback the little thing positively begged and prayed to have her lunges took off; and now she's worth her six pound a-week reg'lar. She's called the Hinfant *Fee*nomener, or Seven-year-old Progidy—for I don't like them there outlandish Latin terms.

"Well: at the public-house where we're staying at," he went on, drawing his chair still closer to us, so that he might almost whisper the words in our ear, "there's a beautiful little gal of some five or six year old, with a head of flaxen curls, and a nice little figure, as would be worth a mint of money to any one in our business. I'd give 50*l.* to-morrer, and a goold watch to the mother, to have the little thing bound to me until she's twenty-one; for there's meat enough on that there child's body to keep a man for the rest of his days. I'd make a hinfant Doocrow on her in no time. But what queers me, is, sir, I carn't find out who's the mother of that there gal nohow. Directly I went into the place I had my eyes on her for a *fee*nomener; and I told my missus to give her some sweeties and find out who she belonged to. But though Mrs. Bilberry—and she's an uncommon quick 'oman in such things, sir—has spent a matter of

three or four groschen in malt-sugar and raspberry drops, we ain't a bit wiser than when we begun. All we've found out is, that her name is Halmer—'But Halmer *what?*' says I; and that's more than the minx will tell us. Still, the queerest part of the matter his, that there's only three single unmarried women, so far as I can make out, belonging to that there public-'ouse." Whereupon the clown laughed outrageously, and went through any amount of winks and grimaces to make us better understand the drift of his story.

"Howsomever," he added, "leave my missus alone for not ferretting the mice out of their dark holes, so what does she do but she buys a small bagful of raisins, and with them she coaxes the little thing to her; and when she's got her on her knee she says, as she keeps a-feeding her with the sweeties, '*Wie gehts mit deine Frau Mutter*' (for Mrs. Bilberry can tumble to the German a bit better than I can); whereupon the little thing is took quite aback, and she says, quite innocent-like, 'Oh, my mamma's a Fraulein.' So there, you see, she let the cat out quite beautiful, just as I thought. But no sooner was the words out of her mouth than somebody calls her as must have been a-listening hard by, and off she scampers we couldn't tell where. So I says to my missus, when she told me what had happened, 'You leave it to me to-morrer, and I'll set such a trap as shall catch the old fox as well as the young gosling. Then what does I do the next day, but directly I sees the little thing a-skipping about in the

passage in the morning, I calls her to me, and begins a-smoothing her hair, and a-saying, '*schain!*' after which I whips a five-groschen bit in her hand, for I knew directly as she'd got the money she'd run off to her mother with it the fust thing. And true enough, away she goes, as fast as her little legs can carry her, right off to the very *one* of them there three single unmarried young women as we'd expected the gal belonged to—a-crying, 'Mama! mama! see what the Englander has give me!' So now we knows the party to make a deal with; and leave my missus alone for getting on the weak side on her—if so be as a pair of goold ear-rings, or the like, will make the female take kindly to us."

To be candid, this desire to kidnap little children was the dark side of Mr. Bilberry's motley character—not that he, however, was in any way different from the rest of the circus-folk in this particular; for, so far as our experience went, it seemed to be the main object with each of the riders to get hold of as many children for apprentices as they possibly could, so as to be able to live upon the little things' hard and dangerous work, when the old people themselves were no longer fit for the "business." And though Mr. Bilberry made a special point of parading his extreme liberality—for such he seemed to consider it—in allowing his sons two pounds a-week each, out of the fifteen pounds weekly which they earned conjointly, it was obvious to less-perverted minds that his sons were *forced* to let him appropriate the greater part of their salary; so that he might

walk about the streets all day with his hands in his pockets.

Moreover, the insight we had as to the treatment of these poor little equestrian apprentices, during the stay of the circus-people in Eisenach, was such as to convince us that the climbing boys, who were formerly employed by chimney-sweepers, were even less cruelly handled than the baby-riders, whom we saw practising day after day in the ring; lashed as they were with the whip if they happened to lose their balance, or miss any of the dangerous leaps they were forced to take. Indeed, we were assured that the two little nieces of the director had large sores on their legs that were never allowed to heal, owing to the continual abrasion of the skin from the repeated lashings to which they were subject.

We never, in fact, beheld these tiny children, in their knickerbockers of a morning, prepare to mount the pad with the thick ropes, or "lunges," as they were called, attached to the end of it, and which had to be passed through the iron ring fastened to their leathern girdles, so as to prevent them falling headlong to the earth, but we trembled for the poor babes; for we knew how much they would have to suffer before they could be goaded into accomplishing the break-neck feats expected of them. And once, when we saw one of the children, who could not have been above seven years of age, tumble from the back of her horse, and remain suspended head downwards from the lunge (the other end of which the director held in his hand) till such time as the animal could

be stopped, we must confess we felt the same agony of mind as if we had been present at an execution; and we wished to heaven that the stupid sight-seeing public would find delight in some other sensation-spectacle than that of witnessing a tiny creature (who should be at play out in the fields, or in some better school than a riding-booth) endanger her life, night after night, for their brainless amusement.

One of these little circus-riders, an English girl, called Becky, we got to know, and almost love, during her stay in the town; and it was our delight to take her walks into the country, and to let the little thing see that there were greater beauties on the earth than a gas-light performance; and even sweeter things in the world than the oranges that were thrown to her after she had jumped through her score of hoops—or the paper tambourines called "balloons"—to the great profit of the director, and utter destruction of the clever little body herself. And yet, as we did so, we have often asked ourselves, in the privacy of the woods, and with the little girl jogging at our side, whether good or evil would come of our teachings; whether, poor little thing! she had not drawn an ugly blank in life's lottery; and whether all we strove to impress upon her was not mere sentiment, calculated rather to unfit her, than benefit her, in the wretched sphere in which she was born to move.

"Oh, Becky, Becky!" we have often sighed, "that we had the power to make a different being of you!" and the moment after we had breathed

the aspiration, may be the child would be volunteering to do a "Highland Fling," or a "Cocoa Dance," for the edification of the younger members of our family. For, despite all the hard training to which she had to submit, it was evident that the girl's heart and soul was in the ugly business; and notwithstanding the lashings of the ring-master's whip, she found more pleasure in dancing on horseback than in hunting after wild violets, or indeed any of the natural delights of ordinary childish life.

To do Mr. Bilberry justice, however, he was alive, or else he affected to be, to that which is the great blot upon this odd page of human existence. "Well, you see, sir," he said, "kindness ain't of no account in our perfession; it's a dangerous perfession, and no one can't say when their necks is safe; and as I'm a-talking to you plainly, like a man to a man, their ain't no use a-hiding it from you—the whip is everything with us; for if it wasn't for that, the little things would never be got to risk their lives and go through the hacts they does for the pleasure of what we calls a henlightened British public. Now, my father, sir," he went on, "was a 'atter by trade, and runned away from his wife in the war-time, leaving her with me, a destitoote kid, of some six years old. So my uncle—which he was the world-famed clown of the name of Bilberry (which may be as you've heerd on)—'gets my mother to bind me prentice to hisself. And I can well remember the hagony I had to go through, to have the creak took out of my back, as was the

custom in them days, and to teach me to do the splits, until I fancied my body was a-coming in two; and how, when he claps me on the rope, he says to me says he, 'Now, Master Charlie, look here! If you falls you'll get a thundering hiding with this here whip; and if you keeps your balance for five minutes, this here silver crown-piece is yourn.' Well, sir, that, you see, is the way as we're taught to tumble to our perfession. Then, sir, some years afterwards, when I'd learnt to do a trick or two for myself, my mother gets a letter, one fine day, from my father from Spithead, telling her to come to him by the next coach, and ask for Thomas Bilberry, aboard the *Himpregnable*; and directly she gets alongside the ship, she says to the man at the hentrance, 'I wants Thomas Bilberry;' when, blame me, if he don't sing out, 'Pipe all hands for Thomas Bilberry'" (those who have any nautical experience will readily understand that the clown meant, "pass the word" for the person in question). "And the minute after, up there jumps up from one of the trap-doors in the ship, a man with whiskers all round his face, like the howrangatangs in Mr. Woomell's menargry—for all the world as though he had been a jack-in-the-box. Then he throws hisself into my mother's harms, and says to her, 'Hann, my dear, I've been a brute to you; but come below, and see what I've got to make up for my past condick.' So he takes her downstairs to the ground-floor of the wessel, and he shovels out into her lap a whole bushel full of goold guineas,

which it was his prize money, a-saying, 'Hann, them there his hall your hown.'

"After that father wanted me to take to the 'atting business, for he was uncommon good in the beaver line—silks hadn't come up in them days, sir. But I says to him, says I, 'Father, uncle has blocked me into another line of life, and my fate hangs on the rope.' And so it did, sir; for it's a wonder to me as my neck has never been broke through it scores of times. You see, sir," he repeated again and again, as was his wont, "hours is a dangerous perfession, and ain't half so well paid as it ought to. There ain't a single thing on the face of the earth as we hartists can't turn into money, if so be as we has time for the training on 'em—dogs, birds, monkeys, deer, helephants, lions, and indeed everything is all the same to us, let alone cats—which it is the hardest of all trained preformers to get to stand the gash-lights and the band. There ain't a living thing, sir, not even so much as a hinsect as we can't earn good money out on. Why, sir, there was a cully of mine as lived very well off a troop of fleas for several years. That there dog of yourn, though good-bred as he is" (alluding to a Pomeranian hound that we had reared in the country), "and sharp as he seems, wouldn't be of no account in our perfession. His skin, you see, is too tender to stand the whip; I can tell, the minute I takes hold on him. But our Mr. Loisset (which it is our director, as I said afore) has got several trained dogs a-belonging to his company,

as is so valuable as he won't let 'em out of his sight; so they has to dine and sup with the other hartists, like the rest of the troop.

"Now, there's a blue dog as we've got among our preformers, sir, as is the very colour of a dark man's chin just arter he's been shaved; and though it ain't of much account in the ring, except for the matter of curosity (for all it's got to do is to take the part of a rat when one of the trained poodles brings in the 'earse as is to carry off the other poodle, which makes pretence to be dead—and uncommon clever he does it, to be sure), still, that there blue dog is all as our guv'nor got out of a black lady-rider as we had over from Constantinople. Poor thing! why whenever I thinks of that there female niggeress, and what she went through with us, it does pain me to turn my eyes back and look on it; for, I give you my word, though she were very tidy in her business, and could do a trick-act as well as here and there one, she was, I may say, without going a bit too fur, the *very hugliest female* as ever I seed in all my perfessional hexperience!

"People in our business sees strange sights, in course, sir. Now, I've seed the hairy lady, and I knowed Miss July Pastrana as well as I knows Mrs. Bilberry; and in my young days I've often been in the company of the reel horiginal pig-faced lady; so you see, sir, I've been *used* to hugly women, both afore I was married and after, sir. But that there female nigger-rider as we had over, as a great card, from Constantinople was certainly *the*

hugliest female as ever I seed in all my life. She was hawful to behold, sir, that she were—so hawful, indeed, that when she made her appearance in the streets of these here German towns, there was a mob springed up at her heels, as if they'd come out of the paving-stones; and there the boys would begin a-pelting and a-hooting the poor thing, as though her hugliness had been any fault of her own. You see, sir, these here hignorant German fools ain't been used to the sights of niggers as we has; and they was so uncommon struck with the hugliness of that there young 'oman as they couldn't keep their hands off her. So, at last, the guv'nor had to give her five pounds as a *doser* to get rid on her, and pass her back to her own country. Notwithstanding, when she were got up in a scarlet dress, in some of our pantomimes, her big eyes come out wonderful, and she was quite a pictur to behold. Howsomever, these here Germans only know'd her as the hugliest woman alive, and wouldn't have her at no price. So she gives the guv'nor her blue dog, and away she goes back to Turkey-land, to the great delight of the director, who no sooner sees the back on her than he says, 'If so be as it had cost me a hundred pound, I should have thought it cheap to get rid of so hugly a woman as that there.' And, to do her justice, sir, she were *certainly* huglier, by long chalks, than any pig-faced lady as was ever showed in a show."

Our corpulent little companion, under the influence of the arrack-and-water, was growing so red in the

face that the cherry at the tip of his nose seemed to be gradually disappearing, as his entire complexion got to assume the same roseate hue. He had already been particularly confidential, and had passed through the stage of maudlin sentimentality as to the probable death of his wife; and he was now growing what is termed "pot-valiant," as the hot grog began to inflame his brain. Accordingly, he commenced telling us all his grievances at the circus, saying that there was one man in the company who was a "German creeper, as carried everything to Mr. Loisset's ear—which it is our director," he added for the tenth time; and informing us in a half-whisper that he should uncommonly like to have that feller's 'ead under his left harm—just for five minutes. Whereupon he went through that species of pugilistic pantomime which is known to the lovers of the "noble art of self-defence" as fibbing.

"You see, sir," he went on, "the worst of these here cowardly German sausages is, they don't know how to use their fists, or to strike out straight from the shoulder, like men. But I flatters myself I *can* fight a bit, and if I don't punch that there German creeper's 'ead afore I goes, my name ain't Bilberry. I can't abear creepers, sir; so I means to give him a little bit of my mind in the shape of one on his smeller. I was nearly astonishing his weak nerves once, and I should have bunged up both his eyes for him then, if the furren sneak hadn't throw'd hisself down on the ground directly as he saw my fist, and cried out, 'Oh, no, Mr. Bilberry, I cannot make boxes

with you. You Hinglanders like to make the box whenever you put out in your way. But we Germans cannot make the box with you, for you hit in the face, and that is not what we likes.' 'Well,' says I to the scamp, 'how do you fight, then?' 'With swords,' says he. 'No, no,' says I, 'them there toasting-forks of yourn won't suit me; but I tell you what, I'll have it out with you with pistols on the spot, like a gentleman.' So off I runs to my lodgings, and brings back a couple of 'orse-pistols, as I always travels with, for the sake of safety; and then I shows him as they was loaded, and tells him to take whichever he likes, and that we'll have it out there and then across the ring. What's more, I said as he should have the fust fire, for I didn't want to take no mean hadvantage of the feller; and then, do you know, sir, what I should have done when he had his shot at me?"

"You would have fired in the air, of course," said we.

"Stuff a' nonsense!" was the reply; "that there foolery wont suit my book. I should have ducked my 'ead in reg'lar clown's fashion, and then 'ave shot the German creeper as dead as mutton."

We laughed outright at the clown's notion of honour, whereupon he added,—

"I should, as sure as my name's Bilberry."

It was now time to put an end to the meeting, for the mumbly old watchman had already announced, at the corner of the street, that it had "*zwölf Uhr geschlagen;*" and, moreover, we could see that our

podgy little friend was likely to grow somewhat querulous in his cups, so we gave him as broad a hint as possible as to the early hours it was usual to keep in Germany.

And no sooner had he left us than, as we heard the next day, he made his way into the middle of the ball-room at the tavern where he was staying, and where a dance was going on; and after startling the people there by singing out "Here we are!" and pulling a clown's face *à la* Tom Matthews, in a pause between the dances, he ordered the waiter to bring him a dish of hot coddlings for his supper. Nor could he be prevailed upon to leave the room until he had been allowed to astonish the Germans with the sneezing and yawning buffoonery of "Tippety-witchet."

CHAPTER IV.

A NIGHT WITH THE MOUNTEBANKS.

A DAY or two after the arrival of the circus folk in Eisenach, the very Thuringian capital seemed to swarm with English, so that you might have fancied yourself on the pier at Boulogne-sur-Mer, rather than in the heart of Germany; and at the corner of the street by the Gasthaus "*zum Mohren*" where the greater part of the performers lodged, there loitered throughout the day little knots of men, unmistakably English in appearance, such as one used to see gathered round the lamp-post at the corner of Bow Street—in the olden time, before Covent Garden Theatre was transformed into an Italian opera-house; while, as you passed down the "Lower Lane" of the little Saxon town, you would catch sight of a head in a "pork-pie" hat thrust out of one of the upper windows, and hear the gentleman above shout out to one of the seedy-looking people below, "I say, Bill, does the ghost walk to day?" an inquiry which we afterwards learnt meant, in equestrian parlance, "Have you got your salary?"

Then, as you turned round, may be, to eye the

curious group of your own country-people—that looked almost as strange in the heart of Saxony as the trio of Parsee merchants, or the Turkey rhubarb-men, or the Japanese ambassadors do in the British metropolis, — you would be sure to catch the words, "Is there any repetition to-day, cully?" or else, "Jimminatty, ain't the beer here stunning, Jim! I'm blessed if it ain't almost as good as the pale ale in the Westminster Road."

It seemed to us, at first, as if the entire thirty performers who had been suddenly cart-loaded into the town all belonged to our own country; for even the few Germans attached to the troupe could speak a little English, as many of them talked the language with hardly the trace of a foreign accent, so long had they been associated with British performers; whilst the director himself, though a Frenchman by birth, was in the habit of speaking the same tongue, even to his horses in the circle; and delighted to say, "Good boy, Lady," after any clever feat on the part of one of his trained mares; or else he would call out to some of his human performers, "You make me the pleasure, my boy, to do some comic bismuth (business) for an *entrée* this evening."

What was the reason of this sudden influx of English into Eisenach—of this crowd of "British artists" in connection with an enterprise that was ostensibly German, we were at first at a loss to divine. However, at length we learnt that the equestrian business in England had seen not only its best, but almost its last days; that the penny circuses at home

had utterly ruined the more expensive establishments; that "Hashley's" (as the English performers abroad *would* persist in calling the quondam old-established amphitheatre) had been turned into an asylum for the "regular drama,"—a change which the clowns to the ring seemed to think as profane as other folk doubtless would if Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle should ever be transformed into a music-hall or casino.

Now, the consequence of this alteration in the public taste at home had been that all the several "Couriers of St. Petersburg," distributed throughout England, had packed up their carpet-bags and left for foreign lands, where "shipwrecked sailors" on horseback were comparatively novel institutions. The "tumblers" too had respectively, at one bound, vaulted over to the other side of the British Channel —each, as it were, throwing an indignant "back-somersault" upon their native land; and glad to fling themselves into the arms of a people who could still find delight in "trick acts" and in witnessing a "hartist on horseback" spring through his twenty balloons successfully and successively; while the "poor clowns" had started by an early train, with a new stock of spangled tights and a plentiful supply of chalk and red lead for their faces, and bidden adieu to a nation for whose perverted tastes they were left to blush without any paint—one and all eager to export themselves and their faded flashes of wit to other shores, where the folk had not yet learnt to yawn at "Shakesperian jesters," and where an audience could still be found to laugh at Mr. Merryman's most vene-

rable witticisms. For who does not remember how, when the dandy, *décolté* ring-master was wont to pretend to lash with his whip the spangled calves of the "jack-pudding," on his being about to quit the ring before him, and to bid him indignantly come back and wait for his betters, saying, "Don't you know I never go after a fool, sir?"—the clown would stay behind, and, directly he lost sight of the spurs of the expensively-got-up gentleman, make a face at the audience as though one half of his countenance had become suddenly paralysed, and exclaim, with a knowing nod of the head, "Oh! you don't go after a fool, don't you? Then, you see, *I* do."

Who, that has yawned through that heaviest of all light books Joe Miller (and of which the last "drawing-room edition" never paid even the expenses of the binding) cannot readily understand how, in these days, when punning among young gentlemen is as common as piano-forte playing among young ladies; when every facetious government-clerk, or commercial traveller, can perpetrate his *double entendres* by the yard; when comic periodicals make their appearance every week, as regularly as the "Hue and Cry," and each funny paper has a staff of funny gentlemen attached to it, who are expected to reel off so many witticisms every Monday, at so much per column every Saturday; when Comic Histories of England, Comic Mythologies, Comic Latin Grammars (and for what we know Comic Prayer Books too), are to be found done up in staring paper-covers among the shilling volumes on every railway book-stall; when

burlesques, with a senseless play upon words at every line, are produced at almost every theatre by the dozen every season; when, indeed, the most brainless jack-a-napes among us has learnt the easy trick of cutting jokes, and torturing language into double meanings—who cannot understand how, in such an intensely funny age, the poor clown and his vocation should come to grief; and how the melancholy Mr. Merryman should have lived to have witnessed, with tears in his eyes, the very quips and cranks, that were wont to set the audience in a roar but a few years ago, get at last to be received, like the toast of some departed hero—in solemn silence?

Nor is it a riddle that is very hard to solve, why, in these "sensation-times," when nothing but a tight-rope dancer endangering his life across the Niagara Falls, or a *trapèze* performer risking his neck by leaping from stage to stage close under the chandelier of a theatre; when, indeed, only some *terrific* entertainment can delight the people, and even the spasmodic pleasure of *la "perche,"* or the exciting amusement of seeing a donkey balanced on the top of a ladder on some "equilibrist's" chin, have long since been numbered with the joys of the past (like the worn-out sight of the menagerie keeper thrusting his head into the lion's mouth)—when, in fine, some novelty, still more *terrific* than the last, has to be concocted every week, for the grim amusement of an enlightened public—it is not very difficult to comprehend why the sight-seers of England, who had seen gentlemen and ladies on

horseback leap through hoops and over scarves, and ride bare-backed on any number of steeds, and witnessed trained ponies fire pistols, or sit at table and ring bells for their food—and had seen this too, done over and over again, year after year, from the very night when they were taken, as a great treat, before they were breeched, to Astley's for the first time—should, at last, have grown utterly weary of the wonderless, trite, sleepy, and monotonous performances of these same circuses in our own country.

We may be startled, perhaps, to see a lady dance on a horse's back once in our lives; we may think it very clever of a gentleman to balance another on his shoulders at full gallop round the ring, the first time we gaze at the sight; but to see this performed night after night—to behold clowns, while lying on their back, spin huge wooden balls or long poles on their feet; or poodles, or trained horses, waltz round the ring on their hind legs; or little children, riding head downwards, pick up handkerchiefs with their mouths—these are sights that pall, *somewhat*, after seeing them a hundred and one times; since to witness the self-same wonderful feats—hear the same stereotyped jokes—shudder at the same "terrific" dangers—till every act is as dreary as a bit of conjuring of which we know the trick—is enough to try the patience even of a Quaker. And no wonder, therefore, that such performances, having long ago become "stale and flat" in England, should, after a time, conclude by being utterly "unprofitable" also.

To the Germans, however, the "trick-acts" of our

English riders, and the buffooneries of our English clowns, are comparatively novel sights; and therefore as pleasing as they are to the "josses" (to use the regular circus phrase) who are now the only persons in England left to admire such performances—at one penny per head. We were assured too, that the English circus people who had had the first reap of the golden field abroad, had made such a harvest, that they were enabled to retire, after a few years' work in the country, "hindependent from the perfession, with a nice little public-'ouse to their back." For such was the delight of the German folks when they beheld, for the first time, an English clown with his painted face enter the ring, that, as one of the tribe told us, there was no necessity for him to say a word, or to perform any other antics than that of making faces at the audience, in order to convulse the entire assembly.

One of the first of our circus clowns, who had been wise enough to emigrate from England before the business had gone to the dogs, as well as the trained monkeys, was a person of but slight reputation on the other side of the Channel; and yet in Germany he was worth more than a score of pounds every week throughout the year, and was enabled to save enough in a short time to keep him "wery tidy and comfortable," as our informant said, "for the rest of his days."

By the English members of this curious profession, the German clowns were looked upon with the bitterest contempt.

"You see, sir," said one of the class to us, "they are too full of soup to tumble to anything. They ain't got so much as a somerset or a flip-flap in 'em; and if it wern't for their jumping poodles they'd go to the dogs theirselves. Some on 'em can talk a little bit; but then, bless you, in that there line, our own Wallet (maybe as you've heerd on him, sir, which he was the Shakesperian jester of world-wide fame, and were a scholard and a gentleman likewise) would have gone in and licked 'em all 'oller—if so be as he could only have tumbled to the language, which it is what queers us all here."

And certainly, to do our friend justice, his German rival in the ring was but a sorry fool beside him. True, to English eyes, the Hannswürst had a more elegant appearance than our own countryman; though the very painted faces and worn-out grimaces which we have been satiated with from our childhood, and the buffoonery which we had learnt *not* to laugh at (from having seen it done by every English clown as long as we could remember), were the very things which tickled the Germans, as though some imp had been working with a feather at the soles of their feet.

Nor was it only the vulgar who were thus taken with the tricks and fooleries of which an Englishman has years ago had his fill; for Grand Dukes came to the circus in Eisenach expressly to see the English representative of an ape, in one of the pantommes, scratch himself, and jabber the jaws of his mask in

the broadest-possible manner; while the principal authorities of the town literally rolled off their seats to behold the English jack-pudding pretend to catch a flea, while preparing for bed in one of the after-pieces called "The Robber"—an equestrian jumble of the principal incidents in "Fra Diavolo." The officers put their hands to their helmets when they met the Mr. Merrymen in the streets, as though they considered them the cleverest people they had seen, by a long way, belonging to a nation of mad Englishmen; and so enamoured were they of their fooleries that, many days after the troupe had left the city, they made up a party to go over to Mühlhausen, whither the company had retired—though it was near upon fifteen miles' distance from Eisenach—in order that they might enjoy another good laugh at the tricks of the "Englisher Narren," and see the one pick the other up by the seat of his breeches—a feat which astonished the simple Eisenachers, far more than could the cleverest piece of acting. Indeed, such was the mania for English performers in this line of business that, despite the small sums usually paid for any services throughout the country, our own people were enabled to earn nearly double the amount of money that they were in the habit of receiving at home. Nor was there a German circus, that we heard of, but it had almost as many Englishmen as natives connected with the establishment.*

* One of the riders at one of the principal German circuits, whom the clowns *would* call "Jimmy Robertson," had a salary of 40*l.* a-week; but then, we were told, he was one of the first, if

One curious circumstance which we learnt in connection with this strange business was, that the

not *the* first, equestrian performer in the world. He could throw as many as forty somersaults successively on a bare-backed horse; and this, we were assured, was a feat that no other person could accomplish. To throw "back-somersaults" whilst standing on the "pad"—or, in other words, the soft flat cushion which covers the loins of what are termed the "trick-act" horses—is by no means so difficult a feat as to do so on the bare back of the animal. But, even with this same pad to steady the performer, it requires a clever rider to do thirty such somersaults—though our informant *had* seen as many as ninety-six accomplished by a rider, one after the other. Somersault-throwing on the earth, however, is, of course, by no means so arduous a task; and some of the more skilful Englishmen will do no less than a hundred of them backwards in this manner. The great art appears to be able to turn round more than once in the air before coming to the ground. But to accomplish these "double somersaults" a good spring-board, or "*battud*," as it is called in Germany, is needed, as well as a long run, and, moreover, a carpet held by four men to catch the performer as he descends. With all these appliances, a good "vaulting act" performer will occasionally throw three somersaults "all of a fling," as the professionals style it; and we were assured that one of the best of this class *once* turned four times, over and over, in the air, before touching the ground. But back-somersaults are comparatively easy to forward ones, or "fore-springs," as they are denominated by way of distinction; for though even ordinary vaulters can throw several of the former "off the dead earth," one after another, it requires a very skilful as well as very powerful man to do more than three such fore-springs successively. We asked what was the reason why one species of somersault-throwing should be so comparatively facile, and the other so extremely difficult; and the answer was—"Well: you see, sir, a fore-spring shakes a man so when he comes down on his feet, that there's very few on us can stand it." Even with the ordinary somersault-throwing, however, the performers know the work to be so dangerous, that none of them like what is called the "vaulting act,"

equestrian people are, so to speak, as distinct a race as even the Israelites themselves; for not only is it the custom of the several members of the profession to marry generally among their own class—so that the wife may bring an increase of salary to her husband—but even the children of such marriages are put, almost as soon as they can stand erect, on a horse's back, upon the pad, duly secured with ropes or "lunges," to prevent them breaking their little necks, whenever they may lose their balance; and thus are trained, before they are seven or eight years old, to appear as "Infant Ducrows," or "Six-year Prodigies"—for, of course, in the bills they are made out to be much younger than they really are. Hence as peculiar a race as the Gipsies has sprung up among our people (for we hardly know whether such customs exist abroad, and are speaking now

in which they have to spring one after the other over horses' backs, with men standing on top of them; while each performer, when it comes to his turn, tries to surpass the one who has gone before him. "We knows our necks ain't safe for a minute at that there work," said they to us; "and the last man has, in course, to take the shine out of all the rest. You'll have noticed, may be," went on our informant, "that the Germans is always put first at such acts; for they, poor things! ain't got hardly as much as a flip-flap—which ain't no more than a half-somerset—in 'em; and the guv'nor always looks for the English coming in at the end, and doing their one or two somersaults at a fling in the hair. But we takes it uncommon lazy here, sir, for we knows that these here soup-stuffing fureners ain't a patch on us in that there line; and it's only when a Frenchman, may be, has newly jined the company as we goes at it in any way plucky, and likes to do our double somersets afore he has his throw, so as to make him look silly when he comes after us."

merely from the information we derived from the English circus folk, stopping in Eisenach)—a race as utterly unlettered as Irish labourers; for there was barely one of the English performers who could write his name or read a line of print; and yet as beautifully formed—especially in their hands and feet—as even the highest bred members of our aristocracy. Indeed, the exquisite symmetry and grace of the limbs of these people, who were the most vulgar and low-born of English folk—owing to long years of continued training and interbreeding—was a thing to fix itself deeply in the mind of anyone who had the least knowledge of physiology, or love for philosophy, in his brain. For it is an invariable rule with this class to rear their children to the same business as their own, so that the little things may be able to appear as some kind of prodigy or other, and keep their parents when they are no longer fit for such arduous work. An English female rider, who was married to one of the English clowns, told us that her husband would often sit and talk to their little baby, who was barely six months old, and say to it, as he danced it on his knee,—

"Ah, Miss Lizzie! wait awhile till I gets you on the pad, and then won't I give you the whip, and make you the first female hartist in the world—that's all?"

How different are the various aspirations in life! The writer of these pages was intended by his father, who thought law the finest thing in the world, to

have been the Lord Chancellor of England; and he well remembers to this day how, when he was thought to be somewhat of a quick boy at Westminster School, his parent would talk to him of the glory of being the first legal dignitary in the kingdom. And even as a poet dreams of making his child the finest poet the world has yet seen, so did that poor English clown hope to see his little baby, Lizzie, one day the greatest circus-rider in all Europe; and, perhaps, in the poverty and precariousness of his own calling, look forward to the time (according to the selfish custom of equestrian fathers in general) when she was to keep him, after his back had become too stiff for any more somersault throwing.

It is customary in Germany, previous to any leave-taking, for the friends of the person about to depart to meet together and enjoy, at his expense, a *Bowle* (pronounced *boler*), which is merely a corruption of the English term *bowl*. This German *Bowle* generally consists of some Rhenish, or French wine and water, sweetened, and flavoured with *Waldmeister* (Angl. woodruff); or else with little green oranges, or wild strawberries, according to the season of the year. Sometimes *Punsch* is brewed; though, as a rule, the people drink but little grog, and generally prefer to have either a bowl of flavoured negus, or else a barrel of beer for their festive occasions.

Accordingly, on the eve of the young Bilberrys' departure for the fulfilment of an engagement in

Posen, the same ceremony was gone through, and the usual bowl of wine prepared for the entertainment of the several members of the company. To this feast we ourselves were invited, and as we were anxious to see the "hartists," as they delight to style themselves, without their spangles and paint, we made the best of our way to the Mohren Hotel, some half-hour after the evening's performances at the circus were ended.

We found the united troupe gathered together in a little room that served as a supplementary coffee-room for those who wished to enjoy more privacy than was afforded by the ordinary dining-hall of that not-particularly-elegant establishment. A more melancholy-looking assembly we never entered; an Irish wake would have been deadly-lively to it, and even a Quakers' meeting waiting for the Spirit to "move" some of the congregation might have had more animation in it. The ladies and gentlemen, whom we had seen but an hour ago, almost as showy as the pageant on a Lord Mayor's day, now looked as seedy and solemn as so many Scripture readers, or as wretched and draggle-tail as barn-door fowls after a heavy shower of rain. Those, who had but lately been so full of life and vigour, appeared to have hardly the least life left in them; and were many of them dozing over the glass of beer in front of them, as though they would much rather have been in bed and at rest, after their heavy work, than sit up for the best bowl of wine that could be brewed. Every form of "artist" was there; the clowns, with their faces

washed, and their orange and white tights, or their blue and silver dresses laid aside for dingy tweed paletôts; the "trick-act riders" without their hat and the feathers, and sitting in their wide-awakes instead; ladies, too, no longer in no end of short muslin skirts, for their "tempo-springing," or Polish hussar jackets for the "high school," but now got up in turban hats no bigger than punnets, and with white dog-skin boas twisted tight about their neck. One of the female performers, indeed, was lying asleep on a sofa, and another reclining upon cushions on the floor in one corner of the room, with a gentleman at her feet pillowing his head in her lap, for there were not chairs enough to seat the entire company; while the stolid-looking German clown had got his trained poodles between his knees, his wife was cuddling the little blue Turkish dog in her lap, and somebody else was treating to a drink of beer the white Skye terrier that we had seen that night waltz round the ring, till its tiny pink-silk skirts slipped off and disclosed a miniature crinoline, to the intense amusement of the German audience.

Every one of the "artists" present, indeed, seemed to be dead beaten with their manœuvres, their vaulting, and their "tempo-springing"—even down to the poodles themselves, who, having jumped their dozen hoops, were too tired to pick off the floor the sausage-skins that were thrown to them.

The elder Mr. Bilberry himself, too, seemed to be so exhausted with *his* day's labours at the different "ile-shops" in the town, that he was snoring away

with the cherry at the end of his nose more like tinsel-foil than usual—and lay stretched at full length on another sofa at the upper end of the room. The entire company, to say the truth, seemed like so many worn-out watchers about the bedside of a dying person. Nor was it till the Bilberry boys themselves made their appearance that they were in any way roused from their lethargy.

These lads were really decent, and almost gentlemanly, young men for their way of life. The elder one was quiet, and utterly unlike an actor in manner; so slim was he in figure, and so remarkably-small were his hands and feet, that he hardly impressed you with the idea of being a person of any muscular development. Indeed, his colour was so fresh and his frame appeared so slight that he looked like one in a consumption, rather than a gymnast capable of performing the most arduous feats. But when he described to us how he had ruptured the blood-vessels of one of his arms, and took his coat off, and turned up his shirt-sleeves to show us the difference between the veins in the one limb and the other, it was wonderful to behold the iron thews and sinews of his frame, and note, as he clenched and unclenched his fists, or worked his elbows to and fro, how the muscles moved up and down, as though some large mouse were creeping under the skin, while the veins became gorged with blood till they were as thick as worms. The skin, too, was as fine and sleek as satin, and the flesh beneath so hard that the arms seemed positively to be sculptured in stone. He was as jaunty as a

sailor, moreover, in his movements; and yet as dapper in his appearance as an English jockey.

The younger brother, on the other hand, was taller and more showy—if not flashy—in appearance. His complexion was swarthy, and his head so thickly covered with a crop of black curls, that he had almost a Jewish look with him. He wore a bright-coloured Albanian scarf about his neck, and down the front of his satin waistcoat meandered a small rivulet of gold chain, which was so arranged as to show an ell or two of the 15*l.* Hungarian article, the purchase of which his father had before described to us as "coming it a *leetle* too strong." He was likewise expensively got-up, with rings on his fingers, and spake with a half-lisping Jimmy-Jessamy tone, as though he were affecting the fine gentleman.

This, however, was merely the unprepossessing first impression which the assumed lackadaisicalness of the young man forced upon you; for, though his brother Charles won upon strangers more at first by his gentle and easy manners, Alfred's affectation either was laid aside, or you no longer noticed it, as you got to know him better, and the generous and amiable qualities of the youth's character came out gradually upon after-acquaintance. Indeed, hardly one of their companions had a bad word to say of either of them; for one and all declared them to be excellent young men, and "fust-rate" riders, after the usual mode among equestrians of mixing up their business with everything. Still, Alfred seemed to be the general favourite, and all agreed that there could

not be a better son, nor one more willing to give up his earnings to his father and mother throughout the whole "perfession."

"Now, don't stand on any nonsense, cullies, about waiting for me," said Alfred, as he dashed into the room. "I've ordered the bowl to come in; but I've to go and drink a parting glass with the guv'nor at the *Deutschen Haus* as it's my last night here. So do you fall-to as if I was among you. What's the matter with Madame ——— there?" he added, as he turned round and saw one of the ladies stretched on the sofa. "Hill again, eh? Ah! that there circus 'll be the death of some of you before you leaves this 'ere town—take my word for it. It's really shameful to put the hartists to dress in such places."

"So it is," cried one of the English clowns. "These here Germans thinks we've never been used to nothing better; and I shouldn't wonder if they doesn't want the hartists to groom the 'osses next, for all they thinks on is getting the greatest quantity of 'numbers' out on us."

"Look at father, yonder," said Charles Bilberry, nudging his brother's elbow; "He's been at his old tricks again—he's sleepy drunk now."

"Oh, tell mother," replied Alfred, "when she comes down from packing, to get him off to bed on the quiet; for when he wakes up, he's sure to be cantankerous, and will only spile the evening. But where the dooce is this here bowl," he said, ringing the bell violently; "they're as slow as a 'earse in this here

house. Do *you* see and get it in, Charlie, while I makes it all right with the guv'nor."

"Do you think as the ghost is inclined to walk to-night, Halfred?" inquired one of the clowns, anxious to learn whether the salary owing to the Bilberry boys was likely to be paid up before they left.

"Well, I means to see if I can't raise it anyhow, Bill," was the answer; and then giving another violent pull at the bell, and venting another execration at the slowness of the waiters, he hurried from the room.

By this time the "artists" were sufficiently roused from their slumbers to be able to exchange a few words with one another; and then the conversation ran solely upon the horses they had ridden that evening, speaking of the animals by their names; so that at first we were at a loss to know whether they were alluding to the two-legged performers, or four-legged ones, belonging to the company.

"That there 'Lady' of the guv'nor's," said the *Trapèse-volant*, as he looked up from the raw salt-herring he had got for his supper, "I'm took with more and more every night. Blame me if it ain't quite pretty to see the way as she takes them there pocket-handkerchers up in her mouth."

"What do you think, Charlie, of that there Fritz's work to-night?" said one of the clowns.

Whereupon an English female rider exclaimed from a corner, "Oh, he's a nasty old beast—that he is. Hang me if he ain't so full of all kinds of vice, that

'really a female, as is at all timid, ain't' safe to be alone with the brute."

The next remark, however, explained that the lady was referring to one of the stud, rather than (as we had at first imagined) to some immoral elderly gentleman attended to the troupe; for one of the Germans, who could speak English pretty well, said, "He bites everything as comes a-near him, and blame me if he didn't make me shake to-night for Halfred, when he was doing that double-horse act, and I saw that the brute had gnawed his reins in two."

"What do you think, Charlie?" interjected the English clown, "I've got to ride the 'Favorite' to-morrer night in the mannoovers."

"Then I wishes you luck with him, cully," returned the elder of the young Bilberrys, who was now busily engaged in filling the glasses from the bowl of negus that had, at last, made its appearance. "You see, sir," he added, addressing himself to us, "we calls him the 'Favorite,' because he's the ugliest brute there is in the stable; and has got such a 'ollor in his back, as makes a hartist look like a trained monkey on the top of him. His name is Holgar, if he had his rights."

"Don't I remember the time just, Charlie," went on the English clown again, "when you broke that there Fritz' jaw for him?"

"I didn't do it spiteful, sir," said the lad, once more turning to ourselves; "but I was riding in the steeple chase, which is one of the preformances as they generally gives in Germany at the last, just before

the troop is going away from the town; and which it ain't no more like a Hinglish steeple-chase than a German loaf is like a Hinglish cottage; for they sometimes puts a stag in it, and men with long French 'unting horns over their shoulders, big enough for a performing poodle to jump through. But, you see, that there Fritz has got a mouth of hiron like a cannon, and I was a-pulling and a-sawing away at it —cause you know it wasn't down in the plot, as I was to come in fust in the chase—when all of a sudden, I feels it go as limp as a door-knocker in my hand; and then, sure enough, on getting off the creature, I found its jaw broke, and they took three large pieces of bone out of it afterwards. But he's all right now, and does as well for the ring as ever he did."

At this point of the evening Mrs. Bilberry entered the room, in a white-silk Parisian chapeau, with a whole bed of Damask roses, and a good pound of artificial grapes, stowed away between her hair and the front rim of it. The lady seemed almost as tall as a French tambour-major, as she walked into the apartment with all the air of a tragedy queen; and it was now evident that Mr. Bilberry had spoken only the truth when he assured us that she had been an uncommonly fine woman *in her time*. No sooner had she set eyes on the figure of her podgy little husband stretched at full length on the sofa, where she had expected to find a seat ready for her; and saw his black satin waistcoat rising and falling continually with his stentorian breathing, than she proceeded to shake the little man violently by the collar, exclaiming

all the while, "Mr. Bilberry, sir, I'm ashamed on, indeed, I may say I'm *disgusted* with you."

"What's the matter, old gal!" said the old clown, starting up as alarmed as if he had fancied the couch had suddenly given way under him. "Come now, Lizer, sit down and have a glass of summut, like a Christian."

"A glass of summut, sir!" shrieked Mrs. Bilberry, indignantly, "What do mean by saying sitch things to me afore company, when you knows I never takes nothing but my tea of a hevening? You're drunk, sir! beastly drunk, sir! and smells so strong of that there filthy pfeffermint as I can't bear you to come anigh me."

"They can't keep the old man out of the ile shop, nohow, sir," whispered the clown next to us. "They used to allow him 10 groschen a-day to spend, but they've been obliged to stop that there game; for there's no bearing him when he gets a drop inside on him."

"Ain't you going to stand something better than this here sour wine for the company, Charlie?" said the old man, rubbing his little eyes that were red as hip and haw berries, "it don't agree with my stummick—this kind of warjuice don't."

"Come now, father, you go to bed;" replied the boy; "it'll be much better for you in the morning."

"Go to bed!" roared the little man, jumping to his feet, and thumping the table with his fist, until he made the glasses jump and jingle again; "Am I to be hordered to bed by my hown flesh and blood,

a-rising up in rebellion agin the father as bred 'em? I'll let you see who's master in this here family. "Don't you think I'm right, sir?" said he, then appealing to one of the performers in front of him.

"Oh, yes; right as my left boot when it's on the t'other leg," was the jack-pudding's rejoinder.

"Mr. Bilberry, I'm ashamed on you, I says again," interrupted his good woman, "a misdemeaning yourself in public in this here way! But you'll just *please* to come to bed, sir—directly; for not one drop more do you have to-night," and then seizing hold of the little man by the hand, the masculine lady led him out of the room in a way which showed that she, at least, was a "grey mare" that the old circus performer was still unable to manage.

After this little display of the amenities of married life, there was a vain attempt on the part of the host of the evening to get up a song, or, indeed, to throw *some* liveliness into the entertainment. But, as the talent of all the performers present lay rather in their heels than in their head, it was found impossible to induce even the English circus clowns to favour the company with so much as a "nigger melody."

One of them, however, at length said he didn't mind doing a recitation from the "Lancashire poet Burns," which he told us he used to make the people cry again with, when he was "a-tenting" in England.

But, after standing up and beginning, "Talking of females," (though, by the bye, nobody had been in any way alluding to them), "there is many kinds of females in life,—pretty females and ugly females,

good females and bad females; tall females and short females,"—he came suddenly to a stand-still, and had to apologize, saying, "he really hadn't give it for such a long time, that he couldn't call to mind the way in which he introduced the werses, which," he told us, "was uncommon pretty, 'specially when spoke in the same Yorkshire tongue as they was originally wrote in."

It was while the clown was endeavouring to remember the words of "the Lancashire poet Burns in the original Yorkshire dialect" that young Mr. Alfred Bilberry sprang into the room, carrying a handkerchief, which he held by the four corners, till it looked like a large pudding cloth.

"There, my lads," he said, as he bumped it up and down on the table, "that's the sound of the right stuff, I think. The Guv'nor's forked out every farthing, like a brick!"

And then, spreading the bundle open, he exposed a number of rolls of thalers done up in paper, so that they had the appearance of being so many quarter-pound packets of English tobacco; and when Mrs. Bilberry returned to the room he said, "Here, mother, I've got our reg'lars at last. There it is for you—the whole lot."

"Are you sure it's all right?" inquired the lady, her eyes twinkling, as she stowed roll after roll away in her reticule.

"O yes: 450 thalers," said the boy. "I counted it after the cashier—only I give the little girls a groschen each before I come away."

"Did you, though?" the mother returned, with a smile. "Well, that wasn't very noble. You might have made it sixpence, seeing that Becky's father's laid up with a hepileptic stroke."

"Well, then, I didn't give 'em a *sixpence* neither, mother," laughed the generous lad, "but I left the little things enough to buy a silk dress apiece."

In a few minutes afterwards Mrs. Bilberry quietly disappeared, with the cash in her bag, while the boys endeavoured once more to wake up their sleeping guests. The attempt, however, to galvanize the company into anything like animation, not to say merriment, was utterly fruitless. They had not any of them a song, a story, or hardly a word in them. So, after sitting for a little while longer, as gloomy and silent as prisoners at Pentonville, the company broke up, leaving the good-looking boy Alfred alone with one of the Frauleins, who had sat for the greater part of the evening with the tears in her eyes, and her hand locked in his, to whisper his last adieu in the ear of the girl.

CHAPTER V.

THE MELANCHOLY MERRIMAN.

SOME few weeks after the departure of the Bilberrys, the entire stock of sightseers in the town had grown weary of witnessing the same "balloons" jumped through night after night, the same feats of rapid horsemanship, the same somersaults thrown, the same peacock's feather balanced on the same clown's nose, the same handkerchief picked up by the same trained steed, the same poodles jump through the same hoops,—and, indeed, the same everything done for some twenty-odd nights in succession; so that, though there had been no circus in the city for ten years before, even the "patient Germans" began to prefer the "company" at the beer-houses to that of the riding-booth, and to find a game at "sixty-six," at less than a farthing a point, more exciting than the attractions of the four-legged "Lady" or "Moskau" in the ring. Hence, after the usual round of "last nights" and "positively the very last night," with an extra "farewell performance, by special desire," in addition, orders were given for the different members of the *troupe* to have

their wardrobes packed ready to start for Mühlhausen by nine on the morrow.

In the meantime we had got to know, and even respect, one of the English clowns—better, indeed, than the Bilberrys themselves. Poor fellow! though it was his vocation to be funny, he was really as sad a man at heart as if he had been the ghost of Herr Werther himself; and oftener, when he had washed the paint off his face, tears were nearer to his eyes than the laugh or jest was ready to his lips. No wonder, too, when his young wife, owing to her having been put on horseback to jump her dozen or so of hoops in the ring but three weeks after her confinement, had injured herself so seriously that the doctor, who came to see her three or four times a day without fee or reward—and even German doctors rank as the most kindly people in the land—had told the man that he could not answer for her life from one half-hour to the other.

"Ah, sir!" the melancholy jack-pudding would sigh to us, "hour's is a very queer perfession!" (and when we tell the reader that the man could hardly read or write, it will be readily understood that his mode of speaking was not of the most grammatical character.) "There's more hups and downs in it than there is in the 'Life of the 'Igh Mettled Racer,' which may be as you've seed the play preformed at Hashley's. Beautiful! were'n it? It's made me cry over and over again, though it never took so much with the public as with the hartists in the ring. Now, there's that there babby of mine, which her

name is Lizzie, ain't never knowed so much as the taste of her mother's milk, for our females as is expected to have good figures can't do their rights to their own flesh and blood. No! nor it ain't even laid alongside of its mother for a night, poor thing! since it was born; for, you see, sir, the women with us is too tired, and sleeps too heavy, after they has done their work to be trusted with a hinfant next 'em; so that it do rile me uncommon, sir, when I sees the 'oman as we're obliged to put it to nuss with in every town, bring it to us morning and evening, as we makes a pint on, and I hears the little thing scream to get back to its nuss, instead of being pleased to stay with its own rightful mother."

"What did he mean to do with the child?" we inquired. "I suppose," said we, "it will be brought up, in due course, to your own 'queer perfession,' as you call it?"

"Well, sir," ran the answer, "If I makes my fortune in the ring, which it is many of us clowns has done before me, I *shan't*" (and there was an emphasis on the word, as if the work was really hateful to the man); "but if I doesn't, which it is the much the most likelier of the two, I *shall*. I'll have her on the pad as soon as she can walk; for, please God as her neck's spared, she'll have to keep her father in his old age—that there's the reg'lar rule with us circus-folk. But if anythink should happen to the mother on her—and I'm like a babby myself, sir, when I sees her suffer as she does, all through this here cussed business, as there ain't no getting out on,

when you've once put your foot in it—if it should please God, I say, to rid me on my missus, and leave me with that there hinfant to nuss in my arms in the midst of my work, whatever is to become of me, the Lord Amighty only knows. But I'm give to look on the black side of things: so, with your leave, we won't talk no more on that there subjeck."

Then he would ask, "You didn't speak with the doctor to-day, did you, sir?—you see we can't tumble much to this here parley-vooing—and hear from him whether he thought as Hemmerly was better or not, and if so be as he fancied she'd ever be fit to go to her work again; for the guv'nor has been and dropped 1*l.* a-week off our salary since she took hill, and that there's a great deal to us in our small way. Ah, hour's *his* a queer perfession, sir!" he would sigh again. "Hillness or haccidents almost every t'other week on your life, and then the ghost don't walk to the same tune as he did afore—hain't it a queer perfession now, sir?"

The next moment, maybe, he would seem to take heart for a while, and begin to descant on the virtues and cleverness of the female "trick-act" rider to whom he was wedded, saying, "My wife ain't no common woman, sir. She's a remarkable good scholard, as regards reading and writing, and her father, which he is a hequestrian hartist likewise, has got money in the bank—though I've never been a penny the better for all his goold. But what licks me silly, sir, is this here: though my Hemmerly can write a letter as beautiful as

here and there one, she can't *indite* one nohow; for whenever she has to do even a few lines, she can't tumble to the words at all, and so I as to indite it for her—though it's as much as I can do to sign my own name." (The poor fellow, of course, meant, that he had to dictate to his wife the substance of such correspondence as was required of them; though to show the extent of his knowledge in this matter, we may add, that in one of the letters sent to our wife, to let us know how they were getting on after they had left the town, the note ended "Yours respectfully, *Mrs.*——").

"My great delight," he then continued, "is to get my Hemmerly, after our work is over of an evening, to sit and read to me, while I smokes my cigar, till she can't keep her eyes open no longer. Not that we've got many books, and we ain't seed a Hinglish paper for months, saving the 'Penny Bell's Life,' as a cully sent to me when the circus was in 'Annover, and that there 'Hobserver' as you lent us t'other day; but blame me, if I couldn't set up a-hearing Hemmerly read out to me the particulars of the murders and the fights all night long. If it hadn't a been for a hold Hinglish History of Hingland, as I picked up at a book-stall for five groschens in Aller (*Halle*), I don't know what would have become on us among these here blamed German sausages, as can't tumble to a language as has any hunderstanding about it. May be as you've read the History of Hingland yourself, sir; but that there book as I've got is a huncommon beautiful one; there's many a fine 'wheeze cracked' in

it" (in polite language, it contains a number of good stories), "and I wouldn't part with it for a month's salary. It says at the beginning on it, as it was printed 500 years before Christ."

We mildly suggested that there must be some slight mistake, seeing that it was not until 1400 years after Christ that movable types were invented.

"I knows nothing about that there," was the simple reply; "but so it stands in the first leaf of the book, which it is called the 'Wars and Troubles of the History of Hingland,' with an account of all the battles as has been fought from the time of the landing of the Romans, 500 years before Christ, in our highland. And if so be that ain't true, where's the use of books, I says. Howsomever, that there book has been a great comfort to me many a night arter I've done my work. We've got as far as the carrotty-headed king, sir—him as was shot by a harrer when he was doing the stag-hunt business. Whatever does they call him?"

"Rufus," we hinted.

"Ah! yes, that's his very name; and I couldn't never have believed, if my wife hadn't read it out to me, how much we Hinglish has been put upon by these here furreners, in the shapes of Danes and Saxons, and the Lord knows what."

At the time of this conversation, a German friend, who can bear witness to the truth of the above simple story, strange as it may sound to educated ears, happened to be present, and we told the poor clown that not only was he himself in the land of

the ancient Saxons, but that the very gentleman sitting at his side was a Saxon also. Whereupon, it was curious to observe the astonishment of the unlettered fellow, as he eyed the German from top to toe, and seemed to wonder how it was he was not accoutred with the shield and short sword which the much-prized ancient history of England had taught him invariably to connect with the Saxon race.

"Well, then, all I can say is, I'm very sorry as he's one on 'em," he blurted out; "for I hates the savages, and I only wishes as I never set shoe-leather in their country—though I'm blamed if they're going to come any of their tricks over me, I can tell 'em."

Indeed, the perusal of this old and not-particularly-trustworthy history of England had made so deep an impression upon the clown's mind that he seemed to think no one could possibly be acquainted with the same particulars as himself; and was always ready to refer to the early sufferings of the English people, as though he fancied no one could ever have heard of them before. So that, when we sent our son to borrow the boasted volume, in order that we might satisfy ourselves what it was really worth, he told the boy "as he was proud as a man like his father should want to see that there book; and, if we wished to study it for a few days we was quite welcome, for he was sure there was a good deal to be got out on it by any Hinglish scholard."

One other illustration as to the extreme innocence —or ignorance, if you like the harder term—of these same English circus clowns, and we have done.

We have before said that it is customary with such folk to see nothing, and know nothing, of the strange places they are in the habit of visiting,—their entire time being passed at the booth and the Gasthaus, which are the only places they ever frequent. However, during the stay of the troupe in Eisenach, a party of the performers went up to visit the castle of the Wartburg, and the day after they had returned from the sight, the clown (of whose simplicity we have endeavoured to give the reader some faint notion) said to us, "I've got a favour to ask on you, sir. Ever since we've pitched in this here town I've heerd nothing but of a chap they calls Martin Luter: and when I was up at the castle yesterday with the rest on the company, they showed us a little crib, which it ain't no great shakes of a lodging, where they said the bloke lived for some time. They pointed out to us, too, a black hole in the wall, as one of my cullies said, the mumbly old guide declared was the very hidentical spot where he had throwed his hinkstand at the devil. Now what I wants to know from you is, who the doose is this same Martin Luter, as these here German sausages cracks so much about? There's a uncommon clever German family, of something like that there name, a-hearning good money in our perfession with either Carré or Renz—which I don't know which it is exactly; and I should very much like to learn whether the old 'un at the castle had anything to do with them there; for they tells me as how a troop of horsemen carried him off somewhere about these here parts."

The above anecdote may sound somewhat improbable to those who have no knowledge, and are unable to conceive the ignorance, of a class of persons who are not only unlettered, but the circle of whose minds is limited to the very ring in which they perform. Nevertheless, when a writer, whose stories about the poor have never been questioned, pledges his faith for the absolute truth of what he has here narrated, the incredulous reader will, perhaps, do him the justice to believe that the matter is not purely imaginative, but a literal illustration of the character and learning of the class of people here described.

Nevertheless, such was the natural goodness of the simple clown's heart, and such the childish purity of his mind, that we could not have helped liking, and, indeed, respecting the poor fellow—even if his family affliction had not made us pity him—in whom we saw so transparently the raw material of human nature.*

* It was not a little consoling to our national pride to hear this simple and untutored man rave at the utter want of decency among the female performers at the German amphitheatres. One would naturally have supposed that a person, who had been used to tenting and penny circuses in our own country, would not have been very straight-laced as to his notions of womanly propriety; and yet, to our surprise, he assured us that the utter shamelessness of the female riders abroad not only disgusted him, but astonished every one of the performers of our own country directly they crossed the Channel. In France, he told us it was customary for the male and female riders to dress all together in the same room; and though he had travelled with almost every form of mountebank life in England, he could not have believed, until he came on the

So that, as the time drew near for the departure of the troupe, and the poor fellow's wife still lay in her

Continent, that such a disgraceful state of things could be tolerated in the "purfession." In Germany, however, he said that, though there were separate dressing-rooms for the male and female riders, such a division of the sexes was rather enforced by the police than insisted upon by the women themselves—adding that the German female riders thought nothing of allowing the officers to come into their dressing-rooms while they were in the act of changing their costumes; and, indeed, that they had only a strip of carpet, nailed up at the entrance, to screen them from the gaze of any person in the passages outside. The English women, however, had refused to dress in such places, and insisted not only upon having a separate room, but one fitted with a door and lock to it, so as to be able to close it fast against all intruders. Moreover, he had seen such acts performed in public by the women riding in the ring, as would have made the audience, even at the lowest penny booth in our own country, tear up the benches and punish severely every one who was party to it. In England, he informed us, no master of a circus would ever dream of asking the commonest female performer to ride a horse like a man; since such an act, in the English profession, is generally considered to be one of the most revolting exhibitions. In Germany, however, so little disgrace is connected with it, that not only do the circus performers themselves see nothing unwomanly in the act, but the public are positively delighted with the spectacle. To those who have lived in Germany for any length of time, this account of the difference between the modesty of the women of that nation and our own will be in no way astonishing; for in a land where grown-up brothers and sisters are allowed to sleep and dress, almost invariably, in the same chamber—where married, and even single, women think it no shame for strange men to enter their bed-rooms, and where none deem it necessary to knock at the door before doing so—the English resident soon learns to have no very exalted opinion of the delicacy of the "gentle sex." But, though we ourselves had seen the wife of the second burgomaster of the town halt at one side of the public street to perform an

bed in a high state of fever—now, in her delirium, calling for her mother and father to come to her, and then wanting to crush her baby to death on her bosom—we saw how every day the wretched "jack-pudding" pined and fretted at the thought that she would lack the strength to travel with them; and

act which a cat thinks it necessary to do in private—though we had heard conjurors at the Klemda make jokes on the secret offices of female nature, which even married men in our own country blush to the roots of their hair to allude to—and had seen the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, all convulsed with delight at the filthy jest, when the juggler told some young girl to look at the card she had drawn, and she would find she had got "*rothe König*" (a term that it is impossible to translate to English ears); though we had heard and seen this and even more, still — despite all the bestiality and shamelessness of German wives, and girls too—of fathers and mothers in the presence of their own sons and daughters — we must confess that we were not prepared to discover that one of our own clowns was decent man enough to feel outraged with the sights he had witnessed among the females of his own profession abroad. Nor did we expect to find that a class of English women, whom the public at home are generally in the habit of believing to be not overburdened with delicacy, or to be *quite* as chaste as Susannah herself, should have a greater susceptibility to shame than the most elegant ladies in Saxony—their English woman's nature instinctively revolting from scenes and customs which are every-day occurrences between the sexes in Deutschland. And yet such is the state of female depravity in a land where we are told all are educated. Aye! educated, and yet as fond of dirt as was the sapient pig Toby! But oh! for a little more decency, we say, and a little less "*Grammatik*"—a little more manly feeling, and a little less Latin and Greek—a little more feminine grace, and a little less embroidery and bead-work! and then, perhaps, the men and women of such a nation might rank, in the eyes of English people, as something better than a race of learned and accomplished swine.

how he shuddered at the idea of leaving her behind —perhaps to die alone, and in a strange land.

Accordingly, one morning, when his eyes were red with the little hope and comfort the doctor had just given him, we took him by the arm, and told him that we, and our family, would be happy to do for his wife what every English person would consider it only his duty to perform under such circumstances; saying that he might rest assured that our wife and daughter would nurse and tend the poor sick creature as tenderly as though she were a sister of their own.

The man pressed our hand, for he could not speak for a time; and when the words came, all he said was, "What would have become of us, if I'd had to leave her behind alone, in that there Gasthaus, I can't tell."

We knew, indeed, that it had been a hard matter for the poor fellow to pay his way, owing to the "bad business," and the consequent difficulty of getting the whole of his salary from the Director. Moreover, on the night previous to the departure of the company from Eisenach, the wretched clown had been able to get only twenty thalers from the cashier, whilst the bill for the expenses of himself and wife at the hotel amounted to one dollar more than the sum he had received. A female member of the troupe, however, knowing how badly he had fared, chanced to meet him at the cashier's door, and gave him half the amount she herself had been paid; and thus he was enabled to pay his way out of

the town, and to have a few groschens left wherewith to enter the next city.*

* A peculiar police regulation was made known to us at this time. Before it was possible for the poor clown to quit Eisenach and leave his wife and child behind, we found that it was necessary for him to *melt*, as the Germans call it (literally, to announce), the fact to the *Polezei-Direction*, and to give "caution," as it is termed, or in other words, find bail or security against their becoming "chargeable" to the city in his absence. The police, however, knowing (for in a land of *espionnage* they, of course, know everything) that the sick woman and child were about to stay with us, dispensed with the usual cautionary formalities. Nevertheless, we could not help wondering what would have been the consequence if the customary security had been insisted on, and the poor creatures had been unable to find any one willing to undertake such a responsibility on their account. Would the sick woman, then, have been *forced* to take the journey, and die upon the road? Or, on the other hand, if the husband had gone away without his wife, and failed to comply with the police regulations, would she have been carted out of the place and shot, with her infant in her arms, into the first ditch of the next petty duchy, there to remain until the authorities of the beggarly principality thought it best to cart her on to another equally hospitable and munificent region? And would this carting have continued until, at length, she had thus got to be removed, by the shortest-possible stages, out of the land of pocket-handkerchief principalities altogether?

"You'll have to *melt* (that is to say, to *announce* that you are about to leave behind) your *Frau* and *Kind* at the police-office before starting," said we to the clown, talking half English and half German to him.

"*Melt* my wife and babby at the police-office!" echoed the poor fellow, in pretended astonishment. "Don't it sound hawful, sir?"

And when the man had complied with the official regulations, and found that the usual security was not demanded in his case, he hurried back, not a little delighted, and said to us, with a faint smile as he entered our room again:—

It is difficult to speak of one's own acts with anything like grace. Suffice it, therefore, that the ladies of our family did for the sick wife of that wretched mountebank what, for the honour of our own countrywomen be it spoken, hundreds of other English wives and daughters would have been only too glad to have done under similar circumstances. Our wife (and there is not a kindlier soul living) made soups and jellies for the invalid, and frocks and petticoats for the little baby; while our daughter, when the poor woman grew better, read to her at her bedside, and afterwards, when she had grown well enough under such treatment to sit up on the sofa for a few hours every day, would play and sing some of the Thuringian ditties to her, or else some favourite English air that the poor sick soul would ask for, saying that it made her think of the happy home-country once again.

Up to this time we had had but little opportunity of either knowing or seeing the woman; for she had been bed-ridden almost the whole of the period that her husband had been in Eisenach. So that it was only during the latter part of her stay with us—when she had become well enough to talk and move about a little—that we got to learn that the clown's

"Well, sir, I've *baked* the babby and the missus—that is, I mean I've *melted* them right away."

For though the tear was trembling in his eye at the idea of parting with his wife and child, the clown (after the custom of the profession in general) could not help "clowning" and "cracking a wheeze" about it (as the circus people phrase it), even in his misery.

wife was even more childish in nature than her simple-minded husband himself. This, however, was a matter hardly to be wondered at; for when we tell the reader that she had been riding on horseback, night after night—and indeed day after day at the morning's "repetition"—ever since she was six years' old, it will not be difficult for him to understand how limited must have been the circle of her information, or how narrow the sphere of her experience. The ordinary sources of female amusement were utterly closed to her; while of the common occupations of married women she was wholly ignorant. True, she could read and write; but then her mind had been so little trained to habits of attention that it was irksome to her to look at a book for more than two minutes together; and by the time she had got to the conclusion of the first paragraph in a newspaper, the tension of her faculties was at an end. She had never been accustomed to needle-work, so that she found no pleasure in sewing; and she knew no more of cooking than a servant of all work, so that the only delight she found in the kitchen was in going there, as soon as she was strong enough to do so, to learn what there was for dinner.

In a word, she was a grown-up child—a child in mind, in nature, and in want of settled occupation—a child in her love of sweetmeats—a child in her knowledge of the value of money—a child in her affection for her parents—aye, and a child even in purity too, strange as it may sound to say as much of a woman rider at a travelling circus.

So utterly innocent, moreover, was she of all worldly matters—so wholly ignorant of the ordinary concerns of life, unless indeed they were the different "equestrian concerns" travelling throughout Germany—that she was unable to talk upon any subject but her own business. In fine, it was only in the society of her baby that she could find the least pleasure or amusement, now that her ordinary occupation throughout the day failed her; but even when the little thing was brought to her, though she was ready to smother it with her kisses for the first five minutes, and to hug it to death in the exuberance of her mother's affection, it had hardly been in her arms a quarter of an hour before she would become weary with her attention to it. Accordingly she would give it back to its nurse, after having dandled it for a few minutes, and bid the woman bring it to her again by-and-by.

In fact, we have seen many strange types of humanity in the course of our experience among the poor, but never before did we meet with two such extremely simple-minded souls—two such thoroughly primitive and unpolluted natures—two such wholly inexperienced and unworldly people of the world; and yet, withal, two such good, honest, and virtuous creatures as that poor clown and his sick wife—mountebanks though they were to a travelling circus.*

* It is but just to the other English members of the same company, that we should add here that the couple above described were not the only persons whom an Englishman had a right to be proud of, as holding up a high and virtuous example

On the return of the troupe from Mühlhausen, the wife had become well enough to go with her husband over to Gotha—the next town where the riders were to perform. And when the clown came to fetch her and his child, after an absence of little more than a fortnight, the baby had lost all recollection of its father; and as the poor man beheld the little thing turn from him on his holding his arms out to her, he said to us, "Here's one of the beauties of our cussed perfession, sir. A man's own flesh and blood lives to forget him directly as his back's turned."

"O Jim, don't say so," cried the wife.

"But I *must*, Hemmerly, as a father," was the answer. "I tells you it's a cussed perfession hour's is"—and so the story ends.

to the German ladies engaged in the same profession. For there was one little English woman besides in the same company whom all spoke of as being one of the best and most virtuous wives, as well as one of the kindest souls in existence; and who, though in the last stage of consumption herself, and earning but a comparatively small salary, kept on at the arduous work, and not only maintained her paralytic husband, but a child of his by a former marriage, out of her slender means. When the clown's wife, too, lay ill in Eisenach, no sooner had this good little body finished her work, either at the evening's performance or the morning's practice, than she was off to the bedside of her sick fellow-performer, tending her and sitting up with her often till long past midnight; and *that*, be it borne in mind, after exertions of which the fatigue may be conceived from the description we have before given of the state of the company when assembled to take part in the Bilberry boys' "farewell party."

SECTION XI.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER I.

WHY IS GERMANY SO POOR?

THERE should be a moral to every story: a moral either suggested, or expressed. True, it is but poor literary artistry that has to enforce its object by direct preaching. Your real dramatist speaks from a pulpit as covert as Punch's show, and leaves the puppets to set forth, as pleasantly as possible, how deviltry seldom triumphs in the long run—the preacher himself remaining hidden under the baize all the time; teaching, while the figures he introduces on the stage are apparently jesting; and prosing (without the least ostensible prosiness) from his unseen rostrum below, while his vagabond hero is singing and rioting above.

In descriptive writing, however, it is difficult to exhibit scenes and manners as pointedly, and yet within the same narrow compass, as Hogarth painted them. Words want the flash and form of colours; and a painter can tell a story, with a few dabs from his palette, which an author often requires many a penful of ink to make out.

In the preceding chapters, we have endeavoured

to give the English reader merely a surface-view of such little bits of life as meet the eye during a lengthened term of residence abroad. We have left the pictures to tell their own tale, by the marked contrast they present to the manners and customs of our own country. No "chorus" was needed to point out how many hundred years behind us are the people, in all the requirements of decency and civilization, among whom such a comfortless and boorish form of existence can continue to the present day; and, therefore, scene followed scene, without a word to check the current of the story.

But, now that the ethnological "galantee-show" is at an end; now that our stock of pictures is exhausted, and the "midnight oil" which cast the shadows on the wall is well nigh burnt out, let us turn up the lights, and see whether it is not possible to illumine the darkness, as to the reason why Germany and the Germans—despite all the schooling of the people and the learning of their professors—should be and remain in such a state of political and social, if not moral, degradation.

It is impossible to live in a foreign land for several years, and note how essentially the inhabitants differ from your own countrymen, without framing some theory as to the cause of the diversity. To see the country and the natives, as a tourist sees them—through the magnifying glasses of a lorgnette—conveys but an exaggerated image, without the least intellectual perception, to the mind. The substrata of a nation's character are not as readily discovered as is the geological constitution of the soil; and it is

more easy for a Sir Charles Lyell to tell, even with a scamper over the land, what subterranean influences have been at work to give the earth in a certain quarter its present configuration of valley and mountain, than it is for the political economist, or the moral philosopher, to ascertain, even after a long course of communion with the inhabitants, or years of residence as a "protected citizen" in the capital, to what different laws, or to what peculiar form of ethnological or political constitution among the people, are to be ascribed the marked differences between one race and another; either in the general wealth of the country—the energy and industry of the working population—the enterprise of the merchants—the tidiness and decency of the women—the temperance, probity, and honour of the men—the comfort of their homes, or the nutritive quality of their food.

Ever since the days of Malthus, there has been but one fashionable theory by which to account for the poverty of every nation: there are too many guests, say the political economists, to partake of the feast which Nature, or the arts of civilized life, has spread for the great mass of the people; and, therefore, while the more favoured of the company, to whom special places have been assigned at the board, are permitted to have their fill of the good things, the less lucky portion must, some of them, consent to be satisfied with the crumbs that fall from the table, and others be content even to go *without*. But assuredly, the over-population fable has no moral applicable to Germany at the present day; for it is not that the people there are too plentiful for

the feast (since there are, by no means, so many inhabitants to the acre in Deutschland as with us*); but rather that the feast, as compared with

* The entire territories included within the German Confederation comprise an area of 156,396,800 English statute acres. This makes Germany just upon *three* times as large as England, Wales, and Scotland together, the area of which is stated at 56,797,763 acres, in our official returns. The population of all Germany, however, in 1850 was 41,196,509, whilst that of the United Kingdom, according to the census of 1851, amounted to very nearly twenty-one millions, or exactly 20,996,753. Therefore the entire Fatherland, though *three times as large in extent*, contains *only twice as many souls* as our own island; or, in other words, whilst there are more than 3¾ English acres of land to each individual, in Deutschland there are not quite 2¼ such acres to every man, woman, and child in our country. The entire area of Prussia again is 45,733,760 acres, and hence it is *about a third larger* than England and Wales, the area of which contains only 37,324,915 such acres. But the population of Prussia in 1850 was 12,249,126, whereas that of England and Wales at the same period was *half as much again*, or 18,126,569. Consequently, whilst in Prussia there are not quite 3¾ acres of land corresponding to each person throughout the kingdom, there are barely 2½ such acres to every individual in England and Wales. Moreover, the Kingdom of Bavaria is just about the size of Ireland—the former comprising 19,344,640 of our statute acres, and the latter 20,808,271, whilst the population of the Bavarian Kingdom is one-third less than that of the Emerald Isle—the precise figures being 4,504,874 souls in the one, and 6,550,319 in the other; so that whilst the Bavarians would have each, if the land were equally divided among them, rather better than 4¼ acres, the Irish would get respectively, under the same circumstances, not quite 2½ acres. Further still: the tiny Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar has an area of 907,520 acres, so that it has not quite so great an extent as the English county of Suffolk, which contains as many as 947,681 acres. The population of Saxe-Weimar, nevertheless, was only 257,373 in the year 1850, whilst that of the said English county was as much as 337,215, or not quite half as many souls again. Hence there must be more than 3½ acres of land corresponding to each individual

that of other lands, is too scanty, and poor to feed and nourish the assembled guests. The history of

throughout the petty German Principality, and only 2·81 acres to every person in the said county of England.

To represent these differences, however, in a more striking form, we will now proceed to tabulate them, placing the English statistics by the side of the German ones, for the sake of contrast; and thus the reader will be enabled to perceive at a glance that the poverty of Germany cannot possibly be explained by the over-population theory, since the average number of acres to each person is for all Germany 3·79; for Great Britain 2·82; for the United Kingdom 2·70; for England and Wales 2·40; and for England alone—which is at once the most *densely-populated* and the *richest* country of all—only 1·90 acres per individual.

COMPARATIVE TABLE, SHOWING THE AREA IN ENGLISH STATUTE ACRES, AND THE POPULATION, AS WELL AS THE NUMBER OF ACRES CORRESPONDING TO EACH INDIVIDUAL IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

GERMANY.

German Territories.	Area in English Statute Acres.	Population in 1850.	No. of Acres to each Individual.
Saxe-Weimar . .	907,520	257,373	3·52
Bavaria	19,344,640	4,504,874	4·29
Prussia	45,733,760	12,249,126	3·72
All Germany . .	156,396,800	41,196,509	3·79

ENGLAND.

Parts of Great Britain.	Area in English Statute Acres.	Population in 1851.	No. of Acres to each Individual.	Percentage of Over-Population per acre.
County of Suffolk .	947,681	337,215	2·81	25 per cent. more than Saxe-Weimar.
Ireland	20,808,271	6,550,319	2·46	74 per cent. more than in Bavaria.
England and Wales	37,324,915	18,126,569	2·40	55 per cent. more than in Prussia.
United Kingdom (England, Wales, and Scotland).	56,797,763	20,996,753	2·70	40 per cent. more than all Germany.

The conclusion shown by the last column of the preceding

every German city teaches us that the population of it stagnates, at least, if it does not absolutely retrograde, in number; while many an ancient commercial emporium in Germany, which was the pride and wonder of the Middle Ages, for its bustle and its wealth (like Köln, Magdeburg, Lubeck, and the majority of the Hanse towns of old), has long since lapsed into a state of comparative desolation and inactivity. Moreover, such a vast colony of "outwanderers" is continually pouring across the Atlantic, year after year, that already a great Foster-Fatherland has been founded in the new world by the Germans, who have fled their own wretched native-homes for the more hospitable shores of America. Nor can it be said, on the other hand, by way of compensation, that any new centres of industry and commerce have sprung up in Germany within the last century: such as Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Liverpool, and a host of other large towns with us, where the population has risen, within a few years, from that of hamlets into a concourse of souls almost as great as that of Berlin, or as that indeed of many a German grand-duchy.* Fur-

table is, that the county of Suffolk is 25 per cent. more densely peopled than Saxe-Weimar; Ireland 74 per cent. more than Bavaria (both alike Catholic); England and Wales 55 per cent. more than Prussia; and the United Kingdom of England, Wales, and Scotland 40 per cent. more than all Germany.

* Liverpool in 1851 had a population of 375,000 and odd, whilst Berlin in 1846 contained no more than 408,000 and odd inhabitants, so that, most probably, by this time the English provincial town is considerably bigger than the Prussian capital.

ther, why is it that Switzerland, with its long chains of barren mountains, is "the labourer's Paradise," as it is termed, and Germany, with its miles upon miles of fertile plains, the working-man's Pandemonium, where there is for ever "gnashing of teeth," among the poor, and only a crust of black bread, occasionally, to grind in them? The population-theory, we repeat, will in no way help us to understand the reason of the difference: no more than it will enable us to comprehend why the ordinary fare at the national feast of England should be white bread (which the Germans regard as cake, from its superiority to their own old-oaken staff of life), and roast beef (aye, and such beef as grand-dukes themselves never tasted), with plum-pudding occasionally to follow; whereas the characteristic cheer of Deutschland consists of black bread, and potatoe soup, with, by way of a great treat, a dish of rotten cabbage, seasoned with fat, as an addendum. The common drink, too, at morning and evening, among the German gentry and work-people, is a cup of the infusion of burnt carrots at threepence per pound (as a make-shift for coffee), without either milk or sugar; whilst that of the very poorest of our own folk consists of a "dish" of four-shilling tea, duly milked and sweetened.

Again, we ask, why should the great mass of the people of the one country be in a state of such comparative squalor, and those of the other live in such relative luxury; so that a working engineer earning his three pounds a-week in England, is not only as well paid as the Chief Judge of the assizes in Eise-

nach, but infinitely better housed and better fed than the first legal dignitary in the Thuringian capital? *

And again we answer it is *not* because there are too many people in Deutschland, among whom to share the national wealth; but it *is*, on the contrary, because there is too little wealth in the country to be divided among even the few wretched inhabitants who are still content to vegetate in it.

Then comes the question, *why* should Germany be so poor; and what is the cause of national riches in general?—a question which seems to require an entire treatise rather than a few pages by way of "conclusion," to answer it. And yet the circumstances which lead to the enrichment of private individuals are, in the aggregate, but the self-same as those which conduce to the wealth of nations. Hence, the larger inquiry narrows itself into the smaller one —how did James Watt, the poor mathematical-instrument maker, rise to be the principal manufacturer in Birmingham, if not in the entire world? How was it that the penny barber, Richard Arkwright, got to be the richest commoner in England? How came George Stephenson, the miner's boy,

* Our wife happened, while at the butcher's one morning, in Eisenach, to see a small leg of mutton, of about six pounds' weight, lying on the counter there, and knowing that it was an *unusually large* joint for any German family to indulge in, she inquired for whom it was intended. "Oh, that is for the *gnadige Herr President des Assisen* (the gracious Mr. President of the Assizes)," was the answer. "He has a *grosse Gesellschaft* (great company) to-day in honour of his newly-married daughter's return to the city." And the six pounds of baked meat was to feast the entire assembly!

originally earning but his fourpence a-week in the coal-mines of the North, to be the first engineer in our country, and to live to amass a considerable fortune? (And, by way of parenthesis, let us remark what a large share of the general riches of England is due to the individual genius and enterprise of each of the three illustrious examples here cited.) Or—to take a purely commercial instance—how did it happen that Morrison, the small linendraper, to whose little shop in Oxford Street we remember going in our boyhood with our mother, over and over again, to buy ribbons and tapes, got to be a millionaire in his latter days?

There is a cant abroad that saving is the main means to future wealth. If such, however, were the fact, Germany, for that very reason, should be the richest country on the face of the globe; for almost all the people there, as a rule, put by a certain portion of even the little they earn. So general indeed is this custom, that the English chaplain at Coblenz told us that he was once solicited to give a few pence, by way of alms, to a beggar, in the outskirts of the Rhenish capital; and on his excusing himself on the score that he had no "small money" with him, the frugal mendicant exclaimed, "That won't matter (*dass schad't nicht*), I can let the gentleman have change for a thaler, if he wants it." One family of six, whom we knew, and who possessed a couple of carts and teams, so that they earned near upon a dozen thalers a-week among them, nevertheless, made a rule of living upon 1*s.* 6*d.* a day for the entire lot

of them, and laying by all the rest; and whenever either of the girls went out to work at the houses of gentlefolks, she would carry the scraps of bread, meat, or cheese-parings back home with her, as if the whole tribe were starving. Indeed, so general is this habit of saving, that even the poorest people have, mostly, some few score thalers treasured in their houses.

It is, however, this universal propensity among the Germans for saving, as well as stinting themselves of the commonest necessaries of life (after the men have wasted, as before shown, the greater portion of their means in brutal extravagance), which presents us with the real solution of the problem we have in hand. The simple fact is, that Germany is a nation of misers, who believe in the hoarding of money, rather than the profitable investment of it, in any industrial or commercial enterprise; and hence the utter degradation—socially, morally, and politically speaking—of the people. A country of Daniel Dancers or John Elwes could never, by any possibility, rise to national greatness; for where universal meanness and parsimony prevail, it is beyond the natural order of things that there should be large commercial undertakings, or anything approximating to national dignity. As well might a community of squirrels hope to take rank among the higher Powers of Europe. Such, indeed, is the greed for money in Germany, that the people are ready to stoop to any meanness to get it; and having got it, to practise

any meanness rather than part with it. Hence the scanty and filthy fare, the miserable housing, the bad wages, the trumpery finery worn on high-days and holidays, the servile toadyism of the rich, the insolent and grinding treatment of the poor, and in fine, the thousand and one dirtinesses and pettinesses which Germans are ever ready either to adopt or submit to. "*Geiz ist die Wurzel alles Übel*" (avarice is the root of all evil) is a proverb of the country; and though every German knows, by his own experience, the truth of the saying, and feels the baseness of the stinginess when exercised against himself, every German, nevertheless, is just as base and stingy in his dealings with others. Those, therefore, who have money to part with, will stand haggling and chaffering at the market and in the shops by the hour, in order to dispense as few pfennings as possible; and those, on the other hand, who have money to get, will submit to any amount of grinding-down rather than let a pfenning go from them; so that though consumers give never so little, producers will produce for as little, and merchants sell for as little, as the others choose to give; and though employers pay the smallest wages, workmen are still to be found ready to accept even the smallest sum, and to live on the very scantiest fare in exchange for their labour.

"Why don't you fatten your cattle and your poultry for the table?" exclaims the Englishman, when he sees, for the first time, the wretched meagre bits of beef or mutton in the butchers' shops, and the half-starved fowls that are brought to market.

"Oh, it will not pay," is the answer; "people will not give the money for it here."

"Why do you kill your calves when they are a day or two old?" is the next question.

"We cannot afford to let them have the milk. No one would buy the veal at the price it then would cost," runs the reply.

"Is there no such thing as a joint of lamb to be had in the country?" then you ask.

"Lamb, indeed!" is the exclamation, "do you think our people would ever pay to have such food killed for them?"

"Have you no better fruit than these apples, pears, and cherries, which grow by the roadside, and strawberries which are gathered wild in the woods, and about the size of pimples?" you go on.

"It does not answer here to grow any better," you are told.

"Nor any turnips other than these swedes, which we give to the sheep in England; nor peas a whit softer or sweeter than such as we dry for our pigeons?"

"No, no;" the answer runs, as per last, "our people would never give the money, even if we produced anything better for them."

In the same manner every article of manufacture is of the rudest possible description: knives that are no better than bits of old iron hoops, with two strips of black wood nailed on to the end of them; scissors that cut about as well as nippers; crockery,

the forms and colours of which seem to date as far back as the Etruscans; decanters and water-bottles as thin and fragile as soap-bubbles; calico that you might sift through; table-linen like jack-towels; flannel about as harsh and coarse as serge; silks as flimsy as tissue paper; newspapers as large, as neatly printed, and as highly informed as "last dying-speeches and confessions" with us; wagons as solid and as well put together as glass-crates; "gold" watches and showy massive bracelets, and big signet rings made of Dutch-foil; pianos as tuneful as hurdy-gurdies; and, indeed, every article fabricated out of the trumperiest possible materials, and wrought with the trashiest kind of "slop" workmanship. Yet, when you ask in the shops, as before in the markets, "Have you nothing better than this?" the answer you get is invariably the same, "Oh, no! if we were to have anything superior, our people would never buy it." In fact, it is only at the first-class hotels, which are frequented by strangers, that you see anything approximating to the elegant domestic appliances of England or France.

But it may be said, if Germany be so poor, the people, most likely, cannot afford to purchase the more expensive kinds of commodities. The true reason, however, is not that the people *cannot*, but rather that they *will not* give the money—for anything but beer and amusement; since, not alone the poor, but those who are better-to-do are wont

to live in a style but little beyond that of a farm-labourer in England. Even the Geizhals, who are looked up to as the millionaires of Thuringia, have workshops like a row of mud-hovels in Ireland; and one of these worthies dwells in a house on the "Saturday's market-place," about as elegant as a London "Refuge for the Destitute," with chintz window curtains to the best room in the place, after the fashion of an English dormitory, rather than a gentleman's drawing-room. Again: the Lord of Neuenhof, who is said to be a small Crœsus in his way, has a "palace" at the little mud village of which he is the Seigneur, not half so respectable or so tidy as a suburban villa in the neighbourhood of Clapham; and keeps his two-score of kine stabled in an old barnlike building that is about as clean and sweet as a slaughter-house, and where the cattle at the time of our visit, were everyone suffering from disease for want of fresh air. Moreover, the bauers, though they are mostly thriving folk enough, and are said, many of them, to have some thousand or two dollars stored in an old stocking, will go to no expense in the culture of their acres, so that such things as guano, phosphates, sub-soil ploughs, or threshing or reaping machines are utterly unknown in the land; and any one who has seen high-farming, as in Scotland and the best districts of our own country, is bewildered with wonder at the sight of the crops in Germany. An Englishman never beheld such mangey corn-fields in his life; nor wheat with such stalks—as lanky, indeed, as a Life Guards-

man's penny cane—and with ears more like wild gr'un'sell than a cultivated cereal.* The stones, too

* We have taken some trouble to ascertain the relative extent of the crops of our own country and those of Saxony. A writer who has the least regard for the dignity of his vocation will not *hazard a harsh* remark. The truth of the derogatory statement must be submitted to the strictest scrutiny, ere it is given to the world. A literary man owes this, not only to those upon whom he is sitting in judgment, but also to himself as a truth-speaker; for *he* is but a sorry scribe now-a-days who prostitutes his pen to the publication of false assertions, either wittingly or unwittingly. Hence, although our eyes had assured us that the yield of the land in Germany was considerably less than that of our own country, we would not allow the above remarks to go forth without first obtaining from the best-informed Germans themselves an account of the *average* crops of their land; so that we might contrast the returns furnished us with the agricultural statistics of England. And we now proceed to lay the result of our inquiries before the English reader, adding merely, that, for our own credit's sake, we have trusted to no *one* person in this matter, but have tested the information we received from many a large farmer in the neighbourhood of Eisenach by the opinions of others, as well as by consulting some of the principal master-bakers in the city as to the price and weight of the corn.

The returns as to the average yield of English land are given by M'Culloch in his "Geographical Dictionary" (under the head "British Empire"), and we there learn that such returns "have been compiled from a great variety of data, and received, moreover, the corrections of some eminent practical authorities" (p. 454, Vol. I.).

"At the close of the war in 1815," says the author of that admirable work, "the produce of wheat in England and Wales did not amount to 3 quarters, or 24 bushels an acre. But such and so great has been the progress of improvement in the interval, that its produce certainly amounts to, or rather, perhaps, exceeds, 3½ quarters, or 28 bushels, an acre at present." Then we are presented with the following

lie as thick in every field almost as shingles on the sea-shore, and there are more weeds among the barley

ESTIMATE OF THE AVERAGE RATE OF PRODUCE PER ACRE THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Wheat	3¾ quarters, or	30 bushels.
Barley	4½ „	36 „
Oats and Rye . .	5 „	40 „

The average quantity of seed used per acre the same high authority reckons at one-seventh of the entire produce.

Again: under the head of "England and Wales," this eminent statistician informs us that the average produce of wheat in the several English and Welsh counties may be said to "vary from 26 to 40 bushels per acre," and that from 2½ to 3 Winchester bushels per acre are required for seed.

Assuming, then, the mean between these two amounts (26–40) to be the average for the whole, we have 33 bushels of wheat per acre as the ordinary yield, and $\frac{1}{12}$ of the entire crop $\left(\frac{33}{2\frac{3}{4}}\right)$ as the amount generally used for seed.

Further, in the same work, under the head of the "United States," we find the following remark:—"It is certain that, even in the best-farmed districts of America, agriculture is in a very backward state; and, except where the land is naturally of a very superior quality, the produce is scanty indeed, compared with what is obtained in this country. In illustration of what is here stated," adds Mr. M'Culloch, "we beg to subjoin

"AN ACCOUNT OF THE AVERAGE PRODUCE PER ACRE OF THE CORN CROPS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, AS PUBLISHED IN A LATE REPORT BY THE 'STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,' IN CONTRAST WITH WHAT IS BELIEVED TO BE THE PRODUCE OF SIMILAR CROPS THROUGHOUT ENGLAND.

Produce.	New York.	England.
Wheat (bushels per Acre)	14	30 or 32
Barley „	16	32
Oats „	26	40

"It results," continues the author, "from this statement, that the returns per acre are about twice as great in England as in New

or the oats, than are to be found in the courtyard of York, although it has some of the best corn-growing land in the Union."

It would appear, then, that the average yield of the land in our own country may be taken at from 30 to 33 bushels of *wheat;* at from 32 to 36 bushels of *barley*, and at 40 bushels of *oats* or *rye*, per acre. Now, let us see what is the ordinary amount of the produce in the neighbourhood of the Thuringian capital.

RETURN AS TO THE NUMBER OF SHEAVES ("SCHOCK") OF CORN PRODUCED BY EACH ACRE OF LAND IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF EISENACH; AND ALSO AS TO THE NUMBER OF PECKS ("METZE") OF GRAIN YIELDED BY EACH SHEAF WHEN THRESHED, AS WELL AS THE WEIGHT OF EACH OF SUCH PECKS OF GRAIN IN GERMAN POUNDS, AND THE MARKET PRICE OF THE SAME.

Produce.	Number of Sheaves produced by each Acre.	Number of Pecks of Grain yielded by each Sheaf.	Weight, in German pounds, of each Peck of Grain.	Market Price of each Peck of Grain in the Autumn of 1863.
				s. *d.*
Wheat . . .	3	24	14½	1 3
Barley . . .	3½	24	11	0 9
Oats . . .	2½	40	7	0 5
Rye . . .	3	30	13½	1 0

In order to be able to compare this with the English returns it is necessary that we should compute the *weight* of the produce per acre, and then bring this into English pounds (troy), 64 of which go to a Winchester bushel. Accordingly, it will be found, from the figures above given, that the gross yield per acre in English measure is as follows:—

Produce.	Weight in German pounds.	Weight in English pounds troy.	Quantity in Winchester bushels.
Wheat	1044	1392	22·00
Barley	924	1232	19·25
Oats	700	933	14·66
Rye	1215	1620	25·25

NOTE.—The German pound weight consists of 30 *Loths*, each of which is equal to 256 English grains, so that the pound is equivalent to 7680 grains English; whilst our troy pound has only 5760 grains: hence, the German pound is one-third heavier than our troy pound.

some ancient ruin. The grass, again, in the meadows,

Let us now collate the above facts.

TABLE SHOWING THE COMPARATIVE YIELD PER ACRE (IN WINCHESTER BUSHELS) OF THE LAND IN THURINGIA, NEW YORK, AND THROUGHOUT ENGLAND.

Produce.	England.	Eisenach.	New York.
Wheat (Winchester bushels per Acre)	30	22	14
Barley ,, ,,	36	19¼	16
Oats ,, ,,	40	14⅔	26
Rye ,, ,,	40	25¼	no returns.

Thus, it is beyond doubt that the yield of our land is nearly *half* as much again for wheat crops, *twice* as much for barley, *thrice* as much for oats, and 58 per cent. more for rye, as compared with the ordinary produce of the land about Eisenach. Indeed, we are satisfied this is the very *least* that can be stated; for as in many parts of our own country the returns for wheat crops amount, on an average, to as much as 40 bushels per acre; so we were assured that, in many districts of Saxony, the yield is considered very good when even two sheaves are obtained from one acre; so that the difference is really much greater than above given. Indeed, we believe, judging by the eye, from the scanty appearance of the crops themselves, that the yield is *barely half* that of England

At Möhra, indeed, we learnt (see p. 5, Vol. I.) that the average wheat crop in that district might be taken at 24 measures of 33 lbs. each (or 792 German lbs. = 1056 lbs. English) per acre; which, divided by 64 (the number of pounds to a Winchester bushel), gives exactly 16½ English bushels as the general yield of wheat about there.

We likewise endeavoured to ascertain, while engaged upon this part of our subject, what was the average profit of the German farmers per acre, as well as the sum usually paid as rent for the land, and the wages given to the farm labourers. The latter it is somewhat difficult to compute, owing to the practice of paying the workmen in kind—*i. e.* by a certain proportion (generally a tenth) of the yield for their work. However, after consulting the best authorities as to the money-value of the amount received by the labourers, we have arrived at the subjoined data:—

is as rank as that of a bog (for draining is never

			£	s.	d.
Average rent of land per acre in the neighbourhood of Eisenach			1	10	0
Cost of tilling and garnering per acre :—					
Ploughing and sowing	5s.	6d.			
Reaping and carrying	3	9			
Threshing	10	6			
	19	9 (say)	1	0	0
Seed, at the rate of 8 *Metzen*, or 2 bushels, to each acre, and at 1s. for each *Metze*			0	8	0
Manure (at the rate of 18 cartloads per acre every third year, and at 1 thaler (3s.) per cartload)			0	18	0
Land-tax per acre			0	3	5
Total cost of tilling and garnering per acre			3	19	5

The expense, then, of cultivating the land and getting in the produce may be taken, in a round sum, at 4*l.* the acre; and now comes the question, what is the amount received for the average produce? This is soon reckoned; and, in so doing, we shall take the returns given for rye, as this is the main produce of the country.

The market-price for the peck (*Metze*) of the different kinds of corn will be seen on referring to the last column of the table before given. There it will be found that the yield of an acre of land is for rye 3 sheaves of 30 pecks each, or 90 pecks altogether, each of such pecks being worth in the market 1s., and the whole produce, consequently, fetching just as many shillings as there are pecks obtained, or, in all £4 10 0

Then there is the worth of the straw to be added; of this there are generally 3 *Schocks*, or trusses, to the acre, each truss fetching 1 thaler in the market, so that the whole will be worth :	0	9	0
Total value of the produce of an acre of land near Eisenach	4	19	0
Deduct the cost of rent, labour, manure, and seed	3	19	0
Nett profit per acre	1	0	0

dreamt of); indeed, the fine short velvetty turf of our lawns and plains is never found in Germany, for

Consequently, we may state the result in round numbers thus: —Rent, 1*l.* 10*s.*; labour, manure, and seed, 2*l.* 10*s.* per acre—or 4*l.* altogether. On the other side, the value of the grain produced is 4*l.* 10*s.*, and of the straw (say) 10*s.*,—or in all 5*l.* per acre. So that the gross profit may be estimated at 1*l.* per acre. Indeed, one farmer whom we consulted computed his gains at as much as 2*l.* per acre, but, upon after inquiry, we are inclined to believe that the smaller figure is the general amount.

Now, in our own country, the *average* rent given for land, taking one kind with another, may be reckoned at 1*l.* per acre, and the average profit of the farmer at the same rate also; so that we thus have the striking anomaly of land in Germany, which is barely half as fruitful as our own, letting for half as much again as in England; and that in a country where money is of far more value than with us. (At Möhra, the average rent of the land was between 24*s.* and 26*s.* English per acre, although the average yield of wheat there was only 16½ bushels to the acre; but then the farm labourers there got only 7*d.* a day with keep, or 6*s.* 6*d.* a-week without food.) Another curious result evolved by the foregoing returns is that, although 50 per cent. more rent is given for each acre, and the produce is barely half the quantity of English land, as well as the prices obtained for it considerably lower than with us, nevertheless, the average rate of profit accruing to the farmer is the same as that of our own husbandmen. Consequently, the reader will readily understand not only how poorly the fields must be cultivated, but also how little can be given as wages to the labourers employed upon them.

Indeed, it stands to reason that the higher rent is but a sign of the comparatively-higher rate of profit, and the consequent greater demand for land among the people; whilst the *relatively-greater* rate of profit, coupled with the *absolutely-smaller* rate of produce, shows that little or no money is expended on the cultivation of the soil—since the market-price of corn of all kinds is in Germany considerably less than with us; wheat, for instance, fetching only 1*s.* 3*d.* for 14½ German lbs. weight (which are equivalent to about 19 lbs. English) and this at the rate of not quite 3*s.* 4½*d.* the Winchester bushel of 64 lbs. (troy) weight; or

there the greensward of even Grand-dukes' "parks" and gardens is about as coarse and threadbare as the herbage on an English heath or common.*

Admitting, then, the poverty of Germany, still that

very nearly 1*l.* 7*s.* the quarter. In 1833 the market price of rye in Eisenach was but one-fifth of the present amount, the peck being then worth only 3*d.*, and the quarter, consequently, selling for 5*s.* 5*d.*

It should be added that it is the custom in Saxony to manure *only once in three years at the utmost* (some farmers indeed do so only *twice in nine years*); that such articles as guano, phosphates, or bone-dust are utterly unknown; and that the rotation of crops is only threefold, viz.—first potatoes, then rye or wheat, and, lastly, barley or oats.

One farmer in the neighbourhood of the Thuringian capital whom we consulted, gave us the following order of the crops he generally raised:—1st year, manure and potatoes; 2nd, rye or wheat; 3rd, barley or oats; 4th, clover; 5th, rye or wheat; 6th, barley or oats; 7th, manure and potatoes; 8th, rye or wheat; 9th, barley or oats; and so on as from the first year.

* During our residence in Eisenach an English mowing machine was imported by the Grand Duke for cutting the grass round about the palace at Wilhelmsthal, and it was curious to hear the German workmen swear at the new-fangled thing, which they vowed never would nor could do the work. And when we assured them that we had seen the same kind of machine used, morning after morning, outside Kensington Palace, we were reminded that it was "English grass" there, and not the lank and rank blades such as flourish in the bog-like "parks" of Germany. Moreover, during the sojourn of the English Queen at Reinhardtsbrunn last summer, we happen to know, that though the same allowance of oats was given out for the horses her Majesty had brought over with her, it was found impossible to keep the stud in proper condition upon the quantity; for, as the grooms truly said, the bushel weighed barely as much as a peck of English corn—a fact which those who have ever taken up a handful of German oats will readily believe; for, assuredly, they are as light as chaff, and, to all appearances, about as nutritious.

very poverty we affirm is but the natural consequence of the national niggardliness (as well as wastefulness—in the matter of amusements—for extremes always meet). What little capital there is in the country is hoarded rather than used; and hence, the chandler's-shop-like commerce—the trashy manufactures—the bad wages—the "slop" workmanship—the wretched farming, and, indeed, the low state of the technic products in general. Think what encouragement there is likely to be for trade, where the whole race is but a nation of "skin-flints"—what chance of great speculations being undertaken, when almost every man of money in the land is a "pinchfist" at heart, and beset with the same dread of losing his gold, as Molière's L'Avare—what hope of liberal wages to the poor, where there is no liberality of nature—what incentive to manufacturers to produce better goods where the consumers are as niggard as relieving officers, and the ladies as mean in their finery as sweeps on a May-day—what reward for inventors where the commercial enterprise is about on a par with that of an old rag and bone store in our country—or what prospect for more enlightened political institutions where there is no public spirit, and where universal private interest and individual selfishness, swallow up all notions of the general good.

If it were not for this all-absorbing miserliness, would not a nation possessing near upon the same length of coast-line as England herself, have long ago boasted a merchant navy; and yet, who ever saw a German fleet, or heard of a German colony? A German fleet, indeed! why a pastry-cook's shop in

the desert, or sledges in Calcutta, or a Turkish bath in the Arctic regions, would be more consonant with the *fitness* of things.

We, certainly, *have* seen a German sailor—once in our lives—at a German masked ball—and, assuredly, an Esquimaux in a Highland kilt and Hessians, could not have looked a more ludicrous specimen of the "association of incongruous ideas." We forget whether the fancy seaman sported spurs, or had a row of turnpike tickets stuck round his hat; but we are quite certain that he carried a fishing-rod in his hand, wore a pair of cricketers' shoes, with spikes in the soles to prevent him falling when the ship pitched, and had an opera glass wherewith to keep a sharp look ahead, slung in a leathern case at his side. If our memory serves us rightly, too, he talked of the wind blowing "south an' by north;" and kept continually shouting to an imaginary Bo'sun to "*lass der Maler gehen,*" which some wicked wag of an Englishman had told him was the German for "let go the painter." *

* To show the utter ignorance of even educated Germans as to everything connected with seafaring matters, we may mention, that while travelling to Cassel we made the acquaintance, in the railway carriage, of one of the Göttingen professors; and after plumbing the depth of the *savant* (nor did it require a *very* long line to fathom his profundity), he informed us that he had *heard* the sufferings of sea-sickness were something "*furchtbar*" (terrible); but that he had a scheme for allaying them which he had long been looking out for an English capitalist to develope. Everything, he told us, lay in *Gewohnheit* (custom). The great English philosopher Paco von Ferulam—(Who the deuce, thought we, is Paco von Ferulam? he turned out, however, to be Lord Bacon after all)—had said that "*Gewohnheit ist die zweite Natur*" ("Use is second nature" is the plain English), and the Göttingen pro-

In fine, it is indisputable (and any one who has suffered a lengthened residence in the country will confirm the assertion) that the poverty of Germany is the poverty of parsimony—the squalor of stingi-

fessor, had a plan, he assured us, to get rid of the *Seekrankeit* by means simply of the *Gewohnheit*. He wanted to have a large academy fitted up at Dover, with a plentiful supply of rocking-horses, rocking-chairs, cradles, swings (and, let us add, *basins*) while the food was to consist merely of such fat and disgusting dishes as were likely to turn the stomach of any one in the least squeamish. There were to be pendulums, moreover, all round the rooms for ever oscillating, bell-pulls continually vacillating, pistons of steam-engines perpetually jumping up and down, and swing-glasses everlastingly on the swing before the eyes—and, indeed, every known appliance for producing such waggling or wabbling movements as are calculated to make ladies and gentlemen sick on the shortest notice. Here, at this elegant finishing school, those who purposed crossing over to the Continent were to stop a week or two, or maybe a month, as it happened, to be wabbled, waggled, wriggled, jogged, jerked and jolted; and, thus in time, to be duly trained and seasoned to the undulations of the ocean. There were to be relays of stewards, so that attendants might be at hand night and day; and when, after a fortnight's course of fat pork, or fat mutton chops, and incessant vibration (for the Professor had reckoned *that* would be the *Durchschnitt* of the time required), the pupils had taken their degree of "able seamen," and their digestive organs had become somewhat callous to the smell of steam and hot oil, as well as to every form of "pitch and toss" a ship was likely to play at, the proficients were to be allowed to take the two hours' passage across the Channel; and "it would *then* be found," the sage concluded, with a flush of triumph, "that they could do so without the least inconvenience." But, after listening seriously, till our lips were nearly bitten through, to the details of the wiseacre's project, we could not help having our doubts, we must confess, as to whether it would be thought worth while (as the charity-boy said when he had learnt his alphabet) going through so much to get at so little. Verily, there is nothing like a good prosy, dunder-headed German Professor for a profound bit of foolery, after all!

ness rather than need—the self-inflicted misery of the miser, rather than the forced privations of the pauper—starving for the mere greed of hoarding, and hoarding solely to prevent starving at some distant day,—ready to do anything in order to get money, and ready, too, to submit to anything rather than part with it—fawning and cringing, bowing and scraping, smiling and slavering to those whom they think they can get a penny out of, and, on the other hand, whining and raving, bullying and browbeating, towards any one who has a penny to get out of them.

Nor can it be said that the poverty of the country is due to the natural poverty of the soil,—to barren hills and sandy plains; or that the rigours of the climate compel the people to live almost as hard as the denizens of the Arctic regions; for the fields might be made as fertile as our own, had the *Bauers* and the *Ritter-gut-besitzers* (yeomen) but the spirit to farm them as well, and the petty princes the generosity to clear the forests for the grazing of cattle rather than to plant fresh woods year after year for the feeding of game. True, the winters are colder, but then the summers are warmer than ours; nor can that climate be said to be very ungenial, where vineyards are almost as common as hop-gardens with us. Moreover, geologists believe that the mineral treasures of Deutschland are almost equal to those of England, and yet they are allowed to lie buried beneath the earth for the want of the pluck to seek them, the speculative energy to dig and delve for them; while the few mines that *are* worked are mostly kept going by English enterprise and English capital. Even so

new inventions and new processes of manufacture can find none to foster them in the cruel Fatherland; for it is part of the history of our own time, that when Herr König had perfected his plan of the steam-press (an invention, by the bye, which makes not only the discovery, but the perfection, of the printing art of German origin), he was obliged to come over to England to get a purchaser for the scheme,—the proprietors of the *Times* writing the German a cheque for 10,000*l.* on the morning when their paper was first printed by steam-machinery.

The meanness and miserliness of the German people, however, will hardly be credited by open-hearted English folk. We all know how filthy old Daniel Dancer, when his friends sent him some soup in the winter-time, was wont to take the dish into bed with him, and put it under the blankets to thaw for his second-day's dinner, rather than light a fire to warm it up again. True, the parsimony of the Germans can hardly be said to run to such lengths as the above; nevertheless, it does not fall far short of it. Not only is it the common custom with *soi-disant* gentlefolks to let their servants have nothing but the coffee-grounds boiled up a second time (without either milk or sugar) for their breakfast; but we know, for a fact, that it was the practice with the Shabby-mantle family to sell these grounds afterwards (even though they had been thus twice cooked) to a poor washerwoman to get a *third* decoction out of them—and even though they were nothing but burnt carrot powder, at threepence the pound, to begin with.

Indeed, in *respectable* German households everything is sold by the master and mistress—everything, which we in England either regard as a servant's perquisites, or which our servants would be too proud to seek a purchaser for: the hogwash, even though it fetches but a halfpenny the pailful—the wood-ashes, though they get but sixpence for as much as a sack of them—the night-soil in the back-yard, though it yields but a few shillings for a cart-load, but which is, nevertheless, so highly prized that there is often a battle between the landlord and his many lodgers as to who is the rightful owner of it—the sawdust arising from the cutting of the stock of wood, though a "klafter" produces only a hand-basketful, and this is worth but a penny—the old rags, the old bottles and broken glass, the old metal, all are hoarded by the elegant lady of the house, and duly sold when the stock is sufficient to get a few pence for it from the marine-store dealer. In fact, a true German lady gives nothing away; her old clothes and boots she invariably sells either to her maid-servant, if she can screw money enough out of the poor wench for them, or else to the *Trödler* (dealer in frippery), who makes a point of paying periodical visits to the nobility and gentry to purchase their rags of them. We know not whether this same *Trödler* was in the habit of buying the old royal robes of the Grand-duke himself; but we *do* know that it was the custom at the palace for the house-steward to go round the table, after a dinner-party, and empty the remains of the wine left in the glasses by the guests into a bottle kept for the

purpose, and that such drainings were used in the royal kitchen for the flavouring of the royal sauces.

Moreover, well-to-do people, when they come to your house, and chance to see any ends of string or old nails lying about, will proceed to stow them away in their pockets before your eyes, with a nod of the head, as if they thought their prudence particularly praiseworthy. You will see, too, decently-dressed females follow a wood-cart in the streets, and pick up the little bits of twigs that keep dropping from it, as it goes jolting along over the stones; and these they will stuff into their carpet-bag-like reticule without a blush, for it is a saying with the Saxon ladies that the droppings of the wood-carts boil the coffee of a morning. The same thing goes on with the cart-loads of straw: every stalk that falls by the way is duly gathered by the dames who walk in the wake, it being a wise-saw among the people that "this gives mixen." Again, immediately after the corn-market is finished, you will observe a swarm of small children, who have been sent out by their sweet mothers with a goose-wing in their hand, to sweep up the grains that have been spilt on the stones; for this feeds the chickens, is the proverb among the townsfolk. In the morning, too, you will find other boys and girls in the streets, with a barrow, broom, and shovel, gathering up the horse-dung for the increase of the much-prized muck-heap at the back of every dwelling.

Of course, after the recital of such beggarly practices as the above, it would be idle to tell the reader

that everyone in the land—great as well as small—who orders a penny cup of coffee at a "Restauration," as it is called, makes an invariable point of pocketing, before he leaves, the remains of the sugar in the little dish brought with the cup; or, that those who call for a penny cheese, as a relish to their penny glass of beer in the beerhouse, always wrap up in paper the pieces left, to carry them home with them for the family's supper. The Englishman, however, will hardly be prepared to hear, that it is the custom throughout Germany, immediately the summer is at an end, to take the shoes off the donkeys which are kept for the use of the tourists; and that the children of many an artizan, on the other hand, directly the warm weather commences, are forced by their parents to go about barefoot, so as to save their shoes and stockings for the winter.

Now the natural result of all this stinting, pinching, and griping—of all this hoarding and grubbing, is, that the people, like misers in general, live the life of beggars from the mere dread of beggary, and suffer continually the privations of poverty, in order to avoid being poor—starving themselves to prevent starvation, and hungering after pence with all the greed of the penniless, even while they have a store of silver treasured at home. Hence, never was such a lanthorn-jawed, sallow-faced, hollow-eyed, herring-gutted, spindle-shanked, gôitre-necked, sore-mouthed, sad-looking, half-clad, tatter-demalion race of people, as the working population of Saxony, seen in any other part of the civilized world. The poor Irish

are thought by English folk to represent the very extreme of human misery; and yet the denizens of our St. Giles' have an air of comfort with them—a thriving, well-to-do, happy-go-lucky look—in comparison with the gaunt and wretched pariahs of Saxe-Weimar; and no wonder, since an Irish beggar is infinitely better fed and better housed than a Saxon mechanic. For what with the meat soup, the potato soup, the rice soup, the sorrel soup, the lentil soup, the green-wheat soup, the dogrose-berry soup, and Heaven knows how many other watery soups besides, the Saxon work-people seem to have as little life and energy as reptiles in the winter-time; since, no matter how little they get, they *will* manage, somehow or other, to live upon less. Hence, never tasting meat, nor even white bread—no! nor coffee, nor tea, nor milk, nor sugar, nor butter, nor even beer, except on high-days and holidays—and having often nothing but an infusion of burnt carrots and black bread for dinner, and a bowl of potatoes, or handful of green meat, by way of salad, for their supper—it is no marvel that their labour is hardly worth even the few groschens a-day that is given for it.

At the time of the construction of the railways in Denmark, the English contractor who had the laying down of the line brought over his own wagons, horses, tools, and even "navvies" to the country; and one and all were the admiration of the people in Copenhagen, who used to run in crowds after them, to look at the wonderful English carts, cattle, and workmen! A Saxon labourer is just as amazing to

an Englishman—but for directly the opposite reason. Our navvies astounded the Danes by the prodigious amount of work they did; whereas a Saxon startles us with the *little* he can manage, somehow or other, to get through from sunrise to sunset. The Germans, themselves, have a saying that a drop of sweat from a *Maurer* (a bricklayer or mason) is more precious than a pearl; and we certainly never saw builders keep themselves so perfectly cool in the summer in all our lives. During our stay in Eisenach, the authorities thought it about time to begin laying down the foot pavement in the principal street of the Thuringian capital. Accordingly, three men and a boy were put on to the job; and though we watched these worthies from our window, in the Carl's Platz, at work day after day for three months at least, they finished the *trottoirs*, in front of only *twelve* houses in the whole of that time!! And then, as if their united energies required recruiting after the superhuman labour, the work was discontinued; so that the middle of the road still forms the principal footway in the principal street of the principal town of Thuringia.

Nor are the ground-workers a whit more industrious than the masons; while their tools seem to be more like the gardening implements made for children, than shovels and barrows intended for men. The spade commonly used in Germany, indeed, has a handle as long nearly as a baker's peel, and a blade at the end of it about as big as a racket; and with this—after having pecked a bit at the earth (for

digging is unknown) with a pick like half a cross-bow—they proceed to ladle the loosened soil out, literally, by table-spoonfuls at a time.

"Why don't you work, you lubberly lout?" said an indignant traveller to a stalwart Spanish mendicant who begged alms of him; "Ah, señor! you don't know how lazy I am," was the honest rejoinder. The Saxons, however, can hardly be said to be as lazy as they are listless and powerless; though, from the utter want of energy among the people, there is a general indisposition to labour throughout the whole country. From twelve till two, every Government office, even down to the post-office, as well as the bankers' and the lawyers' are all closed; so that work comes to an utter stand-still, and business ceases for two hours in the middle of the day. Again, looking out of the window is one of the recognized recreations of the citizens; and professional men and others, while telling you what are their daily occupations, will be sure to mention how, from such a time till such a time, they are engaged in lolling out of the casement, watching the people pass in the street.

But the defective food and general stinting and starving of the people of Saxony, not only produce an utter incapacity for labour, but they serve to stunt the physical powers of the entire race itself; so that, by the continual interbreeding of the ill-fed with the ill-fed, for generation after generation, the stock has dwindled almost to dwarfs. A more striking proof of this cannot be cited than the fact that there

happened to be *one* man in the town who was considered such an enormous size, that he was known by the nickname of the *Bachuner*—the title of a large kind of Hungarian pig. But even *he* was hardly bigger than the writer of these pages, who, for an Englishman, is by no means a giant. Now this *Bachuner* happened to be drawn for a soldier, but when he went to the barracks to be fitted with his uniform, though the very largest regimental suit was given out to him, he made his appearance on parade with the sleeves up to his elbows, and the legs of his trousers reaching only to his knees, while his coat was unbuttoned, and his nether garments in the same unseemly state. The officers, themselves, could not help laughing at the comical figure he presented; and as the Grand Duke could not afford to have a suit made expressly for him, the Bachuner had to be dismissed the service—to his great delight, of course.

In the army, the men get meat-soup every day—but never a solid bit of a roast joint, nor even a steak or chop falls to their share; and the reader can form a notion as to how substantial must be the Saxon soldier's daily fare, when we mention that, by way of a grand feast on the Grand-Duke's birthday, the whole of the one battalion are treated to *a* fried sausage each, and a quart of twopenny ale! "Ah, sir," said one of the troops to us, "in France, the Emperor gives each man a good piece of roast beef, and a litre of wine on such an occasion; but here, our Duke is so poor, he searches in his *porte-monnaie* for

a groschen, and cannot find one." On the same day, it is customary to march the whole of the soldiers to grand parade on the market-place, and though the open space there is no bigger than Gray's Inn Square, and the men are made to *spread themselves out*, after the fashion of Yates' supernumeraries at the old Adelphi Theatre, the entire army, when drawn up two deep, does not reach half across the market. Indeed, this feeble little "force" is called by the citizens, who delight to make sport of the display at such grand periods—the "*Handvoll Bataillon*" of his "*königliche Hoheit*" (kingly highness, save the mark!) *le Roi d'Yvetot!*

NOTE TO CHAPTER I.

The wretched, stunted character of the Weimarish portion of the Saxon race may be illustrated by the fact that five Dresden feet is the military standard of that country; or, in other words, that a person must be under 4 ft. 8½ in. English measurement (1 Dresden foot=11·24 inches English), in order to be free of military service. Hence the standard for soldiers of the line in Saxe-Weimar is nearly an *English foot lower* than in our own country.

Every male person in Saxe-Weimar is liable to be drawn as a common soldier, on the completion of his twentieth year.

"The time fixed by law" (say the Extracts concerning Military Service printed at the end of the "*Wanderbuch*" supplied by the Police), "for the performance of the duties as a soldier, begins with the first of January immediately following the twentieth birthday of the person liable to serve."

For this purpose, the Extracts go on to inform the possessor

of the book, "the country magistrates are bound to appoint a time, in the last half of the month of October in every year, for the mustering of the twenty-year-old folk in their district; and then such persons as are to enter into military service at the beginning of the next year must, as a rule, appear in person before the magistrate for that district, at his place of office, either to be mustered, or else to set before the said magistrate such reasons as they may have for being let free altogether of the service, or having the time of servitude deferred for a time; and they are to do this on pain of having such reasons utterly disallowed and annulled, in case of disobedience to the orders."

"The country magistrate," moreover, we are told, "must appoint a time, in the last half of the month of November, for the drawing of lots for the service; and this, when it is possible, is to fall on the same day in each year. On that day, all those who have been pronounced, at the time of mustering, neither incapable of active service nor free by law, must appear in person before the magistrate, on pain of losing any good chance that may fall to their share on the drawing of the said lots; or else, according to the decision of the authorities, on pain of being compelled to serve without drawing at all."

To these Extracts from the laws, the following "remarks" are added:—"According to the above-mentioned edicts, every person must appear, at the time appointed for the special mustering or drawing of lots, for military service, in the year when he becomes twenty years old, on pain of being punished for disobedience to the laws. His parents, his guardians, or attorney are only allowed to appear in his stead under the following circumstances:—1. If hindered by illness; in which case, nevertheless, (if it occur *within* limits of the grand-duchy) the certificate of an inland doctor is required; and (if it occur *out of* the grand-duchy) the certificate of a doctor attested by some magisterial authority must be furnished. 2. If hindered by extraordinary circumstances or affairs, for which likewise a certificate attested by some magistrate must be provided."

Further, it is added, "Those appointed to active service, as well as to the first reserve, must remain in the country as long as their service time—even though they obtain leave of absence; nor may they travel out of the district of the company to which they belong, without the special permission of the head of such com-

pany. Nevertheless, the requisite permission may be obtained for any necessary change of their residence; and they can also on application—if the circumstances be very urgent—receive permission from the Grand-duke's military commander to travel abroad" (*in das Ausland*), &c.

The conditions necessary for rendering a person free of military service are bodily disease or infirmity, of such a nature as to unfit the person for active duty, such as consumption or lameness. Moreover, short-sightedness is considered as a sufficient reason for exemption—no common soldier being allowed to wear spectacles. Flat feet, again, are regarded as incompatible with good marching qualities; and hence those who have no hollow in the sole of the foot have an immunity from the conscription. Formerly, too, men with bad teeth were not admitted into the ranks, good "incisors" being requisite for biting off the end of the cartridge. Since the introduction of the "*Zünd-nadel*" (needle) guns, however, a man may be as toothless as a sloth, and yet have to serve. Further, in some cases, where the person is the only son of an aged parent, who is entirely dependent upon him for his support, he is allowed to go free; but this plea is admitted only under the most stringent circumstances. Again, if the person, at the time of mustering, appears to be too weak or to be too ill to undertake, then, the duties of military service, he is "put back," as it is called, for one or two years—according to the term which the medical men may consider requisite for the development of his proper strength.

All such as are pronounced capable of active service by the doctors, at the muster time, must draw lots on the day appointed for so doing; and then every one who obtains a "high number," as it is called, is placed in the "first reserve." What constitutes a high number depends greatly on circumstances—*i. e.* on the number of men required, as well as the number drawing lots on the occasion. But, as a rule, all those who draw numbers above 30 in the rural districts, and 50 in the cities, may be regarded as coming within the first reserve; that is to say, while all below such numbers will have to enter upon active military service forthwith, all above them will be needed only to supply the places of such as may be prevented continuing in the army from subsequent illness.

All persons drawing a low number must either serve their time

in the army or provide a substitute—the cost of which is 200 thalers (30*l.* English); so that, by this rule, the rich are virtually exempt from the conscription. In Prussia, however, the purchase of substitutes is forbidden.

The time of service is two years active and four years passive—the latter in the second reserve, as it is called.

In active service, the military duties are generally the same as in other countries. In the second reserve, however, they are limited merely to taking part in the "Manœuvres," which take place in the autumn—once, perhaps, in every three or four years—and which last for about four weeks, the men then called out receiving their pay as common soldiers for the time being.

The pay of a common soldier in Saxe-Weimar is 3 thalers, 7 groschen, 6 pfennings, per month (9*s.* 9*d.* English), or 2*s.* 5¼*d.* per week—besides 2 lbs. of black bread daily. Out of this sum, however, about one-third of the whole, or 1 th. 2 gr. 3 pf. (3*s.* 3*d.* a-month), is stopped for the cost of the quart of soup with which each man is supplied daily; so that a clear *monthly* allowance of 2 th. 5 gr. 3 pf., or 6*s.* 6*d.*, remains, wherewith to find blacking, whiting, and rotten-stone, for the cleaning of his shoes and accoutrements.

The soup served to the men consists of a decoction made with vegetables and meat, at the rate of half-a-pound of raw beef or mutton to every man; and this is made to yield a quart of broth for each individual. Beyond this neither breakfast nor supper is served out to the soldiers, the two pounds of black bread being considered sufficient for such meals without anything else. In Eisenach we heard it often said that it was impossible for the men to *live* upon such rations without receiving money or extra supplies of food from their friends. On the other hand, we were assured of certain cases in which common soldiers had managed not only to live on the rations, but to save up enough out of their pay, during their two years' service, to buy themselves a watch. It should be understood, however, that the men, when off duty, are allowed to do certain kinds of light porter's work for the citizens; and most likely the watches spoken of were procured by such means rather than from the savings out of the 12 groschens 6 pfennings (15*d.*) which the men are in the habit of receiving every tenth day.

A vice-corporal receives 4 thalers, or 12*s.*, a month, besides two

pounds of black bread daily; and out of this sum he is expected to keep himself. His quarters, however, are found him.

	Per Month. Th. gr.	£ s. d.
A corporal (besides the usual daily allowance of bread) has	6 0	or 0 18 0
A Sergeant (2nd class) do. do. .	8 20	„ 1 6 0
Do. (1st class) do. do. .	9 20	„ 1 9 0
A Quartermaster do. do. .	16 0	„ 2 8 0

Those non-commissioned officers who are married are allowed, over and above their regular pay, a certain sum per year for rent-money—sergeants receiving 20 thalers (3*l.*) yearly on that account, and quartermasters 30 thalers (4*l.* 10*s.*), whilst common soldiers lodged out of the barracks have 1 thaler (3*s.*) the month allowed for their bed.

The pay of commissioned officers is upon the same paltry scale, *e. g.*:—

	Per Annum. Th.	£ s. d.
A Lieutenant (2nd class) receives . .	300	or 45 0 0
Do. (1st class) „ . .	350	„ 52 0 0
A Premier Lieutenant „ . .	450	„ 67 0 0
A Captain (3rd class) „ . .	600	„ 90 0 0
Do. (2nd class) „ . .	700	„ 105 0 0
Do. (1st class) „ . .	900	„ 135 0 0
A Major „ . .	1200	„ 180 0 0
A Colonel „ . .	1500	„ 225 0 0

The last three, however, are bound to keep one or two horses, and to provide the fodder out of their pay. The fodder for each horse in Saxony is generally taken at 120 thalers, or 18*l.* per annum. Hence, as a first-class captain has to keep one horse, his clear pay would amount only to 117*l.* per annum; while the pay of a major (who has to keep two horses) would be 144*l.*, and that of a colonel (who is expected to have the same number of chargers) not quite 190*l.* annually.

When the above figures are contrasted with the pay of English soldiers and non-commissioned and commissioned officers, the reader will have a very lively sense not only of the beggarliness of the country, but also of the kind of living and housing that

even officers and gentlemen must put up with in a land where such are the incomes allowed them.

Now let us endeavour to estimate what the little army of conscripts belonging to Saxe-Weimar really costs the country,—for the entire force consists only of three battalions, two of which are stationed at Weimar and one at Eisenach. The Germans are under the insane idea that it is possible to raise an army without making the people pay for it. In a country, it is said, where the revenue is comparatively limited, it is requisite to organize a military force so that it may embrace "the maximum amount of power at the minimum rate of expense." This is supposed to be accomplished by compelling every man in the country to serve as a soldier for a certain number of years. But a man who is earning so much weekly at his trade, when taken away from his work to do duty as a soldier, makes the country a present, while on active military service, of just as much money as he receives less than his ordinary wages as a skilled workman. Now, a cabinet-maker in Saxony gets 3*s.* a-week, besides his food and lodging; but if he has to find himself his wages are 7*s.* 6*d.* weekly. A mason has the same wage as a cabinet maker, and so has a tinman; whilst a carpenter or working engineer receives not less than 9*s.* a-week, without board and lodging. On the other hand, a day-labourer is paid but 7*d.* a-day, without his keep; so that, as the pay of a common soldier is but 9*s.* 9*d.* a-month, it follows that every carpenter and engineer who is forced to serve in the army makes his country a present of 26*s.* 3*d.* every month that he remains in the service; whilst every day-labourer contributes as much as 4*s.* 3*d.* towards the same end. If, then, we take the medium between such amounts, we shall find the mean sum contributed by those serving in the ranks to be just upon 1*l.* per month each man. Let us, however, err on the safe side, and set down only 15*s.* a-month, or 9*l.* per annum, as the amount contributed; and then it follows that every workman, when compelled to leave his trade and to do duty as a soldier for two years, virtually bestows upon his country as much as 18*l.* in the course of that time. And that this is under the real amount the price paid for substitutes clearly shows; since the 200 thalers (or 30*l.*) required to induce some one to serve in another's stead obviously represents the amount of compensation needed for the loss of wages incurred during that time.

Hence, it would appear, from the sum required to find a substitute, that every man entering the army in Saxony not only has to do compulsory work, but at the same time to give as much as 1*l.* 5*s.* a-month, or 6*s.* 3*d.* weekly, to the Government. Let us, however, take the mean again between these two extremes (18*l.* and 30*l.*, *i. e.* $\frac{48}{2}$=24*l.* in two years), and place the amount given by each workman at 12*l.* per annum; and then it follows that every handicraftsman will contribute 24*l.* in the course of the two years; and this, for 3000 men, will make the gross amount of which the working classes are mulct for the army come to as much as 72,000*l.*, or 36,000*l.* yearly, which is equal to 240,000 thalers!

But this is not the only evil of such a system. It is one of the greatest economical follies to put skilled labourers to do unskilled labourers' work. Who would think, for instance, that a nation could be benefited by making watchmakers, opticians, and the highest artizans break stones on the highway periodically, so as to save the Government the expense of making and repairing the roads? and yet, assuredly, such a course would not be more silly or wasteful than to compel *educated mechanics to perform a common soldier's duties.* For so far from the country gaining anything by such a system, it loses just as much as is the difference between the wage of the educated mechanic and the lowest ground labourer.

Nor is this all. By this compulsory service for a limited period, a man has, on the one hand, not time enough to become a good soldier, and yet remains in the army quite long enough to be made a bad workman. He leads a life of riot and debauchery, such as is common to military life in general, just at that age when his character is forming; he is thrown among the most dissolute companions at a period of life when he requires the best advisers and examples to mould his conduct; and therefore seldom becomes, in after-life, the good citizen and experienced workman that he might otherwise have been; since he is dragged away from his trade just when his apprenticeship is finished, and set to follow a lazy, louting, and roystering occupation for two of the best learning-years in the whole term of his existence.

Moreover, the main defect of such a system, even in a military point of view, is that the whole time of the officers is taken up in drilling raw recruits; for as fast as one batch of little boys

has been rendered proficient in the goose-step, another arrives to supply the place of those retiring. Hence, never were such a set of soldiers seen as the awkward squad of Saxe-Weimar in all the world!

We may add here, for the sake of completeness, that the entire revenue of Saxe-Weimar is 773,093 thalers, which in English money is equivalent to 115,963*l.* 19*s.*; and this sum, divided by the gross population of the country, gives 8*s.* 10½*d.* as the amount contributed by each individual yearly in the form of taxes. The revenue of the United Kingdom of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, on the other hand, amounts to 56,834,711*l.*, whilst the population is no less than 20,796,753 (according to the returns of the last census but one); so that, dividing the one by the other, as before, we have a quotient of 2*l.* 13*s.* 8¼*d.* as the annual rate of taxation per head in our country; and though this is just *six times greater* than that of Saxe-Weimar, the Eisenachers tell you that never was a nation, like themselves, so ground down by taxes!

CHAPTER II.

THE MORAL OF THE LONG STORY.

When you have once struck the key-note to a nation's character, it is not difficult to keep the several traits in accord. Hence the miserliness, which is the cause of the national poverty — and the national squalor—as well as the national pigmy race (for that to stint is to stunt, is but an ordinary physiological law)—is likewise the cause of that national meanness which is so strongly marked a characteristic of the German tribe. Such is the jaundice of avarice that it stains and pollutes every part of the system with the taint of gold; the eyes are dyed with the gall, so that nothing is seen in its natural colour; the finger-ends sullied by it, till they are like the talons of a kite, rather than human digits; the heart is turned to a lump of ochre, and the life-blood flows like so much mud in the veins. The loathsome yellow tinge extends even to the soul itself, till the living creature is like a corpse, with the eyes closed with pieces of money; and every natural tie and affection—every principle of honour and duty—is absorbed in the raging hunger of the

passion; as thoroughly as with cast-aways upon a raft gambling which shall eat the other. It is this same foul miser's leprosy that makes marriage a part of the commercial institutions of Germany—this which causes divorces and an extensive series of wives to be as common a characteristic of the country as *Sauerkraut*—this, which is the reason why gaming in lotteries, and card-playing in beer-houses, for seven nights in every week, are as regularly indulged in as swearing by the German ladies—this, the motive why Grand-dukes sink their *grandeur* (!) to hob-a-nob at *tables d' hôte*, with the fools and blacklegs who flock, like fallen angels, to the "hells" at the watering-places, instituted by these same German Princes —of Darkness; and this, indeed, the sole explanation of the filthy social and moral sores, which are like so many plague-spots upon the bowels of the entire people.

We all know, from the lives of celebrated misers, that meanness of every kind is the marked attribute of the niggard's character. The history of one and all shows them to have been paltry liars, contemptible cheats, and petty pilferers. Great crimes they seldom or never commit, for fear is a ruling passion with such people; but every small vice and moral dirtiness, that is likely to escape detection and punishment, they are sure to indulge in. Daniel Dancer, though he was worth thousands, would steal any little thing he could lay his hands on—penknives, buttons, packets of needles, ends of candles, lumps of sugar out of a bird-cage, and indeed any trifling article, if

he were only left alone in a room for a minute. It is the same with the Germans, *generally* speaking—for Heaven forbid that we should include the whole race in the category, or hesitate to admit that there are many honourable exceptions to the rule; but assuredly it may be said of the greater number, that there is no other word by which to describe their moral character than Meanness: meanness of nature—meanness of spirit—meanness of thought—meanness of heart—and meanness of soul. "Patient Germans," they used to be called in the days of old (for, time out of mind, the race would submit to anything); but "mean Germans" is the more fit phrase for the people in the present day. Violent vices or crimes are comparatively unknown in the land: burglary is so uncommon, that it is no figure of speech to say, you may rest easy in your bed with your street-door open: highway robbery so utterly unheard-of that you may walk through the whole of the Thuringian forests, night after night, without the least fear of meeting a garotter; and, in like manner, murder is comparatively of rare occurrence. On the other hand, however, lying, cheating, pilfering, bribing, spying, informing, sneaking, backbiting, bullying, toadying, and every other low and dastardly species of iniquity, prevail on every side.

Opening letters is a meanness that belongs to every class of society in Saxony. The first gentleman in the land will take up the epistles lying on your table, and begin to read them before your eyes. A German young woman who went to England

to obtain a situation as lady's-maid, wrote to our wife, from London, as follows: "Your recommendation will be of great use to me. I know that you will not let me ask in vain. *But I beg of you to seal the letter up well.* Why need the people know everything? *You are as well acquainted with the Eisenachers as I am.*"

Further: lying is so common, that the usual form of speech, among gentlefolks, when differing from one another, is, "That's a lie!" or "You're a liar!"—such an urbanity as "I beg your pardon, but you must make some mistake," we never heard from anyone during the whole of our residence in the country. To show the paltry, unnecessary lies, too, that the people delight to tell, even on the most trivial occasions, we may mention the fact that a German whom we knew wanted to go to London by the Rotterdam steamer, but not knowing when the boat started, he, in accordance with our advice, determined to send a letter to the agent in Holland. "Well! have you written?" said we, the next time we saw him. "Oh yes," he replied, "I said there was a party of four ladies and gentlemen going." "But *is* there such a party?" we asked. "Oh! no," was the unblushing response; "but you see, I thought the agent would attend to the letter quicker, if I told him there were four first-class passengers, instead of only one in the second-cabin."

Again: so general is the propensity for cheating, that it is impossible to play a game at cards with a German (even though, like ourselves, you never play

for money, and there is, consequently, only the trumpery glory of a petty triumph to tempt the fellow to the dirty dishonesty) without having your temper ruffled by the false dealing or false playing of some sorry rogue who fancies he can dupe you. Nor is it only at cards that the mania for cheatery is exhibited. It shows itself, on the contrary, in every form, and on almost every occasion.

"Stay!" we exclaimed, on leaving the little roadside tavern of the "Hohe Sonne," as we counted over the change we had just received from the waiting-maid there; "we must go back; that girl has given us too much money."

"Well, you English *are* fools!" was the cool remark of the German who was with us; "that's her business and not yours. You didn't cheat her, but she cheated herself—the sheep-head! So, let her suffer for it, and then she'll know better next time."

It is impossible, also, to deal with a single tradesman in the town without being "limed," as it is called—like a young bird by the fowlers. The invariable custom in the shops is to ask the English just double what they would demand of a native, so that the stranger has to pay 59 groschens 6 pfennings at least for every thaler. Even the most respectable of the Eisenach shopkeepers have no more conscience in their dealings with foreigners than London cabmen. Heaven knows they fleeced us to the quick like a German lamb! The Jew banker fleeced us out of 250 dollars (37*l.* 10*s.*); and we have now a legal

process going on with the Petticoat-lane money-changer for the recovery of the "stolen property." The cabinet-maker fleeced us out of 700 dollars (100 guineas) for a camera and a few dark-boxes for our son; but for this there was no redress, since all over-charges, when legally disputed, have to be settled by the president of the "Zunft," or trade corporation, to which the party belongs; and, as this same swindling master-cabinet-maker happened to be the head of his guild, why, to ask *him* to decide upon the fairness of his own bill was, of course, a "screaming farce," in which we declined to be the principal low-comedian. The village schoolmaster of Möhra fleeced us out of 48 dollars (7*l.* 4*s.*) for twelve days' accommodation at his house; the said accommodation consisting of straw beds, sausages, and sauer-kraut; and the *law forced us* to pay the money. It is said that Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, but, for our part—poor fleeced muttons as we were—we can only say that we found the Thuringian blast a very "nipping and eager air," as Hamlet has it; and we should advise tourists contemplating a visit to Saxony, to trust themselves to the tender mercies of the Arab rather than brave, as we have done, the long-celebrated "mousing" propensities of the Germans, and the Eisenachers in particular. The traveller at least is safe in an Arab tent when he has eaten salt with the host; the modern Saxons, however, have no sense of the sanctity of hospitality, but plunder the "strangers within their gates," and give them pepper at one and the same time.

Yet it is not only the *underhand* form of robbery known as cheating which flourishes in the Thuringian capital, but even that more direct mode of picking and stealing which is styled peculation or embezzlement, is a plant indigenous to the soil, and thrives there most luxuriantly.

A person born and bred in London—a city in which there is supposed to be more crime than in any other part of the world—is positively astounded at the utter untrustworthiness of the public servants and government officers of Eisenach; for, during our stay in the town, scarcely a month passed but we heard of some official who was "short in his accounts," as the polite phrase runs. First the governor of the prison was "superseded" for "frisking the till;" then the deputy-governor had to be dismissed for the same pretty infirmity. Next, the gentleman who received the money for the States' wood was found to have made free with several thousand dollars of the receipts; and, after that, one of the principal clerks in the accountant's office absconded with the Lord knows how many pounds. Indeed the whole staff of town and country officials—from the red-headed and sore-eyed chief accountant down to even the putty-faced dog-tax collector — seemed to have such itching palms that it would require no end of brimstone (and perhaps a little fire) before the "cacoethes" would be entirely taken out of them. In England the average number of convicts is 1·5 in every thousand of the population, and this includes every class of crime. In Eisenach,

however, the one crime of embezzlement by government officials would have yielded almost as high a percentage; and no wonder, when the peccadillo is generally screened or hushed up by the Government itself. Of the four offenders above mentioned only one was punished, and even he was not publicly tried. The fraudulent governor of the prison, on the other hand, received a *pension for his services!* The deputy ditto was allowed to emigrate; and the receiver of the wood-money permitted to refund the amount he had made away with—out of his wife's property.

Still, the most hateful of all the petty German vices is the utter falsity of the race—their coarse compliments and servile obsequiousness to a person's face, and their vile slander of their friend directly his back is turned—their bowing, smiling, fawning, and flattering to any one who they fancy has the power to serve them, and their infamous detraction of the same person immediately they find there is nothing to be got out of him. John Bull has a supreme contempt for a Frenchman, because he eats frogs; but a German is even more despicable, to our notions, for he is a *toad-eater* to a sickening extent; and an Englishman has no stomach for such reptile indulgence. The ancients thought the movement of the snake was the "*processus deorum*"—the gliding from place to place by the mere effort of the will; but in modern times, among all enlightened nations, creeping and crawling are considered to be the motion of parasitic vermin

rather than deities. Your proud Briton, as the Germans call him, likes to keep his back up, and his legs straight, the image of the erect biped, which anatomists assure us the Almighty designed Man to be; whereas your true Deutscher has no more spirit than a camel, and is just as ready to go down on his knees at the mere look of his driver. Hence, that love of titles, and "*tituliring*," as it is called, which is another of the characteristics of the modern Germanic tribes, and which precludes all hope of their taking rank as a free and enlightened race for at least another century to come. For not only do such nicknames appertain to the duly "patented" nobles (for each nobleman has his "letters patent," the same as if he were some wonderful invention), but every professional man, every master-tradesman, every court-cobbler or court-tinker, and, indeed, even down to the court *Kammerjäger* (*Angl.* chamber or vermin-hunter), has some yard or two of fulsome prefixes to his cognomen; and these a true German delights to use to the tomfool's face, each time he addresses him, in the hope of currying favour with the booby. Here, for instance, is the title of the Grand Duke's bug-destroyer, copied from the *Eisenacher* newspaper: "*Grossherzoglicher Saxe-Weimarischer Privilegirter Kammerjäger, Herr Theodore Heinz*," which, literally translated, would be as follows: "The Saxe-Weimarish-Grand-ducal-privileged-bug-hunter Mister Theodore Heinz." It is silly enough, the Lord knows, to style an ecclesiastical dignitary, the Right-Reverend Father-in-God

the Lord-Bishop of So-and-so; but when the titular Tom-noddyism is so popular that it extends even to royal bug-destroyers and vermin-hunters, a plain Englishman can only shrug his shoulders in pity for the intellectual debasement of a people who can find either pleasure or pride in such childish inanities. Sir Archy McSycophant, in Macklin's fine comedy of "The Man of the World" (though the character has long since died out in Scotland), is the true type of the modern German, who is for ever "booing and booing" with his hat in his hand (indeed, when talking to a "superior" in the streets, he never puts it on till he is told), until the brim of his beaver is as limp as the frills to an old woman's nightcap. Though, if the Germans themselves believed in all this toadyism, there might be some excuse for it, but they don't: they know it to be as mean and contemptible as we Englishmen think it, and yet they are mean and contemptible enough to practise it, in the hope of getting something by it. Moreover, directly they see the back of the person whom they have, the minute before, been slavering—as a boa-constrictor does rabbits previous to swallowing them—they do not hesitate to call him or her, as the case may be, an old donkey, or a senseless peacock, to be tickled by such straws.

Indeed, this double-faced quality of the Germanic character is the most loathsome of all. Even Janus himself, who had one face to see the old year out and another with which to welcome the new year in, was a plain-dealing and honest, out-spoken old Ro-

man gentleman to them. The Shabbymantles were the very incarnation of this form of worldly devilry. Every gesture they made before you was a bow, a scrape, or a smile; and every speech they uttered, either a profession of over-powering gratitude for your kindness, or the keenest sympathy with your joys or distresses. Such people are called "sugar-hats" in Germany; and if the Shabbymantles had worn a sugar-loaf, instead of an ordinary "wide-awake," the covering of their head could not have been of a more saccharine nature. "My most heart-felt thanks for this the most pleasant evening of my life," they would say, with their hat to their bosom on parting; or else, on meeting, they would snatch the obsequious beaver from their head, and with it nearly touching the ground, exclaim, "It does my heart good to find you and your family looking so well. We have all been suffering from longing (*Sehn-sucht*) to see you." And yet it was known of them that they hadn't a good word or a generous sentiment for any absent person whatever; and to do them justice, not a soul among the townsfolk had either a respectable or a kind epithet to apply to them. "They are the vilest spittle-lickers in the whole city," you would be told, "and the stingiest old skinflints among the many misers we have here —scheming in every act, trading with every word."

Now, as an instance of this fiendish form of social dishonesty, which runs through every class of life in Saxony, we will cite the following little scene

between two well-to-do baker's girls, and the daughter of the keeper of the Justice House, in Eisenach. The latter young lady is seen on the Sunday, just after parade, sailing along in a new hat and dress, across the exercising-ground in the middle of the barracks.

"Only look at Dortchen, here!" cries one of the baker's girls, seated at the ground-floor window. "She fancies she is it, doesn't she? just because she has got some roses, indeed, in her hat."

"Yes; she thinks a deal of herself, to-day," answers the other, as she runs to her sister at the window—"with her blue ribbons, two ells long, streaming from her ears to her waist, and her new lilac barège dress."

"Aye, and to think that she's nothing but the daughter of a servant at the Justice House, after all. Why, ordinary citizens do not make such a show," goes on the first speaker; "she's as gaudy as a Jewess on a Saturday."

"But how does the girl do it?—that's what I want to know," inquires the second one.

"Do it?" is the answer. "Only you go to the linendraper Rothschild, and hear the bill she has got there for 'finery debts.'"

"Well, finery debts are the worst of all debts, and I can't bear the people who incur them," is the sister's rejoinder.

Presently, the girl who has been the unwitting subject of the above conversation, approaches the

window, where the baker's daughters have been eyeing her, and immediately the others are all smiles, as they say—

"Good day, dear Dortchen. How wonder-fine we are dressed out, to be sure!" begins the elder one, pulling at her ribbons to see how much they are worth.

Whereupon the younger sister remarks, "How well lilac suits your complexion, dear; and those long streamers to your hat, how handsome they are, and how admirably they become you. But you know you always dress with such taste, Dortchen—everybody says that."

"But why do you not come in, dear?" chimes in the other girl; "you know how we always like your society, and you really come *so* seldom, that we were only just saying we had got longing-pains (*Sehn-sucht*) to see you."

Then as Dortchen excuses herself on the plea of being pressed for time, and the baker's girls close the window, saying, "Adieu, dear Dortchen, call again soon," the one sister exclaims "*Stolzes Ding!*" (proud thing) "*we* don't want you, I'm sure."

"I declare I felt quite sick to look at the finery, and know there wasn't a bit of it paid for," goes on the other girl.

"It's much better, in my opinion, now-a-days, to dress as simply (*einfach*) as possible, when the daughters of *servants*, indeed, at the Justice House, get themselves up like that. Aye! '*Einmal wie die*

Pfauen, und einmal wie die Sauen,' as the people say of the Jews." ('Now as peacocks fine, then as dirty as swine,' is the nearest rendering we can give of the German proverb.)

Now the baker's daughters who were the principal actors in the above little dramatic incident (which we should assure the reader is no invention on our part) were as decent and well-behaved young women as could be found in the whole Thuringian capital; so that the reader can easily imagine, if such is the every-day duplicity of even the better portion of the Eisenach citizens, what must be the falsity of other classes of society, or of the baser kind of people.

A few more lines, and we write that most pleasant of all words to an author—and often to the reader too—FINIS. It now only remains for us to picture the political degradation of the German people, and to point out the reason of the national debasement.

That Germany ranks as a second or third rate Power in the world and has no voice in the councils of civilized Europe, is known to every reader of the *Times*. But the question is, why should it be so? Why should a little island like England, no bigger than many a patch of sea-girt earth in Polynesia, where the lowest savages abound, be the centre of worldly power, and the English Government be looked up to now-a-days as the enlightened dictator of the destinies of all other nations; and why, on the other hand, should a vast territory like Germany, double the size

of our land, and with a standing army nearly three-fold that of our own,* be the laughing-stock of the Old and New World? The key which has unlocked the mystery of its poverty—its squalor—its bad wages—its trumpery manufactures—its defective agriculture—the toadyism and titular mania among its people, and, indeed, the general moral meanness of the race—will also be found to open the Pandora's box in which the evil principles of its government lie secreted.

As we before said, what notion can there be of public good, and what prospect of more enlightened political institutions, in a land where the mass of the people have no public spirit, and where private interest and individual selfishness swallow up all ideas of the general welfare? what sense of national dignity, where miserly meanness is the characteristic of the great majority of the folk? and what aspiration for universal liberty among a tribe that, time out of mind, have been celebrated as being patient as asses, and as ready to submit to any iniquity that might be put upon them? Think what every nation would necessarily become if a niggard's greed, and a niggard's love of self, had fastened upon almost every soul in it; and what hope there could be of anyone desiring the greatest happiness of the greatest number,

* According to the official returns, the area of all Germany in English statute acres is 156,396,800; while that of Great Britain is 77,605,034. The army, on the other hand, furnished by the entire German Confederation is 303,493 men; while our census returns give the number of the military in the British Empire at 131,464.

when everyone was intent upon compassing only his own individual well-being.

But not only is the great body of the German people so utterly callous about the public good, that they would not part with a groschen to promote it, but they do not even care to trouble their heads about the means of advancing the welfare of the community. Hence, when you tell them that with such a press as they have, with papers no bigger than baby's shirts, and filled only with rubbishing tales and silly anecdotes, instead of reports of the proceedings of their parliament and their courts of justice, as well as with dignified criticism upon the public conduct of public men—such as are published daily in England, where every minister, every representative, every judge, every magistrate, every merchant, and indeed, the very highest and lowest persons in the kingdom are thus made subject to the supreme authority of public opinion—they calmly tell you, "Oh, our journals are good enough for us. We don't want any other. Our people would never take the trouble to read your monster English newspapers every day, unless they were paid for it; and what's more, they would never give the money for so much paper and print filled with things we don't care a straw about."

Hence the Government is left to do as it pleases—to treat the people as though they were literally the *children* of the Fatherland: to deal with them, indeed, as the German nurses do with newly-born infants—bind the poor things in no end of swaddling clothes,

till they have not the power to move either hand or foot, as if the Almighty had never intended them to have the least liberty, and as if it were better to prevent them going alone as long as possible. In no country on the face of the earth are the limits of wise and righteous government so little known, and so little cared for, either by the authorities or the people themselves. All seem to be utterly ignorant that there are but three main duties in life: the duty to one's self, the duty to one's neighbour, and the duty to God; and that, whereas it is but just that the rulers of a country should prevent every member of society from injuring his fellow-citizens, it is simply iniquitous tyranny on the part of the public authorities to dictate to the people what they may fancy to be for their individual benefit, or to prescribe the forms in which they may think it better for them to worship the Creator. In educated Deutschland, however, none worry their brains about such matters; so that you find so-called learned German professors, and Raths who bear the reputation of being profound "jurists" in their own country, having less knowledge of the first principles of political, or even ordinary, justice than English cobblers.

What wonder, then, that the old curfew laws of the Middle Ages should be maintained to this day, in the capital of Thuringia; or, that as soon as the city clocks have tolled ten, it should still be the duty of a mumbling old night-watchman to go round the city, in a hat almost as big as a gig

umbrella, and armed with a penny rattle (so as to enforce attention to the doggrel verses he has to intone), in order to remind the simple citizens that it is high time for all good children to be in bed, and bid them be sure and put out the light, and not play with the fire, but say their prayers, and tallow their sweet noses, before going to sleep—after the following fashion :—

" Hör't Ihr Herren, und laff't euch sagen,
Die Glocke hat zehn geschlagen ;
Bewahr't das Feuer, und auch das Licht,
Auf dass der Stadt kein Schaden geschicht,
Und lobet Gott den Herrn ! "

Of which the subjoined may be given as nearly a literal translation :—

" Good sirs, give ear while I unfold :
The clock hath now the tenth hour toll'd ;
Then quench each fire, and douse each light,
So that no harm the town affright—
And praise ye God the Lord ! "

Nor is the chant of the night-watch of Eisenach intended merely as an idle antiquated ceremony like that of the Flitch of Bacon at Dunmow, which none but a Harrison Ainsworth would think of giving the least heed to in the present day ; for it is not only *forbidden by law* to be caught talking or laughing in the streets of the Thuringian capital after ten o'clock at night, but it will be seen hereafter, when we come to cite the list of offences for last year, published by the police authorities of the town, that in the second

quarter of 1862, there were no less than four naughty "night-lamps," (*Nacht-lämpe*), of boys among the citizens, who had to be punished for not retiring to rest at the legally-appointed hour. Moreover, any one found going with a lighted candle to the back premises of *his own house at any time after dark* is liable to be heavily fined likewise.

But such childish rules and regulations are merely of a piece with the rest of the legal restrictions to which the blessed swaddled and cradled children of the Gross-mutter—we beg pardon—the Gross-herzog of Saxe-Weimar have to submit; and, as a proof of the kind of leading-strings in which the grown people are kept, we will now proceed to cite a few other of the things which the poor *Wickel-kind* citizens of Eisenach are forbidden to do by their political nurses, on pain of being well smacked by those who have charge of them.

It is forbidden for anyone to fire off a gun, or for a boy to discharge even a penny cannon in his father's garden, or for a civic sportsman to shoot so much as a hedge sparrow or carrion crow in the fields, even though he has taken out a licence.

In like manner, it is forbidden to fish even for "tittlebats" in any river, or pond, without obtaining a special warrant to use a crooked pin and a bit of cotton.

Again: it is forbidden to carry lucifer matches loose in the pocket—the authorities having a fine prospective dread of "fire and brimstone."

It is forbidden, likewise, to smoke or talk loud on

passing the Grand Duke's palace in the town—German princes having very long ears and tender velvety noses.

Even so it is forbidden to talk in above a whisper after ten at night in the streets—lest the burgomaster and the "town-councillors" should be unable to rest in their beds for the unusual liveliness of the fleas among the straw.

It is forbidden, too, to serenade any person at his or her house of an evening, without first obtaining leave from the police—King Midas, with the ass's head, loving ever to sit in judgment upon Apollo.

It is forbidden, moreover, to give a ball at a tavern, unless the police-inspector should, after mature consideration, come to the conclusion that waltzing is not essentially *revolutionary*.

It is forbidden, also, for the citizens, or even schoolboys, to walk in procession through the streets, without the permission of the same over-officious official—since such displays are likely to bring the Grand Duke's army into contempt.

It is forbidden to print or publish any book or paper which the Government, in its wisdom, may consider unfit for the people to read—the head of the police, in the absence of a regular censor, being regarded as the naturally-constituted *nonsenser* of the community.

It is forbidden to marry, unless the municipal Solons are satisfied that the would-be Benedict has means sufficient to warrant his indulging in such an unnecessary luxury.

It is forbidden for any man to take unto himself a wife until he is twenty-four years of age—the ass, of course, being naturally expected to have a considerable length of years over his head.

It is forbidden to marry any woman who does not belong to the city, unless the bridegroom thinks it worth his while to pay the sum of thirty thalers to introduce his bride into the select company of the citizens.

It is forbidden for a man to remarry within a twelvemonth after the death of his first wife without a special "dispensation" from the "Ministerium" at Weimar — the authorities thinking it necessary to compel German widowers to weep according to Act of Parliament.

It is forbidden to live with any woman out of marriage, unless in the case of a minister of the Gospel—who is to be regarded as a person naturally requiring a housekeeper, so that the holy hermit may see in his home the delightful prospect of the father of a family.

It is forbidden for a woman in a state of pregnancy, and not belonging to the city, to remain in the town—the authorities being considerately anxious to distribute the burden of supporting the families of the Grand Duke's soldiers over as many communities as possible.

It is forbidden for a poor man, not being a citizen of the capital, to leave his wife and children in the town (even if they be sick and unable to accompany him) without giving proper security for their depar-

ture at some future time—the burgomaster, in his paternal character, having naturally a greater leaning towards the "ass" than "the stranger within his gates."

It is forbidden for a hawker or pedlar to sell anything within the precincts of the city unless he first pay three dollars for the liberty of so doing—it being regarded as an offence deserving of a heavy penalty for a poor man to endeavour to get an honest living in Saxony.

It is forbidden for the relatives of a deceased person to seek to have any other coffin or funeral for the defunct member of the family than such as the authorities have been pleased to ordain—the Government believing that they have a proper right "to rob a poor man of his *bier*."

It is forbidden to provide any "baked meats" for the mourners after the funeral—the petty powers that be objecting to allow the people to squander their money upon such things, lest they should have none left for the Grand Duke's taxes.

It is forbidden, further, for an apothecary to sell a paper for the destruction of flies in summer without a written document from the master of the house stating for what it is intended—lest it might be used, fortuitously, for the destruction of some of the official vermin in the country.

Heaven only knows, indeed, what is *not* forbidden in a land where the policeman's "forbidding" nose is for ever being thrust into everybody's private affairs; for the police prohibitions even went to the length of

"proscribing" a childish song—as revolutionary as a nursery rhyme—written by the Eisenach schoolboys, against the Jews of the town, and which was to the following terrible effect:—

"Turn him out, the old Jew Myer—the old Jew Myer!
Who makes the price of beer get higher!
Turn him out, the hook-nosed Kaiser! — the hook-nosed Kaiser!
The nine-and-ninety 'pro-shent' old miser!"

and so forth.

Indeed, the enlightened Government of Saxe-Weimar seemed to fancy they had a right to meddle with everything: that the wiseacres at the "Ministerium" alone knew what was good for the citizens, and that grown men needed to be trammelled with the political "go-carts" of passports; and the Lord knows how many other social and commercial incumbrances, rather than to be allowed the free use of their feet and hands like rational creatures. The wise maxim that *that* Government governs the best which governs the least was utterly reversed by them—the Saxe-Weimarish authorities governing to the very utmost, as if it were their perverted ambition to be infamously famous as the very worst Government out of Russia—using the police, not as an institution for the protection of the rights and liberties of the citizens, but as a political weapon to be turned against them—legislating upon all private matters that they had no moral right to dabble in, and leaving the public matters of reform, retrenchment, social progress, liberty of the press, and open courts of justice,

utterly neglected and uncared-for. For the salvation of themselves and the people over whom they are set in authority, they needed to repeat, all day long, that fine confession for the sins of omission and commission in our Common Prayer, which says, "We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep: We have *done* those things which we *ought not* to have done, and *left undone* those things which we *ought* to have done; and there is no health in us!"

As a final proof, however, of the extent of the liberty enjoyed in Saxony, we will now cite from the published list of offences committed by the people in the Thuringian capital, during the second quarter of the year 1862, a few of the "misdemeanours" which the Cossack authorities of Saxe-Weimar think it either necessary or just to punish with fine or imprisonment.

	No. of Offenders in the Quarter.
Residing in the town without permission (*Verbotener Aufenthalt*)	1
Collecting old leaves from the forest (*Laubentwendung*)	2
Transgression of the night-watch rules (*Uebertretung der Nachtwacht-ordnung*	4
Taking a person in to lodge without announcing the same to the police (*Logiren ohne Anmeldung*)	4
Hawking goods in the town without permission (*Hausirhandlung ohne Erlaubniss*)	4
Carrying on a trade without the requisite right to do so (*Verbotener Geschäffts betrieb*)	8
Building without permission (*Bau ohne Erlaubniss*)	9
Allowing poultry to run about the streets (*Herumlaufen des Federviehes auf Strassen*)	1

Another curious illustration of the petty police

regulations of this childish land is the finely-graduated scale of charges for abusive terms used, or other insult offered, towards a person in the course of any paltry dispute. Here is a specimen of the high-minded tariff as regards the fines imposed in such cases:—

	s.	d.
For a person to call another a "*swinehound*" costs .	7	3½
Do. do. *schweinhündchen* (or little dog of the same breed)	5	6
To say that a person is "ill-bred" is set down at the small charge of	4	4
But telling him he is a "common fellow" is a luxury for which one must pay as much as	5	0
A box on the ears (for this is the only form of "boxing" known in the land) is appraised at . . .	15	0
And even "taking a sight" at a person, with the view of bringing him into contempt, a wanton outrage, that can be wiped out only by the payment of .	0	7½

But, despite all this silly police meddling in trumpery quarrels, the most violent and ruffianly brawls occasionally occur in the town, and that owing to the mediæval custom of allowing, not alone the military, but even the "forest-practitioners," the "post-secretaries" (for clerk is not a sufficiently-high-sounding title for the "men of letters"), the railway-officials, policemen, and telegraph-servants, to wear swords in the streets. We have before given an account of a scuffle in a beer-house at night, between the officers and forest-men, in which one of the disputants was cut over the head with a sabre.

Nor was this the only scene of the same savage kind which was enacted during our stay in the Thuringian capital; for the armed officials, being accustomed to

carry their swords with them to the taverns, the natural result was that, directly any of the multitude of consequential gentlemen entitled to bear arms, became heated with the drink and fancied some citizen had offended him, he drew upon the unarmed man—in the most honourable manner—and either cut his scalp open with the sharp edge of the weapon, or else beat him with the flat part of the blade. For whilst we in England have, of late years, deemed it advisable to prohibit soldiers carrying even a bayonet or a belt when off duty, these antiquated fogies of Germans delight to give rapiers to mere clerks in the post, railway, and telegraph offices—though what there can be in the character of such callings to justify such a warlike appendage, it is impossible for common-sense to divine.

With a country, however, possessing such a Parliament, such courts of justice, and such a press as the extremely grand principality of the extremely Grand-duke of Saxe Weimar, men of the world can hardly wonder at the half-civilized state of the nation.*

* As an instance, however, of the unfitness of the people of Saxe-Weimar for anything approximating to constitutional government, we may mention that, at the time when *Gewerbe-freiheit* (free-trade) was about to put an end to the old guilds and trade privileges and monopolies in Saxony, towards the end of last year, the master-cabinet-makers, carpenters, smiths, tinmen, bakers, and others who belonged to the ancient *Zunfts*, made such a clatter in the town about the innovation that the beer-houses of a night were like the parrot-room at the Zoological Gardens. What was to become of the world? each one was asking the other. How could it ever go on without trade? and how could trade thrive if every person was to be free to set up any business

In Hesse Darmstadt the House of Commons has its sittings at the "Casino Club," a society about on a

he pleased? We suggested that if they really believed such an institution was unfit for their country, they had better hold a public meeting, at which they could express their sentiments, and then submit the resolutions to which they came to the Ministerium at Weimar. The proposal, however, was received merely with jeers. "A public meeting, indeed!—*that* would be a pretty spectacle (*schöne Spectacle*) in Eisenach," we were told. The people were utterly unused to such things; and we were assured that all that the master-tradesmen would do on such an occasion would be to begin abusing one another, and telling first this person "that his wife or his daughter was no better than she should be," and then that person "that his father or his brother had sat in the *Stadt-gericht* (city prison) for paying less than 50 per cent. to his creditors at the time of his bankruptcy," or else raking up some other pretty bit of family scandal. The rascalities of these guilds, however, despite all the fuming and blustering of the master-tradesmen, were ultimately abolished at the beginning of the present year, up to which time a master had the power of turning any journeyman out of the town who demanded his *Zettel* (bill) of him—or, in other words, to have his wages fully paid up; and any journeyman, in like manner, had the right to knock the cap off any apprentice's head who omitted to salute him in the street, as well as to prevent the lad dancing at any ball until he had served his time. Under the old system, too, every workman had to make some masterpiece previous to his being allowed to set up in business for himself—a probation which, though originally intended to demonstrate the fitness of the candidate for the calling, came at last to be merely an excuse for drinking and feasting at his expense. We happened to witness one of these ceremonies, and can vouch that it consisted mainly in fleecing the poor fellow out of a box of cigars and sundry bottles of wine. Moreover, as we before said, every journeyman, directly he was out of his time, was forced to "wander," or go on the tramp for a certain number of years, before he was considered to be qualified for his trade; and during this period of legally-enforced vagabondage he was forbidden to visit any town a second time. Here is an entry made by the police in one

par, as regards the elegance of its arrangements, with our Whittington. In Weimar the Parliament House

of the "wandering books" lent us for the purpose of studying this form of stupid tyranny.

"*Cannot be allowed to wander so often to this place. Goes immediately, therefore, to Erfurt.*

"*Weimar, Thirtieth October.*"
(Year purposely omitted.)

Now, the same book shows that the owner of it had been in Weimar only a day or two previously, and had to quit that city on account of illness. Nevertheless, on his return to the capital of the principality in which he was born, the workman was turned out of it, as you see above, by the police—as though he had been a thief who was there for some dishonest purpose. One other custom in connection with this system of compulsory vagrancy is so illustrative of the habits and manners of the people of Saxony that we cannot conclude this foot-note without mentioning it. In every town where the *Wanderburschen* (travelling journeymen) are wont to seek work, there is a *Herberge*, or inn, or house of call, at which they are bound to put up, and the landlord of which is dignified with the title of the *Herbergsvater*, or father of the tramps. One of the chief duties of this worthy is to conduct his guests to bed, and to examine their bodies when they are undressed, so as to assure himself that they have neither the itch nor any vermin upon them; for as the same bedding and bed-clothes have to serve for *several* visitors, it is obvious that unless some such precaution was taken in a land, where water is as scarce almost as in an Indian village in the summer-time, and where hair-brushes are comparatively unknown, no person could sleep twice in the same bed without being nearly eaten up alive. Still, despite all these police regulations, the journeyman who supplied us with the above information assured us that he had been infected with the disease known among medical men as the *fidicula scottica* no less than four times, although he was not yet thirty years of age. He told us, too, that, owing to the new conscripts having to wear the old uniforms left behind by the soldiers whose two years' term of active service has expired, it is by no means

is but little better than some of our trade societies' places of meeting; for, when we tell the reader that there are only thirty-one members composing the entire Legislature, and that each of these, when attending to his parliamentary duties, is allowed the munificent sum of nine shillings per diem for his travelling and hotel expenses, it will be no difficult matter to estimate the respectability of the assembly. Still, it will hardly be credited that, though the entire Parliament of the country is made up of only one more than a score and a half of "deputies," each of the Grand-duke's three ministers, who sit there by virtue of their offices, has not less than two votes; so that the *Government appropriates to itself very nearly one-fifth of the number of voices which the whole of the members together possess!* and thus, with the influence of its own party in the House, has the power of swamping any measure to which it may be unfavourable. Hence, it is manifest that parliamentary institutions in Saxe-Weimar are as "screaming" a farce and as impudent a swindle as even in Prussia itself.*

unusual for the whole of the Grand Duke's army to suffer from the same filthy disorder; and that when he was doing duty at the Eisenach barracks, he himself knew that such was the case.

"What do you think, miss?" said a young woman who belonged to one of the burgher families of the town to our own daughter, "Isn't my brother extravagant? He *will* wear one shirt a-week besides dickeys; though I tell him that one a fortnight is enough for the finest gentleman in the land."

* The Saxe-Weimarish Parliament consists of only *one* house, or rather we should say of one "*chamber*"—hardly bigger than an English bed-chamber; for it numbers, as we have above stated,

But even if the laws be unfairly made, and of either a childish or brutal character, they are as-

but thirty-one members in all. Ten of these are chosen by the proprietors of "estates-noble;" ten by the citizens of the several towns; ten by the peasantry belonging to the different communities throughout the duchy—and the remaining one by the University of Jena. The last-mentioned member is elected by the Senatus Academicus; and, besides being a professor, must have taken his degree in the juridical faculty. There is a general election every seventh year, and then are chosen not only the representatives themselves, but likewise a substitute for every one of the members elected; so that in case of the death or illness of the first chosen, the other may act in his stead, and the representation thus continue always full.

The ten members for the nobility are chosen *directly* by all the possessors of patents of nobility or estates-noble. Even ladies in the possession of such estates may have a vote! but if unmarried they must give such vote by proxy.

For the representatives of the towns and peasantry the election, however, is *indirect*. The towns throughout the duchy are, for this purpose, divided into ten districts, each of such districts sending one member to the "*Land Tag*," as it is called, or Diet of the country. In these towns every resident citizen has a vote, without distinction of religion; for even Jews possess the franchise, though they cannot be elected. The process of election is as follows:—The whole body of voters in each of the towns belonging to a particular district choose a certain number of delegates, in the proportion of one delegate to every fifty houses; and these delegates determine, by election among them, who shall be the member for that particular district. A certain property qualification is required of the city-members; if elected for either Eisenach or Weimar, they must have an independent income of 75*l.* per annum! but if chosen to represent the towns of any other district, only 45*l.* a-year certain income is needed!!

The members for the peasantry are elected in a similar indirect manner. Such representatives, however, must themselves belong to the class whose interests they are chosen to represent; the Bauers being forbidden to choose their members from the higher order of landed proprietors; as they, assuredly, would

suredly as unfairly administered. Open courts of justice prevail only in a few instances, and that for

have done long ago, had not such a course been expressly prohibited, in which case the proprietors of the estates-noble would have obtained a twofold influence in the simple Parliament. Moreover, neither are brothers, nor father and son, allowed to sit in the chamber at one and the same time.

The Parliament, as a rule, meets only *once in three years*, when the budget is voted for the entire period; a standing committee, however, of *nine members* continue, to act in the interval! During the session the members have an allowance of three thalers a-day for their hotel expenses, besides a certain sum per mile for the cost of travelling. The Parliament elects its own president, who (provided the election is confirmed by the Grand Duke, as indeed is generally the case) holds office during two successive sessions. The powers of the chamber extend to all the branches of legislation, and its consent is indispensable to the validity of all legislative measures. Debates are determined by the majority of voices.

What Mr. Gleig has said of the Parliament in connection with the neighbouring kingdom of Saxony may be here repeated concerning the Diet of Saxe-Weimar. "The rigid censorship exercised over the press keeps the people profoundly ignorant as to what is passing in the legislative assembly; though anything like 'speaking,' such as occurs in our Parliament, (upon the different matters in debate) is comparatively 'unknown.'" Moreover, as in Saxony, so in Saxe-Weimar, a minister has but to propose through an agent any measure that he wishes to make law, and he is sure to carry it—especially as the head of each of the three public departments of justice, finance, and public instruction, constituting the "Ministerium" of the country, has a seat in the Parliament house by virtue of his office, rather than from the choice of the people; and has, moreover, two votes to each of the representatives' one; so that it is manifest, during the triennial adjournment of the entire Diet, when only nine members, as we have said, remain to act as a standing committee, the three Ministers themselves possess, by virtue of such double votes, just two-thirds as much power as the rest of the representatives. What wonder,

the higher offences. We have before stated that the Government clerk who absconded with a considerable portion of the public property, was never publicly tried, but condemned to such a term of imprisonment as the authorities, in private conclave, thought fit to inflict. Again: a ring of our daughter's happened to be stolen by one of the convicts who bring the chopped wood to your house, when you order it from the prison; and we know, from our own experience, that the trial of this wretched man, to which our daughter was *forced* to be a party, was conducted in a manner that would have been regarded as an extravagant burlesque upon foreign judicial proceedings at a London judge-and-jury club.

Even we ourselves were not allowed to accompany our daughter to the tribunal, and only her mother permitted to be in the room at the time of her giving her evidence. The judge was a gentleman in a seedy old coat that he had put on *specially* for his judical duties, his ordinary out-door surtout

therefore, that one hears on every side from the constituency of Saxe-Weimar that their Parliament is worse than useless?

We may add here, that the word "*Land-tag*" means literally the *Diet* of the land or country, the word "*Tag*" being the Teutonic equivalent of the Latin *dies* (a day) from which the word *Diet* is derived. The Danish *Ryks-dag* and German *Reich's-tag* signify literally the empire's day, or that one on which the affairs of the empire were formerly regulated—which, indeed, was the prime meaning of the term *Imperial Diet*. In like manner the word *Diet* was, in the Middle Ages, used to express the food or provisions for the day, or for a day's journey; and hence came to stand for food generally.

being—with a fine eye to economy rather than state—duly hung up on a nail against the wall. The court of justice was in a chamber not half so elegant as an English butler's pantry, and one sleepy old clerk constituted the entire audience. The evidence, moreover, was given in answer to a series of "*leading questions*," put by the judge himself (who had the manners of, and about the same notion of justice as, an omnibus driver—and about the same salary too), *on purpose to criminate the prisoner*, who, though present, was never allowed to question the witness, nor to say the least thing in his defence. And in such a *righteous!* manner the miserable, half-starved felon (who had sold the ring to a fellow-prisoner for a bit of black bread) was condemned to three weeks' extra imprisonment upon bread and water.

Further: the proceedings at the assizes, where the verdicts depend upon the finding of a jury, are hardly more dignified; for even there we have heard the judge, the witness, the prisoner, and the jury all wrangling together, and all speaking at one and the same time, after the fashion of a mob of Irish disputants up a court; while the speeches made by the attorneys (there are no barristers) for the prosecution or defence would be considered in England a disgrace to school-boys—the oratorical powers of the legal gentry being utterly exhausted in five minutes, and their eloquence and argument as touching and persuasive as the street-appeal of some "poor frozen-out market gardeners" in the British metropolis. But in

a country where the Chief Justice receives the munificent wage—we can hardly apply the word *salary* to such a pittance—as 150*l.* a-year; where the "Justitz Raths," the "Appellations Raths," the "Stadt Raths," and every other species of the *genus* town-councillor or magistrate, get only a hundred pounds per annum—and are expected to live upon it, without any other occupation besides—it is easy to conceive what must be the dignity, the refinement, and, without doubt, the integrity of the worthies. Who can wonder, either, that the advocates, who are paid but half-a-crown for pleading a person's cause before such august assemblies, should have the manners of English coalheavers and the talents of English "skittle-sharpers?"

In England, where the probity, the fairness, the honour and wisdom of the judges constitute one of the finest institutions of the land, it is a maxim that a person raised to the dignity of the judgment-seat must be, like Cæsar's wife, beyond even the taint of suspicion; and in order to ensure this the judicial income is fixed at such an amount as is likely to place even the most lavish out of the reach of temptation. Hence, the country cheerfully allots 5000*l.* a-year to every one of its principal legal dignitaries; and the consequence is, that we have the finest race of Christian gentlemen sitting in our law-courts, and dispensing God Almighty's right, that the world ever saw. In Germany, however, where all moral and social dignity is sacrificed to the insatiate greed of gröschens, the Land of Cheeseparings

thinks it sufficient to give a minister of justice as much as we pay a working engineer; and the natural result is, not only that an office, which should be one of the highest possible respect in every community, has no more respectability connected with it than the chairman of a "cock-and-hen" club; while those who fill it are as unlike English gentlemen in behaviour, appearance, and sentiments as an English waiter is unlike an English clergyman.

One more paragraph, and we have done. Those who have studied the modern history of our own country, and have noted how the integrity and honour of our public men have grown with the growth and intelligence of our newspapers, and the honesty and high-mindedness of our journalists; and have observed, moreover, that in those nations where the press fails, the probity of the authorities, the patriotism of the parliament, and the dignity of the judges fail also; and in almost an equal ratio—such sapient readers need only be informed as to what is the character of the journals of a country, to know in a minute what is the standard of public morals in the land.

We will, therefore, conclude by extracting into our pages the whole of the news—the whole of the leading articles—the whole of the foreign correspondence—the whole of the criticisms upon literature and art—the whole of the parliamentary reports—the whole of the proceedings in the law and police courts—and the whole of the public

meetings given in the daily paper of the Thuringian capital on the 1st of July, 1863. The reader need not be alarmed: it will not take him long to peruse, nor will the profundity of the criticisms puzzle his brain very much to fathom.

Here it is: a wondrous effort of journalism in the nineteenth century; and more especially in a nation which gave to the world the grand invention of movable types in the first instance, and of a steam press as a climax in the end—an invention as important to the enlightenment of mankind as even the faculty of speech itself—but an invention, nevertheless, which is allowed to remain comparatively useless to the politically-deaf-and-dumb race which devised it, *e. g.*:—

"Prince George, in Copenhagen, will shortly be confirmed. The course in his case is the same as with the youths of our own country: as soon as he leaves school, he begins to learn a trade—only the trade he has to learn is that of kingcraft under the Greeks, and these same Greeks are somewhat wonderful teachers in that respect."

Now this simple paragraph—though given under the large head of "*Mannichfaltiges*" (which literally translated means *Manifold Things*), we assure the reader constitutes the only paragraph in the entire daily journal of Eisenach; the rest of the two pages of quarto paper, being made up of nine advertisements! and the whole costing the heavy sum of threepence per month, including the expense of having it delivered every day at your own residence! ("*Abonnementspreis hier monatlich 3 sgr. mit Zubringelohn.*")

Oh, land of Gutemberg and Faust! of what use is the printer's "miraculous gift of tongues" to such

as you? Your rulers—"by the right divine"—believe, like the bigots of old, in the *devilry* of typography; and look upon a "free press" with the same dread as the Catholics, in the days of Dr. Faustus, were wont to regard the multiplication of the copies of the Bible. But, though the public censors cut your tongues out, you, poor Saxon boors, are as patient as ever—ay! as patient as——let the following anecdote give the finish.

Can you tell me why a Catholic priest is like a jackass?" said a Saxe-Weimarish professor to a Romish pastor. "Not I," answered the other. "Well, then," returned the extremely-clever Herr Professor, "because they both carry crosses on their back."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the cunning priest; "and now, can you tell me what is the difference between a Saxe-Weimaraner and a donkey?" The professor thought for several minutes, and then said, "*Weis' Gott!* I can't see any."

"Nor I!" was the laconic rejoinder; and then, taking off his hat to the other, the pastor went his way.

FINIS.

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